A PARSON'S ADVENTURES

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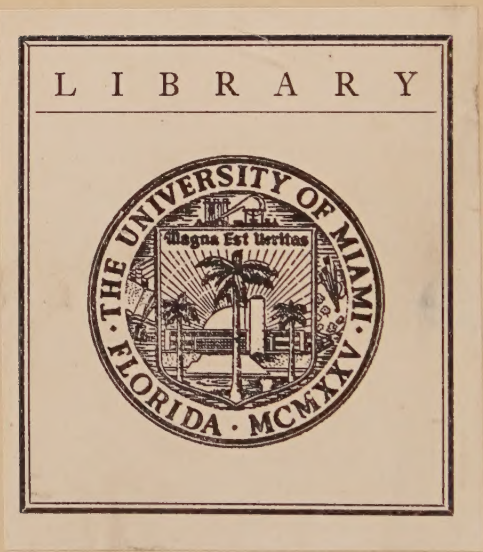

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A PARSON'S ADVENTURES

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My Latest Portrait
Very Sincerely Yours
G. W. McPherson

A PARSON'S ADVENTURES

BY

G. W. McPHERSON

Author of "The Modern Mind and the Virgin Birth", "The Crisis in Church and College", "The Modern Conflict Over the Bible".

President of the Old Union Tent Evangel in New York City.

YONKERS BOOK COMPANY

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34 SAINT ANDREW'S PLACE

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This Story is Dedicated to the Memory
of My Father and Mother

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AN APPRECIATION

By DR. MILLARD A. JENKINS, Abilene, Texas

(An article which appeared in the *Baptist Standard*, of Dallas, written by the noted pastor of the First Baptist Church, Abilene, Texas.)

"THE GREAT NEW YORK PREACHER VISITS TEXAS"

"DR. G. W. McPHERSON, the noted author, has recently made an extended visit to the West, preaching and lecturing in a number of cities in Kentucky, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas and has left golden memories with the thousands who heard him. He is easily one of the greatest preachers and evangelical leaders of his generation. For twenty-two years he has led the union movement in New York City known as Tent Evangel, in which more than four million people have heard the gospel, not only from this prince of preachers, but from many of the outstanding preachers of both America and England, brought there under his direction. There are few centres of population in the nation where there are not to be found those who have attended his meetings.

"Dr. McPherson is a battler for the truth. Modern unbelief both honor and fear him—honor him for his fairness and dread him for the keenness of his blade. Out of his great constructive preaching at Tent Evangel have grown some of the most sig-

nificant books in print today, of which I would mention, especially, 'The Modern Conflict Over the Bible,' 'The Crisis in Church and College,' and 'The Modern Mind and the Virgin Birth.' These books have gone into several editions, and have been, and are being read in every land where Evangelical Christianity has gone. They should be in every library and on every preacher's and educator's table. It is to such men as Dr. McPherson, honest, kind, courageous, always a Christian gentleman, as unmovable as Daniel, that the forces of Christianity are to look in these days of liberalism and finely spun theories of unbelief. Such a man feels quite at home among his friends in the South. He is that type of leader which may account somewhat for his long-sustained and continued success in one of the most difficult centers for old-time Biblical Religion in the English-speaking world.

"The six addresses he delivered in Abilene will never be forgotten. Dr. Oscar H. Cooper, dean of the College faculty, himself one of the most scholarly men of today, said of the address at Simmons College on 'Humanity's Two Conceptions of God,' 'It was one of the most significant messages ever delivered in Simmons College!' Quite clearly does Dr. McPherson strip the modern faith-destroying monster of his philosophical cloakings, and reveal him in his true frightfulness. And, in it all, how he crowns Jesus Christ, and kindles anew on the altars of Christian hearts the glowing fires of love and faith and worship.

"Any one of his messages would have been worth the cost of bringing him from New York to Texas.

"This is not written in praise of a man, but in humble gratitude to God for that glorious ministry, Biblical, sincere, honest, courageous, true, of which Dr. McPherson is a type. For years efforts have been made to bring him to the West, and after the holidays we expect he will return to us again.

"All cannot go to Tent Evangel to hear him, nor can he come to all; but all can hear his timely message through his books."

FOREWORD

IT must have been one who enjoyed a real insight into the meaning of life who said that "fact is more fascinating than fiction." From the little child who begs mother to "tell a true story" to the philosopher who would read the meaning of the universe in the facts of creation, human nature reveals a bias away from the phantoms of fancy to the red blood of reality.

Some fourteen years ago I was led to produce a work of fiction, which was entitled "Malcolm Campbell in the Rockies." It was not pure fiction, however, since the plot rested on a substratum of actual facts—thrilling personal experiences scattered across seven years of Rocky Mountain life in the eighties and nineties of the last century. A sense of dissatisfaction was the dominant reaction to my first literary creation, and neither at the time of its birth nor on subsequent occasions when I have turned to it with a certain spirit of longing could I bring myself to the point of yielding it for publication. But the "still small voice" that had so often rejected the story changed its theme a year ago and more hopefully whispered "Translate it into the first person and tell the truth. You know the struggles of the ambitious child of poverty, for you have been that child yourself. Give to young America the encouragement to be derived from your

own victories." At last the problem was solved, the gleam was followed, and this new story, "A Parson's Adventures" is the result.

Yes, a strong disinclination to writ about myself has been a retarding factor, and this reluctance and duty have furiously clashed. Desire, however, suffered defeat and the icy fear of self-exaltation has melted away before the warm faith that my young friends will find inspiration and encouragement in these pages.

G. W. McP.

I

MY CAPE BRETON ISLAND HOME

"Honor thy father and thy mother." Exodus 20: 12

IF native born Canadians who become citizens of the United States can properly be called immigrants, then I am an immigrant. And if those born in Britain and settling in other parts of the Empire can properly be called immigrants, then I am also the son of an immigrant.

My father, Norman McPherson, was born on the Isle of Skye, near the west coast of Scotland, in the year 1825, and in 1829 came with his parents to Cape Breton Island, where they settled in the midst of the virgin forests of North East Margaree, in Inverness County.

Cape Breton being part of the Province of Nova Scotia, and separated from the mainland by a narrow strait of water fifteen miles long and one mile wide, called the Strait of Canso, few persons outside of Canada know that it is an island. To quote from Miss MacKenzie's admirable article which appeared several years ago in the National Geographic Magazine: "It was Smollett who said: 'Cape Breton an island? Ha! Are you sure of that? Show it to me on the map. So it is! My dear Sir you are always bringing us good news. I

must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island.' But Smollett does not tell us, after he had rejoiced his Sovereign with the news, that the Duke of Newcastle made his historic statement, 'If France was master of Portsmouth I would hang the man who should give up Cape Breton in exchange for it.' "

In describing the beauty and natural wealth of Cape Breton, "Sam Slick," the Nova Scotian humorist, gave us a classic in greatly condensed form —"Indented everywhere with cozy harbors, surrounded with fisheries, the key of the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Fundy, and the West Indies; prime land above, one vast mineral belt beneath, and climate over all, temperate, pleasant and healthy; if that ain't enough for one place, it's a pity, that's all."

The people of eastern Canada are frequently referred to by our New England friends as, "Fardowns," and "Bluenoses," and Americans, generally, often speak of Canadians as "Cannucks." The etymology of the last named apothegem may suggest how our chickens come home to roost. The proud native born Canadians of British origin applied this term to the illegitimate offspring of French and Indian parentage in the Canadian Northwest, by calling them "Cannucks." But Americans, unfamiliar with the origin of the opprobrious appellation, apply it to all honorably born sons and daughters of the great Northland.

As to the racial aspects of Cape Breton, with the exception of a few French, English and Irish, the

island was settled by Scotch Highlanders, and by their coming Gaelic became the language of the country—"as Gaelic as the most Gaelic part of Scotland." And as to the religion of the people Cape Breton is about equally divided between Protestant and Roman Catholic. An American tourist, while visiting Cape Breton, asked a native, "What kind of Protestant Churches have you here on the island?" to which Scotty replied: "We have no Protestants on Cape Breton." "No Protestants on Cape Breton? I have met many Protestants from this country. Then what are they, Sir?" "They are all Presbyterians and Catholics," came the humorous reply. There are probably about one dozen Methodist, Baptist, and Church of England houses of worship, all the rest being Presbyterian and Roman Catholic.

The island is noted for more than its far-famed natural scenery, wealth, and colorful history. The names of Morse, Bell, and Marconi are associated with Cape Breton. The first Atlantic cable was landed at Cape North in 1867, and here also near Sidney, the capital, Marconi erected the first wireless station on the American Continent. In the heart of the island, near Baddeck, Graham Bell had his palatial home, and here he died.

It is said that the Scotch on Cape Breton are larger in size than are their Celtic race in the Highlands of Scotland. It is not uncommon to see several sons in the same family all between six and seven feet in height. Angus McAskill of St. Ann's,

the Cape Breton giant, weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, stood seven feet nine inches, and on one occasion carried an anchor on his back that weighed a ton.

My mother was of English descent. It is claimed that her forebears settled in the American Colonies prior to the Revolution. During this crisis my mother's people favored the United Loyalists, who would not fight against the Crown, and, as a punishment, the new Republican Government passed a law confiscating the property of the United Loyalists. As this meant banishment, or slavery to remain at home, thousands of the United Loyalists emigrated into various parts of Canada, my mother's people choosing Nova Scotia Province. While, perhaps, the place of one's birth matters little, nevertheless it is no mean advantage to be born in a country where the English language, laws, customs and civilization are dominant, even though it be in a somewhat restricted corner of the earth as Cape Breton. Naturally, those reared under the British flag think that their civilization is the best.

It may be said in passing that Canada has always been exceedingly loyal to the Empire, and is to this day decidedly British. With the exception of a certain element in Quebec, the Dominion is British to the core. Halifax on the Atlantic and Victoria on the Pacific are as loyal as London. Perhaps never in the history of the Empire was this unity so conclusively demonstrated as during the late war. What happened at Vimy Ridge,

ANGUS McASKILL
The Cape Breton Giant, and Tom Thumb

CAPE BRETON
The Sportsman's Paradise

Ypres, Passechendaele, Queant-Drocourt, Mons, and in the Mesopotamia Valley has forever silenced those who loudly boasted that "the Empire is only a rope of sand."

I am happy also to state that my native country has only the friendliest feeling for the great American Republic, and this friendship is warmly reciprocated. How could it be otherwise of these two nations which are bound together by ties of blood, race, customs, ideals, law, and religion. May nothing ever arise to mar this neighborly good-will.

Unfortunately there still exist a certain class in America, largely of foreign birth and parentage, who feel that it is necessary to frown upon the British people in order to show their loyalty to America. They seem to think that if Sam and John had a quarrel many years ago, it is bad ethics to become good friends at this late day. Happily the recent war diminished the number of those who live on old grudges, ignorance and religious prejudice. Forgiveness belongs to the noblest instincts of men, and the strife of bygone days should be forgotten by these two mighty nations that, in the basic ideals of life, are essentially one. Of course, it is not necessary that one love the land of his birth less because he has learned to cherish the country of his adoption. Good-will should be the watchword between all the nations, and war the most hated term in the vocabulary of earth.

In Cape Breton is still found the old Celtic tongue

that, in the remote past, "hurled defiance at Cæsar from the shores of Britain, two thousand years ago —a tongue that has sounded the slogan of the Highland Clans on every battlefield of the Empire, a speech that suits itself to devotional purposes, and that fits the Highlander's mouth to a nicety, that becomes him like his kilt and bonnet."

While Cape Breton is small in size, nevertheless, it presents the greatest variety imaginable. The word which best describes it is "diversified." With her many harbors, lakes, brooks, springs, rivers, mountains and valleys, there is crowded into this small area a greater variety of natural wealth and scenery than is found in any similar area in North America. In comparison with the size of the island, the mountains are lofty, averaging about one thousand feet in height, the highest peak being fourteen hundred feet. Here are numerous fresh water and two salt water lakes, the latter known as Bras d'or Lakes—Lakes of Gold. The rivers spring forth from their lairs, high up in the mountains, and rush precipitously over rocks and waterfalls, and on through the valleys to the ocean. Because the streams are as clear as crystal, the speckled trout and salmon, in great numbers, make these waters their home. Cape Breton is the sportsman's paradise.

The far-famed Bras d'or salt-water Lakes are two in number, and these separate Cape Breton in twain. Along the shores of these lakes are numerous hills and low crouching mountains, heavily

robed with the richest foliage, their foothills jutting out in the waters like great hands to welcome the visitor.

Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, built his home by one of these lakes and named it "Beinn Bhreach." This is his verdict of Cape Breton:

"I have travelled round the globe. I have seen the Canadian and American Rockies, the Andes, Alps, and the Highlands of Scotland, but for simple beauty Cape Breton out-rivals them all."

But of all the scenery in Cape Breton none equals in simple grandeur the mountains and valley of Margaree. As the tourist crosses the rim of the Margaree range and catches a glimpse of the panorama spread out before him, he is tempted to say that this is a dream, that it belongs to a world other than that in which humanity struggles. When the trees burst forth in their full plumage in the spring-time, or are coloring into deep blood-red in October, these mountains, with their rainbow-like extension, and which surround the North East Valley of Margaree, present a picture never to be forgotten, for they have a variety of foliage, form and color seldom if ever excelled in the world-renowned Canadian forests.

In the undergrowth there is also found an exquisite variety. The hunter as he roams over the shoulders of the mountains finds his limbs entwined with ten thousand growths and winking flowers.

In the far stretch of one hundred miles in the hinterland forest there are also found many added

attractions in this paradise of nature. Here the pleasure-seeker revels in his sport, as he brings down the partridge, duck, quail, wild geese, bear, deer, caribou, fox and martin.

Through the North East valley of Margaree flows the famous trout and salmon river of eastern Canada, and from which the valley received its name. The bed of this stream is noted for its almost infinite variety of beautifully colored stones which dazzles the eyes of the happy angler.

The meadows on either side of the river are interrupted here and there by low, precipitous hills, beyond which extend the uplands back to the base of the mountains. In these meadowlands are groves of what the natives call the "balm of Gilead" trees, the fragrance of which in June and July is equaled only by that of the wild red roses and sweet little white clover which grow in abundance on the uplands, all of which, with the odors of fir, spruce, ash, juniper, maple, beech, and birch, which grow in the valley and on the sides of the mountains, fill the atmosphere with the perfume of God.

During the soft days in July and August when the sun bursts forth in spots between the various colored clouds which, in rich abundance, slumber over the valley, casting their sombre shadows on mountainsides, meadows and uplands, Margaree suggests "the land that is fairer than day."

The remarkable sunsets also add much of grandeur and charm to this favored place. In the tones of bright and deeper red, yellow and purple, which

THE AUTHOR'S BIRTHPLACE
In North East Margaree, Cape Breton

overflow the horizon, are found heaven's benediction and sweet good night to the peaceful farmers in the valley.

"No artist's brush, no pencil can ever describe
The majesty of this scenery;
It must ever remain uppermost
And ineffaceable in memory."

It was here, in nature's kindly bosom, tucked in by the base of these mountains, where I was born. Reared in such an environment, amongst the warm-hearted people of Cape Breton, one can fully appreciate the sentiment of Sir Walter Scott:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own my native land."

In writing of Cape Breton, something should be said of the heroism of the old pioneers who braved the Atlantic, cleared the forests, wrested the wilderness from the savages, and made it possible for their children to enter into their priceless heritage. North Americans have never learned to fully appreciate and revere the memory of those heroes. Such colossal achievements as theirs should be written in books, studied by the immigrants as a requirement of naturalization, and made a part of the curriculum of our common school education. Imposing monuments should be created, one in Washington and another in Ottawa in honor of the heroic pioneers.

When only a few days out from the coast of

Scotland, the sailing vessel on which my grandparents and their children took passage sprung a leak and prudence would naturally suggest that they return for repairs. But that race, whose stubbornness at times may be a fault, pursued undaunted their course westward, each passenger taking his turn at the pump, until, finally, they arrived safely in St. Ann's Harbour on the east coast of Cape Breton. From here my grandparents, with their two children on their backs, one four, the other six years of age, travelled westward a distance of sixty miles across the island, over mountains and forests, in three feet of snow in the dead of winter and without any guide, until, finally, they arrived in the lower part of the valley of Margaree. Here they found shelter in the home of an English settler and thus were saved from perishing.

In those early days the greedy ship companies in Scotland, in order to increase their business, circulated strange stories regarding the new world. They reported that sugar grew on the trees and that gold could be picked up along the banks of the rivers. Occasionally we do find a mean Scotchman. The Highland Celts are known the world over for their integrity, but it is said that while they rise higher, nevertheless, they fall lower than other races. They are not, however, hypocrites, for they are out and out what they are. A Scotchman is never both your pretended friend and enemy at the same time. We must give them credit for that.

But I think that old Quarrels, London's first poet, must have had the warm-hearted Celtic race in mind when he wrote:

> "Their progress is extreme and bold,
> They're very hot or very cold."

Upon their arrival in Cape Breton my grandparents found only a howling wilderness. Sugar was not to be found even in the general store at the mouth of the river. New Orleans molasses was a luxury in those days. A free grant of five hundred acres was allotted to my grandfather by the Crown, on which he had to build a log cabin, chop down and uproot the stubborn rock maple, beech and birch, and get a start at farming. Until this longed for advent, the English settlers, far down the river, furnished them with potatoes, tea and meal. Fresh-water fish abounded in the streams, and these were caught daily by dragging against the current a "creel" or basket. In those early days the streams were literally alive with trout and salmon. With this small variety of food, plus the wild berries which grow on the island, they kept themselves from starvation until they got a start at farming.

Here was hardship and loneliness unknown to most people. I often heard my father relate how his mother spent her evenings, as she sat before the fire log in the little cabin, weeping and wailing over her dear old Scotland and the loss of loved ones left behind.

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At night the greedy black bears visited the door of the log cabin for potato peelings and fish bones. The only near neighbors they had in the lonely wilderness were the bears and screech owls. Since grandfather had no gun the children would take turns at night screaming inside the cabin in order to frighten bruin away from the door. My father declared that in this way he had broken his voice in childhood. Again and again the bears killed every ox and cow my grandfather got from the English settlers down the river; consequently, to get a start at cattle and sheep raising was a problem of the first magnitude. However, in the possession of a gun they finally managed to make some progress.

The few farmers on Cape Breton had no market where they could sell for cash their stock and butter. All that could be done was to exchange at the general store what they produced, for tea, flour, cornmeal and calico, and thus it continued until the next generation.

The second generation in Margaree, in which I was born, witnessed a beautiful valley, largely settled, dotted over with farms of more or less value. Other immigrants soon followed to help clear away the forests, and by this time most of the valley was fairly well under cultivation, though there still remained considerable poverty. My father's farm was exceedingly stony and barren in production. Stone fences were everywhere in evidence, and every crop of potatoes was followed by a new gen-

MY MOTHER

eration of stones, rising up, endlessly, out of the ground. Annually, the same fields had to be cleared of a new crop of stones. Fortunately, there were some fine farms in Margaree, but my father's section happened to be one of the poorest.

We knew the meaning of poverty, the sting of want. It was not uncommon for mother to say: "Father, there is only one more cake in the bottom of the barrel and what shall we do?" Father's reply invariably was: "The Lord will provide." And the Lord always did provide. But behind his splendid optimism and faith, father was carrying a heavy burden, yet withal he never complained of his lot. His resignation was sublime; his faith perfect.

Under the low roof, through which in places the stars could be seen, especially close to where the chimney protruded, the ten husky children were huddled together in the loft on board beds and with straw for mattresses.

My mother's maiden name was Sarah Burton, a daughter of John Burton, one of the most industrious farmers in the valley. Mother was a woman of rare charm, large, good-hearted, ambitious, and performed her part well in the hard struggle for existence.

She was always religious, though she did not unite with the church until late in life, when she had a most satisfying religious experience.

There were four churches in the valley, a small Wesleyan chapel, and Congregationalist, Baptist

and Presbyterian Churches. The last named was located in what is known as the Big Interval, nine miles up the river in a wholly Highland Scotch community. My father and his people were Presbyterians, but on account of the long distance from his own place of worship, he attended. for most of the year, the churches which were only a few miles from our home, and in them he was welcome and happy. All the churches seemed to claim him as their own.

Mother was a woman of prodigious labors. In certain seasons of the year she worked almost day and night. She helped to milk the cows, shear the sheep, and alone carded all the wool, spun the yarn on the little old-fashioned wheel, wove all the cloth on the hand loom, and made the clothing for father, the ten children and herself, including underwear and overwear, which protected us from the cold in that northern clime. Many a late hour in the night, long after the family had gone to rest, did I hear the loom rattle as mother threw the shuttle through the web of cloth she was weaving. She was married at the age of eighteen, reared ten hearty children, six boys and four girls and, at the age of fifty-two, worn out from the heavy burdens she had borne, passed on to her great reward.

My father also, as a result of the hard struggle, must have shortened his life, for he went to the glory at the age of sixty-nine.

He was a man of stalwart frame, athletic bearing, and remarkable physical strength and endur-

MY FATHER

ance. In his early manhood he was recognized as the athlete of the valley. At the age of thirty he made a standing long jump of twelve feet from toe to heel, a record seldom surpassed. He was also a famous pedestrian, and walking fifty miles a day was to him only a matter of ordinary exercise. As the old folks used to tell, "He was as fleet as a hound." Physically he was one of the finest specimens of the Celtic race to be found in Cape Breton. He loved the forests, and annually he trapped for bear, martin, mink, muskrat, and snared for the fox. In one of his "dead-falls" he caught the largest bear ever killed on the island. He also loved to swing the scythe and axe, and in the chopping and mowing parties, which the farmers occasionally had, father was always the champion.

But he was as noted for his intellectual as for his physical prowess. As a theologian, his fame was known in many parts of Cape Breton. His brow was massive, mind penetrating, memory extraordinary, and his voice, while rich and mellow, possessed a chivalrous and martial note that instantly commanded the attention of those whom he addressed, whether privately or in the churches.

One of father's outstanding gifts was his rare ability to tell the finest Scotch stories, and visitors at our humble home spent most of their time listening to those humorous tales which invariably produced much laughter. Every day, the year round, he had a fresh story to tell.

As to a general education father had none. In

his youth he attended for one month the little log schoolhouse in the valley, and the only book in that school was the Bible. Times have changed some, for now about the only book barred from our schools is the Bible. It was in this humble school where he learned his A, B, C's, and to read English. In his childhood only Gaelic was spoken in his father's family. He had never learned to write, but he could read well, even the most abstract philosophical literature, with remarkable familiarity and ease. All things considered he was an educated man.

My father had a small collection of books which could not be called a library, but these were the products of the masters, and some of which he literally committed to memory.

There was first of all the Bible, which, it seemed, he could repeat backward, in both Gaelic and English. He could locate almost every passage, giving chapter and book. His grasp of the Book of books surpassed that of any theologian I have ever known. He thought and conversed in Biblical terms, and was a kind of walking Bible. I will be forgiven in saying that, as a theologian, had he lived in a center of learning and contact with men, instead of on an isolated island, my father would probably have ranked as one of the outstanding religious leaders and thinkers of the age.

Next to his Bible he loved Bunyan. He said he read "Bunyan's Complete Works" once a year for a quarter of a century. He mastered "Shakespeare's

Complete Works," "Man's Fourfold State," "Imitations of Christ," "Luther's Commentary on Galations," "Butler's Analogy," "Macauley's Essays," the best of the English and Scotch poets, and familiarized himself with the standard histories, ancient and modern, with Spurgeon's early sermons and other works of lesser note.

In hearing him discuss abstract and profound philosophical questions, one would imagine that he had received from Oxford the master degree in philosophy. If one of the pastors in the valley desired to get some light on an obscure and difficult Scripture, he would seek father's opinion regarding it, even though the preacher were a Greek scholar, which father was not.

But notwithstanding father's great ability and erudition, he was a very poor man, as we commonly think of poverty. With a stony farm, and in those early days no remunerative work to be had on the island, there was no hope of ever rising above poverty. Young men received fifty cents a day for farm labor, and rarely could this kind of employment be found. In my own case I worked two years in a blacksmith shop on a salary of twenty-five dollars a year and board and a suit of clothes added each year as a special bonus for faithful service.

The winters are long and cold and the stock must be fed six months out of every twelve. While Cape Breton possesses much natural wealth and is surrounded by the finest fishing grounds in the world,

nevertheless, in those days, its wealth was hardly tapped. Father had to give the merchant who owned the general store a mortgage on his farm, or die for lack of the common necessities of life. Fish was low in price, but flour, in the early years on Cape Breton, was thirteen dollars, and it required about one and a half month's labor to pay for one barrel. Father's great problem was not how he might acquire wealth, in fact he never dreamed of having more than a living, but how to exist just beyond the ragged edge of poverty.

But were there no mitigating circumstances? Were there no contentment, no happiness in our old home? Yes, ours was one of the happiest and richest homes in the world. Wealth, or even ordinary comforts cannot give a contented mind. After all, wealth is a relative term, an accumulation of dust, and, in the very nature of things, is not an inward but an external condition, consequently, we must view only that as wealth which is an integral part of man's character. Because true and abiding values can only be found in the quality of a man's spirit, Jesus Christ builds his Kingdom upon a great reality, as indestructible as the eternities—the new birth of the soul into the higher Kingdom—the Kingdom of God. It was in the possession of this reality that my father was rich. How rich he was! To hear him pray was one of the privileges of a life time. So the poorest may be the richest and the richest may be the poorest. As a people possessing the purest type of Christianity, the in-

habitants of Cape Breton were rich indeed. Here religion was seen at its best and reigned supreme. For example, I never heard of a case of murder or divorce among the Celts of my native island. Such fearful outbursts of sin belong to our present civilization of which the modernist boasts so much today. While God has some of His kings and queens among those who are viewed as rich in material things, nevertheless, the most abject subjects of poverty are found among those who accumulate material gain over the wreck and ruin of their poor helpless victims.

Man's happiness depends upon his proper estimate of values. Lazarus in the parable begged at the door of Dives and the dogs would fain have licked his sores. Lazarus was very poor, but he must have been a holy man or the angels would not have carried him at death on a celestial pleasure trip to Paradise. Dives, because of his false views of wealth, ignored the immortal pilgrim at his gate. He had chosen mammon for his god. He did not love the poor. But in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, send Lazarus to help me! The scales are now turned. Sometimes they turn in this world, not always, but they will turn beyond the shadows. Like poor Lazarus my sainted father was rich in the wealth that does not perish.

The late Charles W. Warner once visited Cape Breton and wrote a satirical little volume, entitled: "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," in which he

seemed to have depicted, in a rather disparaging fashion, the honest nobility of the humble farmer folk. He gave the impression that the lack of education and wealth made those noble people objects for ridicule. Warner's philosophy was false. I venture the assertion that there was more true happiness among the poor folk of my native land than is found today among the aristocracy of wealth in our great cities. There was the wealth of high ideals, the purest type of character, plus the inspiration that comes from an unsurpassed natural environment. Here was simplicity, humility, devotion, purity, friendship, honor, chivalry, that characterize the poor in spirit and often in purse, and that make this old earth, in spite of its sordid selfishness, somewhat akin to heaven. All hail to the honest, virtuous, godly poor and to the heroic pioneers! As Gray said in his immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard":

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene.
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bare,
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

And these flowers often bloom most beautifully among the poor.

To my sainted parents it was a hard grind, but their lives were a sunburst of love and good cheer. I would not give my father's boot for an acre of the irreligious, rich scoundrels who live like devils and die like dogs. One of his prayers counted more than does a million dollars given by our profiteers

to promote a system of modern education that deifies man and dethrones God.

O for a new breed of the old immortals! O for the radiant faces, the chivalrous spirits of saints and heroes of the past! Nothing by way of religious influence moved me as did my father's devotions. They were not spasmodic. He was as pious in August as in Lent. From Christmas to Christmas his life was one hilarious song. He often awakened his children in the gray of Sabbath singing his favorite hymns:

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest
No mortal care shall seize my breast."

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be."

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes."

There was something in this holy, joyful worship, sweeter and more triumphant than Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. From the poverty of Bedford Prison, Bunyan turned the hearts of millions from despair and unbelief to faith and laughter. Out of Bethlehem's Manger arose the Redeemer of the world. "Men learn in poverty what they teach in song." There is after all some true philosophy found in the old fable of the King and his servant.

The King sent out his servant to hunt until he should find the happiest man in his kingdom, and

upon finding him, to bring his shirt to the King. The servant returned and said:

"Your majesty, I have found the happiest man in your Kingdom."

"But where is his shirt?" inquired the King.

"Your Majesty, he is truly your happiest subject, but he has no shirt."

It is hard to accept such a philosophy, but poverty often sits by the cradle of our heroes and rocks them into greatness. Dryden's famous lines bear a truthful message, though exceedingly unpopular in the twentieth century:

> "Want is a bitter and a hateful good
> Because its virtues are not understood."

All hail! to the memory of the mighty pioneers, who made North America glorious! "They have ceased from their labors, but their works do follow after them."

II

THE GREAT DISCOVERY

"And seeing the man that was healed standing with them, they could say nothing." Acts 4:14

IN this chapter I shall tell the story of my greatest discovery, and also give a sketch of one of the most remarkable revivals of religion of which I know. You see I am as old-fashioned as Peter and Paul for I believe in conversion and revivals.

Here are some age-long questions that will not down: Is there a God? If there is a God is He a person or a principle? Has God spoken? If God has spoken how may we know it? If God is and if He reveals Himself, what is man's part in making the great discovery? These are the most momentous questions that have ever engaged the mind of man.

According to the New Testament Jesus Christ made God known. Is this claim of Christianity true, and if true how may it be demonstrated?

I hope to make clear in this chapter that all men may know God, and that the secret of the discovery is very simple, easy to learn, and in the process we do no violence to reason—in brief, that man be-

comes most truly rational when he has found his Father—God.

It is evident that this discussion must center wholly in one's own experience. While the demonstration of God is by faith in objective Reality, the process is necessarily subjective and wholly one's own.

I have little inclination to further emphasize the problem we had with poverty on the farm, and no claim to any merit is made on that score for thousands have had similar experiences. Hard knocks and poverty should never be regretted, for these make men less selfish, more sympathetic toward the poor, hence they are a valuable asset in life. It is hoped that their recital will encourage other boys who are facing the problem of adverse circumstances.

There are those who tell us that "man is a religious animal," "incurably religious." This may be true of some but not of the writer, nor of the vast majority of young men he has known. There are also those who say that there is no way by which the human mind can discover God, that, in fact, we cannot know anything for a certainty, that what may be viewed by some as truth may by others, equally sincere, be viewed as error. They say that there is no such thing as positive knowledge, no authority in religion, no sovereign balm for the social, political, æsthetic and religious problems and sorrows of the world. These doubters affirm that "the world is on its back with at least a

score of painful and incurable diseases, that man is hopelessly doomed to skepticism altogether, that there is no set program, either constructive or destructive. no panacea for the world's aching heart."

This is the naturalistic philosophy of rationalism, agnosticism, atheism, and anarchism, which is popular today in some institutions of learning.

But philosophy cannot assist us in our quest for God. Philosophy has been defined as "the science of looking on a dark night, in a dark room, without a light, for a black cat that is not there." "Man by wisdom (philosophy) knows not God."—*Paul.*

Not that reason has no place in religion. In Christianity, which is a supernatural religion, reason must be subordinated to that which it could never discover or create, and serve rather as an aid in the interpretation of Christianity. Science also can aid but little in the search for God, for the Supernatural eludes and transcends all science, philosophy and human reason.

But if men are not born "incurably religious," and if they cannot find God by reason, nevertheless, they are born with a conviction that there is a Supreme Power in the universe. An atheist, in a moment of rage, after he had denounced Christian nations for going to war, shouted: "I thank God I am an atheist!" When off guard his nature intuitively asserted the fact of God. But while all men believe in the existence of the Supreme Being, yet they cannot know God aside from the revelation He has given of Himself. The finite is limited

to a restricted sphere of mental activity and can no more penetrate into the Infinite than a "cheesemite" can visualize a sculptor like Michael Angelo. A "cheesemite" may know something about cheese, but nothing of the higher realm in which man lives. Equally so man in his own sphere may know much of science, history, and philosophy, but by reason, unaided by a special revelation, he cannot find God. Bunyan in his early religious struggles realized this. He said in substance: "They tell me that God has created all things, but who created God? If God was created by another Being, who created this other God? So I only pushed the mystery back. I am staggered. My reason cannot discover God." Bunyan was right. How then may God be known? As Broadus well said: "We must consent to let God know some things we don't," and as Spurgeon put it: "There is no higher reason than to cease to reason about that which is above reason." Dryden, in his "The Layman's Faith," expressed the same idea:

> "And thus endless thoughts in endless circles roll,
> Without a center where to fix the soul.
> In this wild maize their vain endeavors end,
> How can the less the greater comprehend;
> Or finite reason reach infinity,
> For what could fathom God were more than He."

As already stated, the purpose of this chapter is to show that God may be known as our Father, Saviour, Helper, Friend, and that all contentions to the contrary are only the hallucinations of a

diseased mind, that man's basic disease of selfishness and sin can be cured.

I affirm, and I think I shall prove this affirmation, that Jesus Christ made God known, and in this fact we have the greatest of all discoveries and the reason why millions love Him. It is either Christ or agnosticism, infidelity, sin, hopelessness, chaos, despair. He and He alone "is the light of the world." With Him men can solve the problem as to how God may be known, and all other problems as well, even the vexed problem of the relation between capital and labor. His gospel of love, redemption, brotherhood, and personal salvation is the world's only panacea. I take my stand by Christ, who said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and, "I am the way the truth and the life."

But how may we know that Jesus makes God known? This glorious fact we may demonstrate in our experience. We know that by believing on Christ, learning of Him, and keeping His commandments He produces in our hearts a divine URGE to the higher life. We know this positively, beyond the shadow of a doubt. We know that Jesus Christ can lift men out of their littleness and make them great, loving, holy, noble, true, that He can take the most abandoned, the most obscure, the bootblack, the dishwasher, the rail splitter, and make of them prophets of righteousness, Cabinet Ministers, Presidents. Thank God, Jesus Christ

has tracked down the most diabolical nonsense that has ever cursed the world.

All I have thus far said is introductory to what shall follow. I now come to illustrate how men may find God in their own experience. In order to do this I shall relate at length the story of one of the greatest revivals of religion, though I do not mean to convey the impression that in order to know God a revival of religion is necessary, for men have found God in every circumstance and walk in life. "God is not far from every one of us: For in Him we live and move and have our being," and He may be found in the most obscure places, in the greatest privacy of our lives, provided we comply with the conditions.

But I shall tell of this revival because it furnishes several illustrations of the truth I am emphasizing. Let the reader have patience and follow me closely, dismissing from his thought any prejudice he may have regarding revivals of religion. It is unnecessary to argue in defense of this spiritual phenomena, though we might do well to remind ourselves that men believe in revivals of business, of physical health, of spring and fragrant flowers, yet they sometimes hesitate to declare their faith in revivals of religion. Astonishing as it may seem, oft' times those who say they believe in religion are really opposed to revivals of religion.

I was thirteen years of age when this moral revolution swept over North East Margaree and other parts of Cape Breton. They called it a re-

THE BAPTIST CHURCH

In Which the "Foster Revival" Centered, and Where the Author, at the Age of Thirteen, Made His Confession. The Home of Brother Ralph is in the Picture

vival, though the term was new, seldom heard before in that country.

There were here and there a few critics, especially among the most irreligious, and also among the most conservative members of the churches. As one expressed it: "I would sooner go to a madhouse than to a revival." My father, deeply religious as he was, while he indulged in no word of unfavorable criticism, nevertheless absented himself from the services during the opening week until he was assured that the preacher was safe and sane.

But while father hesitated to express any opinion, nevertheless, he was broad-minded and did not object to his children going to the services. He had his own strong convictions, but he never tried unduly to force his views upon his children. He had family worship, taught us much of the Bible, had us commit to memory the Shorter Catechism, set us a wonderful example, and trusted that God in His own good time would lead us to grace.

The revival began in the Baptist Church, and the preacher was the Rev. P. R. Foster of Nova Scotia. Mr. Foster was a total stranger on Cape Breton and he even dared to come to the Church without an invitation—a bold venture indeed.

This was how it happened: The preacher's health had been impaired, and he was obliged to discontinue his ministry and resume his early trade as a carpenter. One day while reading a religious paper and noticing that the church in Margaree was

without a pastor, he said to his wife that he felt the Lord wanted him to go there and preach the gospel; but on account of his nervous condition Mrs. Foster dissuaded him. Months later, however, on noticing in the same paper that the Margaree church was still pastorless, the conviction seized him that this opportunity to serve was his call, so he said to his wife, "I must go." All her efforts to detain him were futile. Away he went, taking the first train. He sent a telegram requesting that they open the church for him to preach on the following Monday night, for he expected to arrive at noon of that day.

This was the strangest news of a religious nature that had ever come to the people of Margaree. A meeting of the brethren was held, and after some discussion and hesitation it was decided to open the church. "We shall hear him once," they said, "and if he proves to be an unworthy minister we shall lock the church against him."

Seven o'clock was the hour for the service. It was in the early autumn, the business season with the farmers, for they were harvesting their grain, and no one had any desire to leave work undone and go to hear a stranger preach.

Mr. Foster arrived at noon, took dinner with Mr. George Tingley, who had charge of the choir in the church, after which he requested his host to accompany him that afternoon to the top of the Sugar Loaf mountain for, he said that he desired to get a view of the famous Margaree valley. Sugar

REV. P. R. FOSTER
A Prince of Preachers

Loaf was four miles up the river, and from its lofty summit of 1,000 feet the visitor could see one of the finest sights in eastern Canada.

Together they went to the top of the mountain, and here is Mr. Tingley's recital of that memorable experience: "I shall never forget that day. 'I must pray for the valley,' said Mr. Foster, and instantly he dropped upon his knees. And such a prayer. It is too sacred to relate. For more than an hour he prayed, first for the aged, just on the edge of the grave, then for the middle-aged, then for the children. He labored like a man seeking to rescue the perishing from some overwhelming disaster. The perspiration rolled over his face as he pleaded for the people in Margaree. It was so solemn and sacred I moved away about one hundred feet so as not to disturb the man of God. Finally he arose and said: 'Come on Mr. Tingley, God has given me the valley,' and Mr. Foster led the way down the mountain at a rapid pace, with the tread of a conqueror going forth to further conquest."

The hour arrived and father consented to my going to the service. The attendance was small, only about thirty persons, mostly composed of the deacons and their families. But it proved to be a memorable hour in the history of that church.

The preacher entered and immediately went into the old-fashioned pulpit, high up against the wall, with its two winding stairways. He opened the service on the minute, and conducted it in a most becoming manner. His text was Isa. 21: 11-12.

"Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said: The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come."

Mr. Foster was a man of striking appearance. He stood as erect as a British Redcoat and looked like a true prophet of God, though some critics said he would pass for an actor, or a patent medicine man. His forehead was intellectual, towering high over his twinkling grey eyes. He wore a light brown beard of foxy tinge which fell in graceful waves down over his chest. His shoulders were slender but square and hung on his back as if on swivels, and his arms were straight, tapering gracefully to his finger tips. In every inch, movement and expression Mr. Foster was a man of ease, grace and action.

After giving his text its historical setting, he plunged into his discourse, emphasizing every point with eyes, head, hands and beard. Each successive climax was most touching and tender, almost overcoming the preacher himself. From beginning to end his little audience was spell-bound.

The crisis was over for Mr. Foster and the deacons for both were on trial that night and the problem was happily solved for the Baptist Church. The impression made was so unusual that the congregation walked quietly from the building without speaking a word, but they gathered in little knots outside to express to each other their delight over the sermon.

On the following day, throughout the entire val-

ley and glens far beyond, flashed the news regarding the wonderful preacher in the Baptist Church. On Tuesday evening many of the farmers left their grain in the fields and the chores undone in order to get to the church by seven o'clock to hear the new strange preacher who came uninvited. The church was crowded and curiosity was on tip toe. Again the impression made was powerful. On Wednesday night many persons were unable to gain admission, and thus it continued for some weeks until the close of the revival.

Mr. Foster was not in any sense a sensational preacher. His sermons were plain, Scriptural, evangelical and delivered in a passion for souls. Christ was the substance of every message. No one needed to advise him, as an old saint once counselled the writer, after hearing him preach when a student, "Brother, preach Jesus." Nothing I received in the seminary was more valuable than that pointed rebuke. It stuck and from that hour I resolved to make Christ the substance of my ministry, and this has been the secret of any success I may have had.

On Thursday night, for the first time, an invitation was given to men and women to confess Jesus Christ by simply standing and speaking that which their hearts prompted. There was no mourner's bench nor after service, but there in the audience the people were asked to make their confessions. No such sight had ever before been seen in Margaree. There was, apparently, no excitement; the service was quiet and dignified; but it was evident

that the power of God had laid hold on men's minds and hearts most marvelously. Many arose among whom were not a few of the most outstanding sinners in the community, and men of the greatest physical strength. The families were large in Cape Breton and in not a few cases whole households sons and daughters gave themselves to Jesus Christ.

There was manifest in this and in one or two subsequent services a remarkable phenomenon. It was seen that about a dozen strong men, when they arose to ask for prayer completely lost their motive power and in some cases fell helplessly over the pews where they were sitting. A number of these at the close of the service had to be carried bodily out of the church and assisted to their homes. Moreover others, who when in the church did not thus manifest a lack of physical control, did lose their motive power when they reached the main road and had to be assisted to their destinations. In these cases the sense of sin was overmastering and they fell to the earth almost as helpless as dead.

And during all this glorious operation of the Spirit of God there was a silence that was profound and glorious. Neither before nor after the service were men and women seen visiting or conversing in the usual manner. Not a few of the "seekers" were so dead in earnest over their salvation that for days they abandoned their work on the farms and, with Bible in hand, betook themselves to the woods or quiet pasture lands to meditate and pray. And

nightly in the services some of these would announce the glad tidings, that they had "found Christ," or had "come into the light." The latter was the common phrase used to express conversion, and was quite expressive and true to the facts. There was heard at every service these words: "I have come into the light."

But the "Foster revival," as it was called, was not confined to Margaree. Several male school teachers, natives of the valley, who had been teaching in neighboring settlements, some twelve miles distant, on hearing of the revival came under conviction of sin and were converted without the aid of any preacher, but as a result of prayer and reading the Bible. These new converts held services in their own communities and thus the glad tidings of salvation spread far and wide.

Mr. Foster served in the Baptist Church, then in the Congregational Church, then in several other communities — in Big Baddeck, Whycocomagh, some twenty-five and forty miles distant, and everywhere he labored many were led to Jesus Christ.

From among the converts in Margaree alone it has been said that seventeen young men went forth to study for the ministry.

The Baptist Church gave a unanimous call to Mr. Foster to become their pastor and he accepted and remained with us for four years. That was the happiest and most prosperous period in the history of the Church.

It was during these meetings that I made the

great discovery of God in Christ as my personal Saviour. I shall attempt to describe it without exaggeration.

In my early life, while I did not talk it, yet I was inclined to be skeptical, though at times I had a feeling that I should like to become a preacher. Prompted by this strange desire, I used to "play church" with my sisters and brothers on Sabbath afternoons, standing on a high chair with the family gathered around me for a congregation. I would announce a hymn, read a Scripture and then make a pretence at preaching. The performance was quite amusing to my audience, yet I did not think of it as funny, nor did I "play church" to make sport. I felt inclined to do this because of a strange desire to preach. Nevertheless I was inclined to be skeptical. What is the significance of this conduct before I was thirteen years old? Did it show that God was shaping my life for future service as a minister in His Kingdom?

> "There is a Divinity that shapes our lives
> Rough hew them as we will."

I knew nothing about religion, was not interested in family worship, often played "killing pig" behind the stove when father was praying, for which conduct he frequently administered a well deserved flogging. On one occasion, as a punishment for refusing to accompany my parents to church, my mother put me in a hot oven and kept me there until

I promised to go. Swearing was my great sin, and during quarrels with my school chums I used to chase them through the woods cursing all the way. During one of these school wars I literally swore for a mile and thought nothing of it. And passing strange, mingled with all this deviltry I had a secret feeling that perhaps some day I would be a preacher. I was christened in my father's church before I experienced consciousness, and so far as I knew, or any one could see, this solemn service did not effect in any way a change in my young life. I was, however, like most of the boys I knew, irreligious, with my good and bad points always in evidence. And this was my state of mind during the first week of the revival. At one of those services, when unable to gain admission because of the crowd, I looked through the church window and made faces at some of the girls I saw inside, for which I was called before the preacher the next day and severely reprimanded. No, I was not religious. As father told me, and rightly, that I was "in my natural state," and, withal, was strongly inclined to be skeptical.

During the second week of the revival I began to think earnestly on my relation to God. I was not excited or emotional, but began to reason thus: If all this is true and there is a God who sees and understands He must think of me only as a sinner.

Several things impressed me powerfully during this revival:

(1) The song and prayer services held by the converts on the country roads as they gathered in

groups late in the night, after the church service was over. On the four or five principal country highways the singing could be heard for a considerable distance. I attended some of these services and heard young men pray who a few days before were as tough as any in the valley.

(2) The prayer meetings that were held in a partly finished house, owned by Dan Carmichal, were most stirring. The converts felt loathe to go home at the close of the service in the church and so they gathered in this house to pray. They had no light except that furnished by a borrowed tallow candle. The two floors were laid and the roof was finished, also the stairway to the second floor. This house was literally packed with earnest souls, including the stairway on which I was sitting, with my feet hanging down over the edge just above the jam below in the hallway. It was while here, sitting in this precarious position, that I offered my first public prayer. The prayer was brief, for someone who was sitting on the same step moved a bit and the pressure pushed me off the stairway, down on those who were kneeling in the hall. But the service went on as if nothing had happened.

(3) Another event which made a profound impression on me was the story told by two young men who were school teachers on the coast, down near the Cape North country, about sixty miles from Margaree. These teachers were serving in adjoining school sections. They knew nothing of the mighty revival of religion in Margaree. But

strange to say, they had become restless, so much so that they could not continue their work as teachers. Meeting frequently, they told each other of their strange feelings. They had only begun the fall term a few weeks before, but they declared that they could not teach, and so informed the trustees of their respective schools. The trustees thought the teachers were homesick in that far away lonely part of the island and refused to grant them permission to abandon their work. However, they said they could not continue longer, so they started for their home in Margaree.

It was a long journey by foot across the mountains of Cape Breton, but, finally, on reaching a French settlement on the coast of Margaree Harbour, on the west side of the island, they went into a farmer's house for dinner. On learning of their home in the Northeast valley of Margaree, their host said: "Have you heard of the revival of religion in Margaree?" "No," they replied. "Well, they have all gone crazy up there over religion," said the Frenchman.

The boys arrived home and on that same night told their thrilling story to the congregation. They declared that they knew nothing of the revival, but that God had called them home, and there they yielded their lives to Christ. These two teachers returned to resume their work in their respective schools, but later they entered the Christian ministry.

No psychology can explain this moral phenom-

enon. It was God at work in answer to prayer, and in this, as in many other events that occurred in this revival, there was found unanswerable proof of the supernatural fact of Christianity and that God does communicate Himself to men.

I attended all the services during the revival, but it was not until the second week that I decided to pray and seek salvation. I had a chum whose name let us say was Frank and nightly we went together to the services. I urged Frank to take a stand and confess Christ, but he always replied: "No, if you will, I will." I would nudge him in the ribs, boy-like, with my elbow and say, "Go on, you are older than I. When you get up and confess Christ then I shall." Frank nudged back and said: "No, if you will then I will." Night after night the nudging continued with the same result. Finally I decided that Frank was not in earnest and that I must take my stand alone.

I spent much of the time, during the days of this week, digging potatoes in an obscure part of the old farm where I was unseen by the neighbors. It was a narrow wedge-like patch coming to a sharp point at one end and the rows of potatoes ran crosswise. I began to dig at the narrow point and at the completion of each row knelt down in the ground to pray for light and leading, promising God that if he would give me strength to confess His Son before men I should do so that night. Prayer was answered and that night without speaking a word to my chum I arose in the service and said:

"Pray for me. I desire to know Jesus Christ." It was no easy cross to bear, nevertheless, in resuming my seat I felt much relieved. I believed that a good service was performed, that I had put myself in the way of blessing.

Mr. Foster's text that night was: "For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, . . . the Son of man also shall be ashamed of him when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." I knew I had done my duty, my best, so far so good, but I experienced no special change in my life. Converts had told of how they "came into the light," but I could give no such testimony.

On returning to my home I left my chum at the wagon road and took a short cut across the backlands over a small footpath. It was one of the great nights in that northeastern clime. The milkmaid's path was in full bloom, the sky was ablaze and the myriads of stars seemed like gimlet holes in the sky to let the glory through.

Coming along on the path to where a cherry tree lay across the way, I sat thereon, removed my homespun cap, and looking up I worshipped the good Creator for having made such a wonderfully beautiful world for men.

I thanked God for His marvelous Universe and for His goodness, but I had not "come into the light." What is that light of which I had heard so much in the revival? My worship, I fancy, was like that of a devout Jew, or Unitarian, or Moham-

medan, or member of some secret society, who with the mind seek to worship the great Creator through His works by the aid of those symbols which may suggest in some way the fact of God. I think I was in about the same attitude of mind and heart toward God as are many of those who in their churches worship by means of symbols or ritualism only.

Though I did not feel that I was a great sinner, nevertheless, I had a consciousness of sin, and this was the thing from which I sought freedom. With an intellectual conception of God, I tried to thank Him for His goodness. But to me this was not salvation, for I had no sense of peace, no rest, no consciousness of freedom from sin. Someone has said that the greatest question that man can ask is: "How can a guilty man be just with God?" This was what I longed for—to be right with God and to know this beyond a doubt.

While sitting on the tree across the trail, my mind turned to Jesus Christ. I had now ceased praying. I was quietly meditating on Christ, and in this I thought of His Cross. I lay no claim to having had a special vision, but I did visualize Jesus in the long ago dying on the Cross, robed in blood and awful agony as He cried: "Father, forgive them.....It is finished." Christ was there on the Cross, as real to me as if I was present when He died. And with this vision of Him I became aware for the first time of my unbelief, of the sin of not believing in Him who died as my Substitute, and instantly I cried aloud: "Lord, I believe!" As

quick as the lightning flash there came a flood of peace, joy, full, satisfying, deep down at the bottom of my life, and I became as restful as the surface of a mountain pool. What was it? It was the voice of God in my soul giving me the new consciousness of forgiveness, salvation, free, full, complete, simply because I believed on Jesus Christ, as I was aided by the unseen Spirit to cast myself upon His finished work. Now I knew I was saved, "born from above," by the power of an endless life. I was completely satisfied. I know I met God, and I found Him, or better He found me at the Cross.

I arose and went on my way singing as loudly as I could in the silent solemn hour of that glorious night:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunge beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

"E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die,

"Then in a nobler sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

On retiring that night I wondered whether I should awake on the following morning with the

former feeling of indifference towards God. I feared that the rest of brain and nerves might effect a change in my spiritual enjoyment. But on the next morn the consciousness of God was as real as the night before, and instantly on rising I dropped upon my knees to pray. I was as changed in the morning as on the previous night, and this confirmed me in the conviction that my experience in the backlands could not have been a mere gush of emotion, self-hypnotism, or the effects of mind influence resulting from my nightly contact with the services. Formerly prayer was forced, now it is perfectly natural, easy, delightful, glorious—a very conscious communion with God.

Next to Jesus Christ whom I met on the footpath, I thought of Frank and wondered whether he would give himself to the Master as I did. When Mr. Foster preached the final sermon in the revival from the text: "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and ye are not saved," Frank who was present was still rejecting God's call.

Time flew on at rapid pace. Frank, like hundreds of other young men, left Cape Breton for the West. The last I had heard of him he was shot dead in the barroom of a small hotel which he was conducting, and his remains were buried just outside the place where the dear fellow met his tragic end. When I heard of the sad death of this most promising young life, for Frank was one of the popular and beloved of the youth of Margaree, my thoughts went back to that hour of momentous de-

cision in the Baptist Church—when I accepted and poor Frank rejected the invitation to become a follower of Christ. Here came the parting in the way. It seemed a very simple thing for a mere lad, only thirteen years of age, to take a stand for Christ in a religious service, nevertheless that act decided my future life and destiny, for it was the beginning of my acquaintance with God.

Such a decision on the part of children is often looked upon as of no special value. "Don't excite the children. Don't let them go to these revival services. It is only emotion and dangerous to the normal development of the young life. Revivals create false ideas regarding religion, therefore keep the boys and girls away from them."

Perhaps the reader has heard such counsel given, possibly by parents who refuse to permit their children to attend special gospel services. But the little children understand what they are doing; they are usually more normal and true in their desire to know Jesus Christ and follow Him than are full grown folks.

> "Youth is the time to serve the Lord
> The time to insure that great reward."

Let the children plunge out into the deep sea of God's love and know those rich soul experiences before their hearts become hardened by unbelief and sin.

Yes, that was the most momentous act of my life, simple though it seemed to be, when I publicly con-

fessed to a desire to know and follow the Lord Jesus Christ. Would that I had the power to impress upon those who may read these pages the rich rewards that result from helping boys and girls to a definite decision for the Master. Frank was as worthy, yea I often thought more worthy than I, but he had made a fatal decision, while I chose the better way. Dear good friend Frank, "Shall we e'er meet again?"

III

LEAVING HOME

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." Psalm 35:5

I SHALL give in this chapter a glimpse of my life from the age of thirteen to nineteen—of its hopes and fears, ups and downs, successes and failures, until the time when I left Cape Breton for the last time. During this eventful and changeful period I went to the States at the age of sixteen and again at the age of nineteen.

The immigration movement from Canada was now at its height, in the eighties of the nineteenth century. The desire to go to the States had seized the people like an epidemic, and it was no easy matter to resist the movement, for a movement it surely was. No other word so adequately describes it. Even those in the hey-day of life, both men and women, between the ages of thirty and fifty, as well as those between sixteen and thirty, had caught the fever to go away from the eastern Provinces. This movement in those earlier days, as it is even at the present time, though now in a lesser degree, was one of the most serious problems Canada has ever had to face.

In this formative period of my life, there was not

only light and progress but also shadows and retrogression. Due largely to the influence of unworthy companions, I had lost for a time the vision of the high ideals which were mine during the "Foster Revival," and my religious life, strange though it may seem, deteriorated to a low level. I became a backslider, forgot God, and altogether ceased to pray and read the Bible.

My father never urged his children to unite with a church. His intense Calvinism, believing strongly as he did in "the effectual call," election, and foreordination, led him to trust God to reveal to his children His will as to the matter of uniting with a church. In this my father was both consistent and wise. Too many persons have been railroaded into joining the churches before they had a real Christian experience just as many have gone into the ministry who were not fitted for this holy calling. Moody was right when he said: "Some have mistaken the call to go pick cotton for go preach the gospel." And the result is, we have not a few professing Christians, members of the churches, some of them preachers, talking about a Book, a Life and a Person to which they are experimentally strangers.

It was my duty at the age of thirteen to become identified with some body of believers. My father suggested only once that I go with him on a certain Sabbath and unite with the Presbyterian Church. That was all he had ever said to me regarding this matter. Also one of the deacons in the Baptist Church urged that I unite with the Baptists. He

THE NORTH EAST MARGAREE RIVER
At Ingraham's Bridge, Where My Mother Was Baptized

BROTHER RALPH'S BLACKSMITH SHOP
Where I Learned the Trade

said: "If you refuse to confess your Lord and join the church you will grieve the Holy Spirit and become a backslider." I could not go quite so far with the deacon. The truth is I had become somewhat befuddled at this time as to the church I should join.

Rev. Foster had preached a sermon in which he defended immersion as the Scriptural mode of baptism, after which many persons united with the Baptist Church, including my dear mother who had made a public confession of faith in the "Foster Revival." Mother was the first one in our family to unite with the Baptists. On a Sabbath morning, with a large number of converts, she was baptized in the river. It was late in the fall and pieces of slush were floating down the stream. I went to see the ordinance administered. Standing on the bridge high above the pool I watched the baptismal service. On hearing Mr. Foster, as he led out the candidates into the water, quote the familiar New Testament passages on baptism, there arose in my mind this question: Does not this seem to be in keeping with the teaching of these passages? I had never thought on this matter before, in fact this was the first time I had ever seen converts baptized in water, and my mother's example and the influence of that service made a deep impression on me.

Nevertheless I did not unite with the Baptist Church. I was taught by my father that baptism in any form was not necessary to salvation. In this the Baptists held the same view, though they have

always insisted that it is necessary to full obedience to Christ and a Scriptural confession of His name. I believed that I was right with God, for I was having communion with Him in His Word by the Spirit.

My father was willing that mother should unite with the Baptists. In reply to her question, whether he had any objection, he said: "If this is your conviction, go on and do what you believe to be your duty." My father was a broad-minded man. He loved Christians of every name and had fellowship with all true believers. In this he set us a noble example. While he contented for the true faith, nevertheless, the spirit of bigotry, which at times separates true believers from fellowshipping with each other, had never manifested itself in his life. He was as broad and as narrow as the Gospel and loved to fellowship with all who believed it.

In deciding, however, to remain outside the visible Fold of Christ, I made a serious mistake. That was the time, before I grappled with the problems of life, to have taken my rightful place in some evangelical church. In failing to do so I lost much religious ground. That was the period in my life when I most needed the helpful influence of some church. I have related this experience in order to encourage young converts to unite with some orthodox church. The great Shepherd knows what is best for the young lambs. To the new-born soul the Church, with her "breaking of bread," her holy fellowship, is the Christian's highest privilege, his

RALPH

GILBERT

DAVID

DANIEL

THE AUTHOR
At Age of Seven

RUSSELL

MY FIVE BROTHERS

native air, his very atmosphere, HIS HOME. Here we learn to love and value more truly God's family and to enter into the real significance of fellowship with our brethren in Christ. As already stated, because of my decision to remain aloof I gradually went into a state of spiritual declension and, finally, became an open backslider.

But I must return to the burning question of immigration to the States. Like most of the youths of eastern Canada, the craze to go to the great American Republic had seized me. Four of my older brothers and my oldest sister had already gone, and of the five younger who were still at home I was the oldest. Brother Ralph the oldest of our family also became restless and so he finally decided to go away and seek employment up in Nova Scotia. He had no desire to go to the States. But times were hard in Nova Scotia, and finding no work he was obliged to retrace his steps and return to Margaree. On arriving home, fatigued and discouraged, he said: "I shall never leave Cape Breton again if I have to live the rest of my days on oatmeal and cold water." Cured completely of his ambition to go west he remained true to his vow and is now the only member of our family living in beautiful Margaree. Moreover he is the one who has achieved the most conspicuous material success, considering the obstacles he had to overcome.

Those who remained in Margaree prospered as well as those who had gone to the States. My oldest sister, Minnie, went to Boston only to lose

her health and at last to return to die at the old home. Gilbert spent most of his life in the West and with no special success. David became a railroad conductor in Colorado. Daniel spent his days on a vessel, sailing from Gloucester, and he is not a millionaire. My youngest brother, Russell, became a carpenter in Boston, and, finally, in broken health he returned to his native home where he bade farewell to this world. My three sisters, Sadie, Rachel, and Flora, all went to the States. Immigrating to the States added little if anything to the material gain of the members of my father's family. Then there is the sorrow of separation. It is best that the members of the family live near each other. The family history should be perpetuated. Do not break up the old home. There is no place like home.

My mother had passed away in Chelsea, Massachusetts, while spending a winter there with sister Minnie. Her death was sudden and unexpected, and was a fearful blow to us all. How it changed my whole view of life. My father was so stunned by the shock that for some days he was confined to his bed, partaking of little food and speaking scarcely a word to anyone. This crushing bereavement had much to do with shortening his life, for, from this sad hour, he went into a steady and permanent decline until, finally, completely broken with the ravages of disease, he passed on to be with her whom he loved.

Immigration in the case of our family, as with

MINNIE

RACHEL

SADIE

FLORA

MY FOUR SISTERS

many other Canadian families, brought little reward and much sorrow.

I would advise my native countrymen to remain at home, for Canada is a country as full of promise as is the United States. It is fully as easy to make a living in Canada as in this country. While money is plentiful here, there are more ways to spend it. "The rolling stone gathers no moss."

And this reminds me of the story told of a New England farmer during the years when the great immigration movement was on from that country to the far West. He said there is wealth in New England and it is up to me to find it. He decided to break up a huge boulder in front of his door, on which the children had often played, and to use it for some practical purpose. He drilled a hole, put in a stick of dynamite, and the boulder was blown to pieces. And lo! to his astonishment, a large pot of gold was uncovered, hidden there many years before, and he was a rich man. We should make use of the opportunities where we live. Pluck, intelligent application, perseverance, patience, honesty, hard work, these are the secrets of success. It is not found by chasing the rainbow for the fabled pot of gold; it is to be found where we are.

As a further illustration of the folly of leaving one's own native land, especially when it is a country rich in natural resources like Canada, I will give the reader a leaf out of my brother Ralph's life.

As there was an opening for a competent blacksmith in North East Margaree, my father, with

others, urged Ralph to open a shop and supply this need. He said: "We will go into the woods, cut the timber for the frame and the logs for boards. I will hew the frame myself and Uncle William Burton will saw the logs in his mill. We will then have a 'raising party.' Uncle Dave Carmichael will give you a few feet of ground out by the main road. John Ross, at Sugar Loaf mountain, has an old set of tools—bellows, anvil, hammers—and he will give them to you for he is moving away to Nova Scotia. Thus you will get a start."

"But how about stock? Can't run a shop without iron," said Ralph. "You can use up for horse shoes the old second-hand scraps of iron over by the river where the new Ingraham Bridge was built," was father's reply.

After much hesitation on Ralph's part and encouragement on father's part, they both undertook the practical task.

A small shop of about 12 x 16 feet was erected. But, a little later, one of those savage "south-easters," which occasionally sweep over Cape Breton, lifted the roof off the little shop and carried it out into the field. Ralph was now completely discouraged and declared that he would never again erect that roof; but father's enthusiasm came to the rescue, and, with the aid of some friends, the roof was replaced.

The shop was opened for business. Old scrap-iron was turned into horse shoes, and the "forge" became the center of hustle, political and social gos-

sip and what not. It was a success from the start and Ralph soon became the busiest man in Margaree. An uncle, George Murray, who conducted a general store, purchased for him $25.00 worth of iron rods and bars in Halifax, and from these, horse-shoe nails and other necessities were made. Thus the new "Smith" was well under way at making a living and filling a great need in Margaree and several adjacent communities. The business expanded into the manufacture of carts, wagons, and plows, and, finally, a new shop was erected, and later a general store. For many years Ralph has been one of the most valuable and important business men in that part of the country. He raised a large family, is still living, and now at sixty-nine years of age he is enjoying the fruit of his labors, honored by all who know him.

The success that Ralph achieved is an argument against immigration, and shows the wisdom of developing one's own country. If not wealth, then comfort lies at our own doors, if we have only the ambition to see it and are willing to pay the price. Ralph paid the price, as have many other industrious people in Canada, and they are reaping the rewards of their labor.

Canada in all her vast domain is a truly great country in natural resources. What has checked her progress more than anything else has been the continual loss of her ambitious youth to her enterprising southern neighbor. Two factors have contributed most to the prosperity of the United States

—the enterprise of her old native stock and the millions of immigrants who have come to her shores. Canada has this same old native stock, but the loss of her young people has greatly hindered her progress.

There is much money lying idle in the banks of Halifax and other cities in eastern Canada, earning about three per cent., or, probably, since the war, invested in government bonds. If the conservative men and women in Nova Scotia who own this wealth had only invested it in local industries, and thus furnished employment for the young men and women who do not care to work the farms, they would have multiplied their fortunes, and Nova Scotia alone would have a population today of more than a million instead of about half a million.

The provinces of eastern Canada have produced a nation of splendid British stock, but where are these people today? They are helping to swell the vast wealth of the American Republic. Doubtless the government of Canada also must share a large part of the blame for this suicidal policy. Nova Scotia is nearer the markets of Europe, South American and Africa, by one thousand miles, than is New Orleans. The markets of the world are open to Canadian manufacture. There is as much patriotism in Canadians developing their own unlimited natural resources and thus holding their young people at home as in boasting of their loyalty to the Mother Country. Canada should have a population today of 20,000,000 instead of 9,000,000.

Her greatest asset lies in folks, especially in keeping at home the children of those races which make Canada a great country. It is high time that Canadians awoke from sleep! Canada, wake up! wake up! There is a pot of gold in front of every Canadian door!

But to return: I had taken the fever also and at the age of sixteen moved on with the procession to the States. The railroad had been extended east of New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia proper, to the Strait of Canso, so to this point I had only to ride by wagon a distance of seventy miles. Having never seen a train I amused some folks at Canso by inquiring as to how I should get aboard.

It was a long weary trip to Gloucester, the place of my destination. Train-sickness had seized me and I could not eat or hardly raise my head. Moreover, I was in a day coach. Travelling on borrowed money, I could ill afford to take a pullman. The roadbed was rough and the coach was full of smoke and crying children. Here was one of the most pathetic sights I have ever witnessed. Men, old men, and old women, with gray heads, and young men and women of every age, and children and babies, some of them whole families, the poorer people of the eastern Provinces, all going away to the States.

Arriving at St. John, we had to change trains and cross the river in a ferry. On the other side, the Boston train was waiting for us. Another train also stood near by. I asked some one which train

to take for Boston and he directed me. I went aboard. The train pulled out, and after it had gone about six miles the conductor came for my ticket. "You are on the wrong train, young man. This is the St. Stevens train, going to southern New Brunswick. Get out at the next station, go back to St. John and take the train which leaves for Boston at nine o'clock tonight." As there was no afternoon train returning to St. John, I had to walk back on the railroad ties, with a heavy travelling bag on my back. It was a fierce and scorching sun, and, fatigued and ill from the train sickness, I tramped those weary ties hoping to arrive at St. John in time to take the night train to Boston.

At last I reached the city and dropped into a small restaurant for refreshments, where I asked for a good cup of black tea, expecting to get the famous brand we use on Cape Breton, but I was disappointed. It was a terribly shabby little place and I felt safe in partaking only of bread, butter, pie and cold water. Thus refreshed, somewhat, and with a feeling of relief at the thought that on the morrow I should reach my destination in Gloucester, I boarded the train for Boston.

But it was, of course, one of those dirty, smoky, hateful day coaches used only by the second class passengers, with the same hard plain seats, no cushions, and crowded with old men and women, middle aged, and young boys and girls and crying children, all on their way to the States.

Again I was face to face with the problem of im-

THE PARSON AT SEVENTEEN

migration, and thought of the sad fact as to how the country was being drained of its life blood. How I wished then that I could write books, or take the platform and travel from Sydney to Victoria and arouse Canada to her peril. I knew that her statesmen were asleep, as they are very largely to this day, regarding the constant drainage of her best asset—her young people—her coming greatness and glory. The politicians are ambitious that the government meet its usual expenses and keep their own party in power, while acquiescing in a blind policy which only enriches the rapidly growing Republic to the South.

At that early day I had sensed the need of Canada, that what these eastern Provinces lacked was enterprise and practical patriotism for their own country; agricultural schools, railroad facilities, penetrating to the remotest sections, better schools, scientific farming, etc.—in short, enterprise, education, and loyalty to their own country. I did not place any blame upon the poor who were trying to better their circumstances. I was one of them. If young men and women cannot make a good living in their own country they will seek other lands. This is the same the world over. But Canada has everything under the sun by way of opportunities, if her men of means would only wake up and get out of their old, blind, conservative ruts, and open up new enterprises at home. Halifax, with her magnificent harbor, should have a population of two hundred thousand. But her stupid aristocracy

object to factories being built in their city. These proud, noble people, living on their incomes, are more seclusive than the people of New York and London, and in some respects more backward than the natives of Hindustan. Their city has been at a standstill for fifty years. Nevertheless, they are proud of their British origin and connection. I wonder whether Britain is proud of them.

Personally, my only ambition was to go away to accumulate a little money. Upon the arrival of my train in Gloucester, about noon of the following day, I went to the home of a friend from Margaree, where I had a good dinner, with plenty of fine Cape Breton tea, after which I tumbled, half dead, into bed, to awake on the following day about the same hour. On walking about this dirty, old, dingy, fish town, I met Nova Scotians on every hand, but I did not relish particularly the odor of decaying fish.

My first job in America was turning the crank of a huge derrick, used for lifting stone into place in the erection of foundation walls for buildings. My employer was a Mr. William Cranton who was a native of Margaree, and for this strenuous labor he paid one dollar and fifty cents a day. At the age of sixteen I was quite unequal to the task, but I stuck to this job for one month, until from sheer exhaustion I was compelled to retire for a few days rest, after which I accepted a position working on a large farm in West Gloucester for a man named Denham, and on a salary of twenty dollars a month. Being raised on a farm, I congratulated myself over

this position, believing it would be quite congenial. I soon discovered, however, that I had only "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

My service during the first two weeks was that of weeding a large vegetable field in low, soft, muddy ground, where I had to work on my knees in the dirt ten hours every day. My feeling of relief may well be imagined when I completed this task, for lumps had actually grown on the cords under my knees from the constant kneeling position.

Next came haying, and this was an intensive season. Hard work? I now began to learn what real work on an American farm was like, in comparison with which labor in Cape Breton was child's play. Here was the daily program: The laborers were called at four o'clock every morning to do what Denham called "the chores" before breakfast. The first chore was to turn the grindstone for the sharpening of a dozen hand scythes, and half as many mowing machine scythes. The next was to milk unaided nine cows, two of which had what farmers call "hard teats," and, dear me, such pulling and tugging to extract the milk! Then the milk had to be carried several hundred yards to a cold well where it was kept in large cans. These little "chores" being over, next came breakfast at seven o'clock, after which I went to the salt water meadow to cut with the hand scythes the salt grass. This was in a section of the farm where the salt water overflowed the soil. The grass was short and wiry, and had to be struck a sort of side, glancing blow,

somewhat similar to chopping down trees. This was a fierce task in the burning sun. Next, dinner, after which, until the supper hour, I had to pitch up hay on the wagons and unload it in the barns. From supper until bedtime, at about nine-thirty o'clock, "the chores" had to be done again, including milking the nine cows, after which I tumbled into a wretched bed on the loft floor of a small building, adjoining the farm house.

Denham was a strange combination. He said he was a member of a Unitarian church, the first of his creed I had ever known, and, rarely did he attend Divine service. But he purchased weekly a large jug of whiskey, wholly for his own consumption. I never saw a man who could drink so much strong drink. This did not help to impress me with his liberal creed. Finally, after having been reduced to a skeleton, I quit in utter disgust and asked for my pay. Denham's only comment was: "I am sorry to see you go. You are the best worker I have ever had." I replied: "I am the biggest fool you ever had, or I should not have slaved for you seventeen hours a day." Thank God, and the labor unions, men today are not permitted to treat their employees as if they were beasts. My old orthodox father had infinitely more consideration for his horse than this hypocrite had for human beings.

The next day was one of the happiest in my life when I boarded the train and started for my old home on Cape Breton, though I knew that on my arrival I would have only about one dollar in my

pocket. To be correct, I had in Canadian money seven shillings upon reaching the old home.

I arrived late in August, just in time to assist my father during the last week of haying and harvesting the grain in the early autumn. While I felt ashamed to return with no money to help in the struggle on the farm, yet I did return with some valuable experience. I saw that to succeed in the States one must concentrate to his task all there is of him. I also learned to more fully appreciate Cape Breton. I now saw more clearly that the people at home, though poor, had not a little enjoyment, for they lived the simple life. They possessed little but they fully appreciated what they had. I gathered the impression from what I had seen of the States that the people of eastern Canada were happier than the people of New England. Personally, however, I was dissatisfied, because I knew I had not yet found my life's work, and so I was restless to go away again.

A few weeks later I found myself up in Nova Scotia working in the Vale coal mine as helper to a coal cutter, and on a salary of $2.00 per day. Though this was better pay than I had received in the States, still I remained exceedingly discontented. This was not my task. No matter what I did it seemed that I was dissatisfied and longed for a change of occupation. After a month I abandoned the mine and procured employment in New Glasgow as clerk in the dry-goods store of Mr. George W. Underwood. Mr. Underwood was Mayor of

this small city, an elder in a Presbyterian church, and a man of noble parts. But as a result of business depression I was laid off. Not finding work elsewhere I returned to Cape Breton to spend the winter on the farm.

I had now fully recovered my health, which had been shattered in Massachusetts, and was anxious to do some real hard work. Brother Ralph suggested that I learn the blacksmith trade in his shop. This I did, remaining with him for about two years and a half. This proved to be a memorable period in my life. Ralph was a prodigious worker, but he was warm-hearted, reasonable, and treated me well. I think I was faithful, worked hard, gained some practical knowledge of the blacksmith trade, and "grew in favor with God and man." During the few preceding years, because of the departure from my high ideals, I had lived a very worldly life. It seemed that I was totally abandoned to recklessness, nevertheless, I could not get away from the experience I had had in the "Foster Revival." I was most unhappy, for there was a voice within that could not be hushed. It was the wooing and chiding of Him who loved me and who would not leave me entirely alone. Though I had greatly grieved my best Friend, yet He sought me and loved me still. I was His though I knew it not. The prodigal was in a far country, but he had not yet come to himself. I had gone far astray and was known as a reckless sinner. While I had not committed any crime and was never in a court of justice, though on several

occasions I had done rash things while under the influence of strong drink, being led captive by the devil at his will, nevertheless, my conduct caused much comment, some just criticism and untruthful reports as well by the people of Margaree. It was only by an overruling Providence that I had not made a total shipwreck of my life. God was still laboring with me to get the mastery, and blessed be His holy name He did.

At last a radical and revolutionary change had taken place in my life. It was during this period, between the age of seventeen and nineteen, that I entered again into a new, fresh, vital religious experience. My reckless years had borne fruit in causing me to doubt, not alone the genuineness of my early regeneration, but the very existence of God. As a result of reading Hume, Voltaire, and Ingersoll, I gradually became a bundle of unbelief. But these influences could not divorce me wholly from the memory of the days of my "first love." Some Power had once taught me to love and pray and I could not forget. So, finally, after much earnest thought I decided to see if I could not retrace my steps and get back once more into living the same joyous life. I took up the study of the Bible in real earnest and decided to put Jesus Christ to an honest test and see whether I could, with more mature thought and judgment, discover whether such a Person really exists. I began the study of Christianity in a rather cold, methodical, scientific manner. I prayed much in private, by day and by

night, at long and short intervals, in the woods and quiet pasture lands, and resolved to find Him whom I thought I once loved.

Jesus Christ commanded men to confess Him, and this I did in the churches and in private, availing myself of every opportunity to put in a good word for Him. I did not view myself as a Christian, in fact I had absolutely no conscious communion with God. So all this religious business was wholly forced and mechanical. Yet I was determined to do exactly what Jesus Christ in His Word commanded me to do. He commanded me to love men, all men, including my enemies, and this I knew I could not do, for my heart was cold and unresponsive. Nevertheless, I persevered, for I believed that if Christianity is true it is well worth spending a lifetime to discover its great secret. Two months had passed in this kind of mental concentration and prayer but no God appeared to help.

One night, while attending a prayer service in the Baptist Church, I heard, much to my surprise, a certain individual confess his faith in Jesus Christ. This man, though prominent in Margaree, was known to be addicted at times to strong drink. He was viewed as one of the most irreligious characters in the valley. For him I had no love, no not even common, ordinary respect. In fact, for what I viewed as a good reason, I hated him with an intense hatred. On one occasion, while we were both under the influence of rum, this man actually tried to take my life. Fortunately I was well able to

defend myself. Thereafter when meeting we always indulged in a sort of cold greeting, but I simply detested the sight of this treacherous fellow. And this same loathsome feeling toward him persisted during these months of earnest seeking for the face and favor of God. I wanted to know God and love Him, but I could not shake off my hatred for one whom I viewed as a very treacherous and dangerous enemy. When, however, I had heard him confess Jesus Christ I was deeply stirred.

At the close of this service he said: "Come for a walk." I was glad to embrace his invitation for I wanted to have it out with him once and for all. Together we talked on the quiet country road until midnight. Standing in front of his gate he said: "Come in and stay over night with me." I was glad for this invitation also, for I had not yet had the courage to tell him how during all these many months, I had hated him. I wanted to discuss that old quarrel and see if he would not apologize. I had come to see that this thing was in the way of a proper adjustment to Jesus Christ and I wanted it removed. Having no spare bed he really asked that I share with him his bed. For an hour or longer he spent most of the time quoting to me familiar passages of Scripture. Finally he invited me to retire with him. I sat on the side of the bed until I heard the clock strike three. At last I resolved to out with it and tell him how I hated him, that I wanted to forgive him but could not do so.

"Give me your hand," I said earnestly, "and let us try to become friends."

He reached out his cold hand, the hand that sought to take my life, and placed it in mine, and there and then holding each other's hand we asked to be forgiven.

While in this hand-clasped attitude he quoted a familiar Scripture: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief."

When my friend reached the word "sinners," I instantly said:

"Don't finish the passage! Hold!"

"Why not?" he replied.

"Because I am not now chief."

"What do you mean?" he added.

"While you were quoting that passage God came into my life most marvelously. I am forgiven. My sins are all taken away. No sleep for me this morning. I shall move out into the quiet fields and sing my morning hymn of praise of Him Who restored my soul and brought me again into communion with Himself."

From that glad hour I knew the meaning of the parable of the Prodigal Son, the ring and robe, the fatted calf and dancing, and of the Father's words: "For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found," and merriment reigned supreme. I had received the ring, the robe, and had the music in my soul.

As the gray forks of light were shooting up over

the eastern sky on this quiet, happy morn, I think the angel's choir must have joined with me in singing Wesley's hymn of praise and adoration of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all."

Here was a miracle. Every reclaimed soul is a miracle, as truly as was Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead, and no one who has experienced the former will ever doubt the latter, or question the truth of any other miracle recorded in the Bible. Modernism, which rejects miracles, is simply the rising tide of unbelief on the part of those who either have never known the Lord by regeneration, or, having known Him, have permitted themselves to be beguiled by a pagan, pantheistic philosophy.

But wherein consists this miracle? *I gladly bear witness that from that hour there was created in my life a genuine love for that man whom I despised, a love infinitely stronger than my former hatred for him.* Moreover, my love for him never faltered through thirty-seven long years, up to the moment of his death; even death itself has not quenched the holy affection for him; and, blessed be God, neither will eternity destroy that love. My problem of sin and of hatred for an enemy was solved that hour by One who created a new friendship, Who alone "can make the dead to live" and "the tongue of the

dumb to sing." His great name is Jesus. There is none like Him!

"There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in my ear,
The sweetest name on earth."

It was altogether just, that Jesus Christ should have withheld from me the vision of His face and the secret of His forgiving grace until I was willing to comply with His conditions. I had first to be delivered from an unforgiving spirit. One of His basic requirements was a confession of our faults one to another. This is a fundamental law in His Kingdom. "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another and ye shall be healed." The justice of this moral necessity is found in the words: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your father which is in heaven forgive you your trespasses." Christianity deals with relations—man's relation to man and man's relation to God. When this relationship is perfect it is because Christianity is supreme in the life. And Jesus came to make such relationship possible.

Moses commanded us to love our neighbors, but Jesus went much further and commanded us to love our enemies. Of course Jesus knew that men cannot of themselves love their enemies. Why then did He command it? Because He wants men to see in their futile effort, not only the helplessness of sinful human nature, but also their need of God's

help, and seeing this they would come to an end in themselves and unreservedly submit to God for His forgiveness, life and power. It is experience of this helplessness that conquers men. The moment, therefore, that I complied with this just and basic condition, that moment, automatically as it were, I submitted my life to Jesus Christ, and the door of my heart swung wide open and His forgiving love and power became mine. And before every heart, conquered by hatred and sin, Jesus Christ is standing, waiting for men to comply with His terms, in order that He may take complete possession. This law, therefore, cannot be annulled or evaded, if we would know Christ, no more than the law of gravitation can be overthrown. Prayer from that hour ceased to be merely formal, forced or mechanical; it became real, vital, spontaneous, filial—the natural intermingling of my spirit with His, a joyous fellowship, a holy communion and expression of perfect harmony and peace.

A great event had happened in my old home. David, the idol of our family, had returned from a sojourn of nine years in the Rockies. Dave, as every one called him, was one of the noblest of the young men of Margaree. In physical stature and in mental strength he was far above the average. With a warm nature he had made every one in the valley his admiring friend. Because of his corpulent size he was the subject of amusing jokes among the younger people. One of the rhymers in the neighborhood characterized him thus:

"He drinks buttermilk to make him fat,
And he walks on the fence like an old tom-cat."

During David's sojourn of two weeks our home was the social center of the valley. His many friends, who had known and loved him in former years, came in large numbers to greet him. But no one was so happy over brother's return as father. His face was radiant with the light of years long gone. He seemed now to have recovered some of the good cheer, the hilarity of those days when mother was with us on the old farm. But this good cheer on father's part was only for a few days for soon David would bid farewell for the last time to the scenes of his childhood.

I had found my former faith and also myself in the renewal of my spiritual life, and again the desire of childhood not only had become revived but had grown into a passion. I saw clearly what was the divine plan for my life—to preach the everlasting gospel. This conviction had become a living flame, as real to me as life itself. So now with this new passion for souls propelling me on, I asked brother David if he would pay my fare to the Rockies. My ambition was to go where I could procure the best wage and thus get to college as soon as possible. Having little time to lose, as I was now nineteen years of age, and knowing that I could not get funds in Margaree to meet the cost of my education, I pressed my request upon David and he consented to pay my fare.

The day of our departure arrived. Father rose

at an early hour, kindled a fire, and called the girls to prepare breakfast. We all sat around the family table for the last time. It was evident that father's heart was heavy and sad. I also felt keenly the pang at leaving him alone with the girls on the farm, and had it not been for the conviction that I was called to the ministry I certainly should not have dared to do so. Brother Ralph, however, was near, only two miles away, and I knew he would lend, from time to time, all necessary assistance to father. David also felt keenly over my departure. He said: "If you will remain at home I will give you the farm. You know that I paid off the mortgage for father and it is now free of debt. You may have it if you will remain." I knew, however, that this was my opportunity to get an education, and so I declined the generous offer and said, "Thank you. I must go."

Breakfast being ready, father conducted family worship as was his custom. He read the twenty-third psalm:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Now as always, he showed his perfect trust in the Heavenly Father. But I noticed that his voice was weak, subdued, and mellow, that it was with much difficulty that he controlled his emotions. He repeated several times the words:

"I shall not want."

Then he continued:

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

But there were no green pastures for him in this world. He knew it was poverty to the end. But he must have been thinking of death and the rest and glory beyond, for as he read these words a light shone over his face which was "never seen on land or sea."

Watts voiced this vision in his famous hymn:

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green."

"Let us pray," said father, and we dropped upon our knees. And what a prayer. He could not invoke God's blessing upon us by name, but he did say: "And bless all those who are near and dear to us by the ties of nature." He could not be more familiar and restrain his emotions. He commended all such to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to hold us up and keep us from falling, and to give us an abundant entrance into His everlasting Kingdom.

Two neighbors, Uncle John Burton and Mr. Simon Frazer had been engaged to drive us to Canso, a distance of seventy miles, with two fine Canadian full-blooded "black-hawk" horses.

As we were about to say good-bye, father, who was pale and weak, looked into our faces and said:

"I pronounce a father's blessing upon you. I commend you to God."

These were the last words David ever heard him speak, and that "blessing," imparted, as did Jacob of old when he blessed his sons, has followed us

both to this day, and will abide with us to the end of the journey. God will never cease to answer that prayer.

The horses were biting the bridle bits and pawing the icy road, anxious to be gone, and "Prince," our faithful dog, stood by the side of the sleigh whining as if his poor heart would break, as much as to say: "I am so sorry to see you go."

"Good-bye, father, good-bye, Rachel, and Sadie, and Flora. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye"—died away as we flew en route to the Strait of Canso.

The icy roads were perfect, and on that hard, clear, frosty morning the snow was a blaze of diamonds. As we reached the rim of the mountains which separated Margaree from the west, David had the drivers stop the horses and, standing erect in the sleigh, and looking through his tear dimmed eyes back over the famous Margaree valley, he waved his hand and said : "Good-bye, dear old Margaree."

The journey this time was one of pleasure, for David knew how to travel. After spending a few days in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, we started for our destination in Colorado.

IV

MY FIRST SERMON

"Whatsoever he saith unto you do it." John 2:5

ON the following morning, after arriving in Denver, we boarded our train which runs between this "Queen City of the Plains" and Leadville, over what was then known as the South Park Division of the Union Pacific, but now the Colorado Southern. Brother David was the conductor of this train which had Leadville for its objective. I accompanied him as far as Grant, a small station in the Platte Canyon, about seventy miles from Denver. Here I remained some time with an old friend from Margaree, Mr. John Crowdis, in order to become acclimated, after which I had hoped to procure some remunerative employment.

My admiration for the Platte Canyon knew no bounds. When I saw for the first time the jagged and lofty cliffs of every conceivable shape and color my eyes nearly jumped out of my head. I revelled in the famous scenery which made Platte Canyon famous. The little Platte river which flows through the Canyon is sinewy, augur-like in shape, and from the narrow gauge train the passengers could see the richly colored stones which form the river bed.

The lonely little bunches of the aspen wood trees nestle in the coves of the Canyon, while here and there were visible small patches of grassy meadow. Beneath the lower peaks of the Canyon, through which the river had cut its rocky bed, and far up the brows of the lofty mountains, grew large tracts of hemlock, spruce and pine, all of which, with the ever changing aspect of the Canyon below, presents a panorama of grandeur that cannot be surpassed, unless it be in the island of Cape Breton.

The steep, massive rocks showed by their countless layers of strata the myriad ages through which they had passed. Each deposit is as distinctly marked by the finger of time as if done by an artist's brush and chisel. In these giant rocks, so curiously wrought by nature, so stupendous in power, so suggestive of millenniums of the far unknown past, I seemed to hear rumblings and groanings such as has never greeted my ears, and to find in this encyclopedia of knowledge accents of the earliest chapter of the history of the world.

In the bowels of these noble mountains I thought of the treasures of silver, gold, copper, iron and lead, waiting for the patient toiler, of the measureless possibilities lying hidden there, and I said to myself, "How near am I here to the realization of my dream, for there must be more wealth within this earth than lies upon its surface. All the beasts and birds and trees that live upon the globe, and the fishes within the oceans, may be but a handful of

wealth in comparison with that which slumbers in the bosom of these imperial mountains."

The little narrow gauge train was jolting on, and there was little time for visiting on the South Park Narrow Gauge, for the passengers were constantly rushing from one side of the train to the other, to catch a glimpse of the charming little river in its pools and waterfalls, or of a huge boulder, high cliff, or mountain peak. Moreover, the curves in this road, which are the shortest in the Rockies, and in which the train travelled most of the time while in the Canyon, created the finest sort of a sensation. At times the passengers experienced a feeling akin to seasickness, which made us quite wary of making a move without clinching hard and fast to the seats around us. This produced in itself a sort of exhilaration, and, with the bewildering scenery of the Platte Canyon, kept the passengers constantly in a jolly good-natured mood, thus making the journey into the mountains the happiest kind of a holiday.

About noon the train arrived at the little station of Grant. Grant had about a dozen cabins, and is located at a point where the Geneva Gulch enters into the Platte Canyon.

The business of this small place centered in a general merchandise store, consisting of groceries, dry goods, drugs, hay and grain, hardware, with the post office in the rear end. All this enterprise was conducted under one low and widely extended rough slab-roofed building. Immediately behind the store was a saloon, and just beyond that a small black-

smith shop and livery stable. This, with the little railroad station, made up the local business of Grant.

Up the Geneva Gulch there were a number of small mines and saw mills, and for these Grant served as a distributing center. In this tiny social center the boys from the Gulch gathered nightly for their mail and whiskey and gambling and to purchase supplies of various kinds for their needs in the mines and saw mills.

I rested here for two weeks until I became acclimated and ready to do a hard day's work in the rare air of the mountains.

The news soon spread through the gulches that a "Tenderfoot" had arrived at Grant, and that he was a brother of "Mc," the popular railroad conductor, whose train made its run daily through the Canyon. The fact that I was "Mc's" brother made me rather popular with the citizens of Grant.

The general store in the evening hours was the chief center of the social life. In this place the boys gathered nightly to amuse each other by joke and story, some of which had a hazel complexion. The fellows sat on the two long counters, from which elevation long-legged boots hung down. Here in turn they told their yarns and cracked their coarse jokes.

The principal excitement at Grant was the arrival of the evening mail, when the boys would be expecting a letter from dear ones far away. I was

first in my eagerness to arrive at the post office for intense loneliness had seized me.

On one occasion I experienced a rather severe shock in the general store. The boys were all perched up on their roost with heavy boots swinging floorward, and on the arrival of the "Tenderfoot," each one in turn invited me to have a drink. From the entrance, and all the way by the long counter, as I proceeded toward the post office, each in turn extended the invitation in the usual manner, customary at Grant: "Come on, old bum, and have a drink." "Come, Colonel, have one on me." "Hello, old stockin', let's get thick." "Ha! 'Tenderfoot,' come and get initiated," etc. Thus I had to run the gauntlet all the way in to the post office, which was at the rear end of the store, and similarly from the fellows on the opposite counter, all the way back to the door.

Here was a new problem, recurring nightly, and each time became increasingly embarrassing. It was hard to decline within a few minutes the numerous invitations of all those husky fellows. But this I did nightly. It was evident that the men also were experiencing a feeling of surprise. I saw that they could not long endure a situation that produced only a continuous refusal of their well meant, devilish invitations. This was as new an experience to them in the mountains as it was to me.

I saw it would never do to stop and explain to each one of these mountaineers my reasons for declining to drink, for that would reveal my religious

THE LOG SCHOOLHOUSE
at Webster, Where the "Tender-foot"
Preached His First Sermon

THE SLAB CABIN AT GRANT
(My First Mountain Home)

THE GENERAL STORE
and Post-Office at Grant

convictions on the subject, and also a vow I had made to my mother years before that I should never touch a drop of liquor.

Grant was no place to create a religious argument. But to be saying, over and over again, every night upon entering the general store, "No, sir," "Thank you," "I don't drink," "You must excuse me," etc., was in itself a bit of a sermon which those men did not relish, and, judging from the indignant expressions on their faces, could not be repeated often. So there was my first Rocky mountain problem. I was all alone in my attitude, as I was the only one in Grant who would not drink. I had to mingle somewhat with the boys. There was no way of avoiding the post office.

In those days of testing I discovered that my attitude was creating a coldness on the part of the men in their relation to me that was rapidly developing into contempt and open antagonism. In the place of the usual invitation came the sneer and jeer, and occasionally an open insult. I saw that my refusal to drink, though quiet and courteous, but firm, had given offense to the crowd that gathered nightly in the general store; that it had created a social chasm which could not possibly be bridged except by the surrender of my convictions.

This was to me a problem of the first magnitude. But that was not all. There were other things which shocked me at Grant. There was the habit of swearing, which was as characteristic of the residents of the gulches as were their facial expressions.

Every sentence was accompanied with an oath. It was exceedingly popular, yes, even polite to swear at Grant. It was the one mark of intelligence, and, with the social glass, was that which made every newcomer welcomed. To see a "Tenderfoot" abstain from swearing was, to these men, as strange and shocking as it was on my part to hear their foul oaths and witness their total depravity. From my cabin I could hear, in the early morning hours, oaths and screams, rising upon the air, from the saloon and along the trails, as the boys pursued their way toward their homes in the gulches. The saloon was the gambling and drinking center for Grant, Geneva Gulch, and a long stretch of the Platte Canyon valley as well.

It was also not uncommon in those days to hear of some one who was murdered in this saloon the result of a quarrel over the gaming table.

All this added terribly to my loneliness. I said one day to my friend, John Crowdis, in whose cabin I was stopping:

"If I had the money I would buy a ticket on the morrow for New York. This is a God-forsaken country, the ante-chamber to hell. If Uncle Sam would fence in these mountains, as a place of confinement for criminals, it would be sufficient punishment. I don't see how I can live here, for the type of men at Grant are so low and vulgar."

John Crowdis, who was himself one of the fellows, smiled and said:

"You will soon get used to it and be drinking

over the bar with the rest of the boys. I guess you may as well begin at once, for I don't see any way out of it. The current is running swiftly here; it is running in only one direction. You will soon be moving on with the rest of us. So get in the swim and take your medicine like a man."

To be manly in the estimation of the people at Grant was to drink whiskey, play cards, swear enthusiastically, and tell a big yarn in the general store. This was the creed of the place. And in those days Grant was typical of all the camps in the mountains.

I said to Crowdis that I had come to Colorado to get some money, but cannot I succeed without debauching my character? Is that the price I must pay?

'You will secure employment, which you have not yet succeeded in doing, if you will become one of the boys," replied Crowdis.

These words were a "stunner" to me, for, if true, I could not get a job—a mere living and remain a Christian. If I had known that this was the kind of a country I was coming to I should a thousand times sooner have remained in Cape Breton.

Of course I was a "Tenderfoot" and had a "Tenderfoot's" heart, and the El Dorado I had expected to find in Colorado was the promise of no work, no bread unless I should be willing to go back on my Christ, and all I cherished as sacred and holy.

Crowdis and I were "batching" together, and one evening, after we had cooked the supper and washed

the dishes, my friend went out and I was left alone in the cabin to nurse my loneliness.

It was a pleasant night in May. I sat in the door of the little shack and looked over the tops of the lonely mountains. There was the stillness of death, and my homesickness had taken on an acute form. My thoughts were of charming Margaree, the young folks, the churches, the quiet Sabbath, the reverence for things sacred, and I said to myself:

"That is heaven in Cape Breton in comparison with this. Yes, this is the land of shams, which does not revere His name, His day, His Book, His people, His own. And they are the children of those eastern homes, but to what depths they have fallen! Poor fellows, how I love them. I would help them if I could; but what can I do to elevate these men?"

I was not a preacher, though I felt like calling the men together at some place and telling them of the love which lifted me. I was only an ignorant youth, and they might pounce upon me like a pack of wolves if I dared to give them a talk so personal in character as an address on religion. I often said to myself: "O to see the face of a friend to-night."

The stars were twinkling in the blue just over the tops of the mountains, and, occasionally, the frogs could be heard singing in the meadow ponds in the Platte river valley, and these seemed to bring more cheer to me than anything else at Grant. They were my only real companions.

To the saloon I could not go. I hated that insti-

tution as no words could describe. I yearned to help these men who dissipated there. At times I was tempted to think of them as sneering, laughing devils, yet I knew that they were human like myself. To me the saloon belonged to a barbaric civilization, the mother of murderers and all sorts of vile human wretches. My God! how I detested it. I loathed it, as I do a poisonous, venomous serpent. I well knew that nothing virtuous, nothing good ever comes from this social cancer. I could say a thousand times more truly of the saloon than Pope said of woman:

> "Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
> Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live."

This is true of the saloon, but thank God, not of woman.

And the general store also, in my estimation, was only a step higher in moral tone than the saloon, and I was banished from that place by moral compulsion. I did not court an open rupture, but I knew that such would result if I associated with the fellows there. So I saw I had to decide quickly what should be my course of conduct at Grant. There was no one to offer a word of counsel. I was told plainly that I could not get work unless I was willing to be one of the boys and live as they lived. Moreover, I had only a few dollars in my pocket.

Being all alone and as was my custom, I fell upon my knees by the rough board bed in the cabin and laid my problem before God. I had thought of the

words my old father had once spoken to me on a Sunday morning when a mere lad, as he pressed his long heavy beard against my face and said: "George, remember: If you ask God to do anything for you, he will do it." These words came up in my mind as I knelt to pray. After asking for a quick solution of the Grant problem, I turned into my rough blanket, slab bed, with the conviction that somehow the matter was as good as settled.

The next morning I arose and felt that this prayer accomplished the work, that I had then entered the way to victory. The mountain air seemed purer and the valley more fair as I arose and gave my first thought to devotion. But it was more an outburst of praise and thanksgiving than petition, for an unquenchable conviction had taken possession of me that God was leading the way.

Of course I was fully alive to the crisis, with no prospect of work, and not a friend at Grant. The days were dark, but there was promise of a dawn. That there was victory just ahead I never for one moment doubted. I believed I had a call to do service for Jesus Christ and that He would open the way, even in the Rockies.

During these days of waiting I had caught a glimpse of the world's need as I had never seen it before, and that need was for an aggressive and conquering Christianity. I saw that to be a Christian under all circumstances called for the highest type of moral heroism. I was in the grip of a new passion to help men. So, while waiting for work

to turn up, I found myself absorbed with the question as to how I might help the men at Grant.

In seeking for a method, I had even dared to think of giving them a religious talk, though I shrank back from that as the ox with a "gaulded" shoulder shrinks from the yoke. I really wanted to preach, but the very thought staggered me. How could I preach? I had no schooling. I could hardly construct one sentence grammatically. I had never given a religious talk in public. I was awfully uncertain of myself. If I should undertake it and break down, or find the service broken up by these mountaineers, what then? They might do me personal violence. I don't know enough about this country to perform so daring a thing. I feared that I had not the faith, grit, courage or foolhardiness to do it. Probably some of these men were murderers, some I knew were college graduates, and could I hope, with an untrained intellect, to cope with such and succeed? I knew they would put me down as daffy if I should dare attempt to give them a religious talk. How could I screw up my courage to the sticking place? It occurred to me, however, that if I should preach to them, they might cease their unmanly persecution and treat me like a man.

I was in no sense a coward. If it came to the pinch I could stand by my guns, for I was as fearless as the rocks around me. But then I was no fool, and had no ambition to court death. I knew that "discretion is the better part of valor," and that it is well to look before one leaps. I courted no

sensation, unnecessary danger, nor applause, but simply wanted to do my duty to the men at Grant.

As a Christian I knew that I owed something to these men. I fully appreciated their value. I knew they ought not to live like beasts and die like dogs, that there were possibilities inside those rough exteriors, stored away in the latent powers of their personalities, far greater and richer than the wealth inside these mountains.

If my effort should result in winning only one of these men to Christ, that would be well worth the effort, for Christ made it clear that one human soul is of more value than a planet, and that He alone can make men and nations great. I knew that as His follower I must put men first.

At this point in my thinking I found myself in the greatest soul tumult of my life. Again I resorted to prayer.

"Great God, help me, illumine me, guide me, for I am darkness without Thee! O, Light of the world, give me Thy Light."

The struggle was now over, for I had decided that I would put the men at Grant first in my thinking and affections, even before my personal success in getting employment, and that I must be willing to suffer for their sake.

I told Mr. Crowdis that I had decided to preach a sermon to the fellows.

"Don't you get off on your religious craze here. If you stay at Grant we'll take it all out of you. you come and have a drink with the boys and then

you will get plenty of work, and that means plenty of money. It pays to drink here and be one of the fellows. I drink occasionally with them because it pays."

My only reply was: "I prefer poverty and a tramp existence to whiskey. I am loathe to hurt your feelings, Mr. Crowdis, but whiskey is a synonym for hell. Remember, the Book says, 'At last it biteth like a serpent.' "

Crowdis was a big-hearted, noble fellow, but we differed. I reached my decision and was willing to stand by my program and to myself I said over and over again: "I must put God first. I will stand by that if need be till death. This is my creed. God first! I value these men here, and I will keep them in my heart next to God. There is no joy like that of helping one's fellows. In comparison with this:

"The joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay."

Yes, I shall prove to these men that some one loves them. They may doubt the existence of the stars, but they will never doubt that some one loves them. Yes, I am going to preach."

I had procured the schoolhouse up at Webster, and announced that on the following Sabbath at three o'clock I would talk to the boys.

Webster was a small place on the South Park Railroad, three miles above Grant in the Platte valley, and had about forty inhabitants.

I had come to see that a brave front was neces-

sary at Grant, or I should lose what I had gained in Margaree, that not to confess Christ openly was to deny Him.

I had already met those who told me of their Christian professions down East, but I noticed that they were drinking with the rest of the men. Those tried to live a sort of secret Christian life at Grant but had failed and in their failure I saw my own if I should choose the easier way.

So I decided to start right and conquer from the start. I believed that I could get work and yet help the fellows at Grant.

The news that I was going to preach flew up the gulches and over the mountains and it was welcomed everywhere, for the men believed that the bosses would close the mines and saw mills and give them a holiday and thus they would all have an opportunity of one day's enjoyment.

Everyone worked on Sundays in the mountains in the early days, and many of the men declared that they had not been in church for twenty years.

"The 'Tenderfoot' is going to preach," was on every lip.

It was interesting to see the strange expressions on the faces of the men at the general store when I went for my mail. It was the expression of subdued smiles mingled with pity for the poor fool "Tenderfoot."

Sunday arrived when I was to preach my first sermon and that in the heart of the Rockies.

I decided to give a talk to the men on Jonah. I knew I could speak thirty minutes on Jonah. I was well acquainted with him. I had met quite a few Jonahs at Grant, and I hoped to win them back to Christ.

The saw mills and little prospect holes in Geneva Gulch and elsewhere all closed down, and it proved to be a profitable day for the saloon and livery stable, for every fellow purchased a flask of whiskey and pressed every available broncho into service. It was a holiday for them and they intended to make the most of it. Every broncho in the valley around Grant was engaged to help carry the men up to Webster. Also the push cars, three in number, and which the Italians used in railroad repair work, were pressed into service, and those unable to engage a broncho and who could hardly find standing room, were seen scrambling on the little cars, working their way up to Webster.

I "loped" up on a broncho on the wagon road which runs parallel with the railroad, and the fellows serenaded me from the push cars all the way to our destination.

When I had arrived in front of the schoolhouse the crowd of men standing all around waved their hats and cheered the young preacher three times, and, bowing profusely, they shouted: "Welcome, Dominie!"

The schoolhouse was packed and many were standing about the door, a larger audience than some of the New York City churches gather on a

Sunday morning. I pressed my way through the crowd and got to my place behind the teacher's desk and sat down.

As I turned my face toward the audience my eyes rested upon the saddest sight I have ever seen. Was it sensational? That scene stands out as vividly before me as if it had happened yesterday, though it occurred about thirty-eight years ago.

This service cannot very well be described. The seats and benches were literally covered, and the aisles crowded with men; rough men, and rugged, long-bearded, scar-faced, thick-handed, deep-chested fellows, in long and short heavy boots, overalls, and with tobacco juice dripping over their lips and beards.

But their external appearance was not the most striking thing about my audience. It was the fires burning within that daunted me—their other foreign self—for the contents of those whiskey flasks had gotten on the insides of those massive frames, and was visible in the tone of voice and flash of eye and stagger and sway of those poor fellows.

I closed my eyes for a few moments and offered a silent prayer for help in that awful hour, so charged with responsibilities, and, dare I say, possibilities?

Before I arose or uttered a word, outbursts of laughter greeted me. And did I not believe in the atonement and Christ and love human beings, I should say that a certain face directly in front of me suggested a fiend from the pit, so brimming

full of evil did it appear. Wreathed though it was in a smile, yet through his smile there were flitterings of the hatred of hell. I had wished that that man was not there, especially sitting directly in front and so near to me. He was a powerful, disconcerting factor in the service.

Again I prayed for help, after which I arose and said:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for coming to this service and, believing that you have reverence for things religious, I congratulate myself on the fact that you will, like true men, give me your respectful attention."

"Hallelujah," shouted whiskey.

"Gentlemen," I continued, "we have no song books, but let us sing one of the hymns we used to sing in our old homes down East, perhaps our mother's favorite hymn." I announced:

"Jesus Lover of my Soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Did they sing? It was amazing. Never from the size of the crowd did I hear such a volume of noise. But it was John Barleycorn singing. And yet this rough, loud singing deeply moved me, for I saw that these men were brought up in Christian homes, that, possibly, some or most of them were doubtless once in sympathy with Jesus Christ, if not actual Christians. And I said to myself, "I think Jonah is a providential subject for this service."

After the hymn was sung, I offered a prayer that

these men, far away from home, might be blessed by their father's and mother's God.

The prayer was followed by the reading of the lesson about Jonah, how he wandered far from God, but through a great trial was finally restored to his former fellowship and service as a servant of Jehovah.

And now came the sermon. I hesitate to call it a sermon. It fell as far short of being a sermon as their wild effort at singing was real singing. But it was the best I could do. I knew nothing of preaching. It was an earnest explanation of the narrative and an exhortation to those men to profit by the lesson.

Within a few moments I was interrupted, first mildly, then gradually the interruptions grew louder and louder until I could scarcely hear myself speaking.

"Good!" "Amen!" "Jehu!" "Moses!" "Good boy, Dominie!" "Wonderful divine!" "Give it to 'im straight" "By Alic, I'm hit!" "I'm black and blue!" etc.

Some of the men had already fallen down under the weight of strong drink, and others were falling but were supported by their comrades. My God, what a sight!

"Shall I continue?" I said to myself. "This service should at once be concluded and these men sent away, for if it is prolonged they may take my life."

Then came the added reflection within my sub-

conscious self: (outwardly I was trying to preach and put on an undaunted front)

"If I dismiss them they will say that I am a coward."

I had already learned enough about those mountain men to understand how they hated a coward. In their quarrels among themselves it was thought no disgrace to get knocked out, but a coward, well, they would thrash him anyway, simply because he was a coward and would not fight. I knew this. I knew that if I should quit they would punish me. Yet, on the other hand, I knew that if I should continue they would have become so beastly and dangerously drunken that they might do it anyway. I was clearly "between the devil and the deep sea."

I decided, however, to continue and preach them out or wait until they all become helpless under the curse of drink.

Finally I concluded and pronounced the benediction.

Those who were able assisted and dragged out those who were not able to walk or stand, and soon the schoolhouse was cleared and I was left alone behind the little desk in the corner.

A tall young man, with an open, honest face and troubled look, remained behind. Walking slowly up to the desk, and with tears falling over his cheeks, he extended to me his hand and said:

"My brother," and he broke down completely, unable for a minute to speak a word. Then he continued, still clasping my hand hard in his.

"My brother, I want you to pray for me."

He sobbed as if his heart would break.

Then he made his confession:

"I was once a Christian, a member of the Methodist Church at my home in Michigan, but I have departed from the Master in these mountains. I chop ties up the gulch and batch all alone in a cabin in the tie woods. Like the rest, I work on Sundays. I began to drink with the boys down at Grant where you live. That was the beginning of my downfall. O, if I had only stood out against it as you did! But here, in this service to-day, it seemed as if my whole past life came up before me. I have seen my sin. Won't you pray for me? I want to get away from drink and back to God. If my dear mother only knew of my dissipation I think it would kill her. If I can get back I will be true and will come here and help you in these services."

We both fell on our knees and prayed, and as we did so we could hear the blasphemous language just outside the door of the schoolhouse.

This dear young fellow made a wonderful surrender of himself to Christ.

We parted never to meet again in the Rockies, but we shall doubtless get acquainted again in the sweet bye and bye.

Thus ended my first religious service and my first sermon.

V

THRILLS AT COMO

"If they persecuted me they will also persecute you."
John 15:20

ON the day following the sensational service at Webster the Union Pacific Railroad Company wired me to come to Como and work at wiping engines, cleaning cars, and such service as a beginner would be expected to do.

This was the most menial service done for the Company, but I was willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder. I was as anxious to do hard work as I was to preach. Believing that this humble service would be brief, as my former experience in mechanical work would soon win for me promotion to the machine shop department, I accepted the Company's offer and was now ready to begin my first hard labor in the Rockies.

It was with a feeling of both sadness and gladness that I bade farewell to Grant, the place where I endured an insignificant boycott because of my unwillingness to drink with the boys.

My friend, Mr. Crowdis, was glad to hear that I had procured work. While he was not a Christian and had no interest in religion, nevertheless, he wanted to see me succeed. He was a man of splendid qualities and had many friends.

Como, a town of about seven hundred inhabitants, was situated on the famous plateau known as South Park. This charming park is high in the mountains at an altitude of about nine thousand feet, and is twenty miles wide and sixty miles long. Though barren of trees, the park is most attractive because of its slightly rolling surface. One of the attractions is found in the boldness and beauty of the surrounding, lofty, sharp peaks which lift their heads high in the clouds, the snow-capped crowns of which, notwithstanding the summer heat, retain their beautiful white robes eleven months in the year. This range of mountains encircling the park rises so abruptly that they look as if they made their appearance in mid-ocean. The people of Como never weary in their eulogies of this wonderful park and its surrounding monuments in the clouds.

The little town of Como was somewhat of a summer resort. The Railroad Company erected here a small, uninviting hotel, which was patronized by a few tourists from Denver, Kansas City, and other points farther East. Como was then the headquarters for the South Park Division of the Union Pacific, and some of the railroad men made this point their home. Here they received their orders. It was this, with the roundhouse and machine shop, and a few poor scattered farmers here and there in the park that built up this little town.

Como in the eighties of the last century had no church. It supported seven saloons, one to every one hundred of the population, and as many gam-

bling dens, with houses of ill-fame. This of all places I had thus far seen in the mountains, seemed to be where men should meet for worship. The superb environment of South Park suggested adoration and praise of Him whose glory was seen on every hand. In the saloons and gambling halls many of the men gathered nightly. With not a few the program seemed to be work, whiskey, women. One of the stories current about this place was that during all its history only one barrel of whiskey had ever been shipped into Como. How and where their drink had been made no one could or would tell.

But as already stated, it would seem that no one could be mean or vulgar in this charming place; that the splendor of the scenery should exert such a refining and uplifting influence, or have such ethical effect as to keep the people in a religious frame of mind.

But the fact that the citizens of Como lived as if there were no God only confirms that which experience ever demonstrates, that beautiful surroundings cannot transform men. If the vile should be admitted into heaven itself, they would defile its walls and outrage its purity. If men's hearts are impure they would remain satanic in a palace of saints, but if pure they can live as spotless as a lily in the vilest environment. I saw that what Como, like Grant, needed was a new heart.

Upon my refusal to drink with one of the boys who worked with me in the roundhouse, he said:

"You will soon be tipping over the bar with the rest of the fellows. I guess you are a Christian. But you know Christianity does not work in these mountains. Some of these hypocrites who tried to convert me when they first arrived are now drinking with the rest of us. There are no Christians in this country. Men come here for money, and they either leave their religion at home, or quickly part with it in this country. They can pick it up when they return. At any rate it seems that Christians nowadays put on and off their religion like their clothes. I hope you are not a Christian," concluded Joe Torrence, for this was his name, as he lighted his pipe and pulled up his overalls for another dash at washing the car windows.

I was quietly studying the situation at Como, getting my bearings, in order to know just what course to pursue. I was earnestly pondering over the question of working on Sundays.

Dan Leonard, the foreman, informed me that all railroad men had to work on Sundays, and that he could not make an exception of me. In fact everyone worked on Sundays in the mountains in those early days. In reply to my request to be excused, Leonard, with a cold, sneering grin on his face, said:

"You must work or quit. You must do as the rest do."

When Sunday arrived I remained in my little "dug-out" cabin and spent the day quietly resting and reading the Bible.

THE DUGOUT AT COMO

Where the Parson Built His Sermons, Cooked His Flapjacks and Was Sentenced to Die

The "dug-out" was located about two hundred yards from the roundhouse, just over the brow of a low hill at the edge of the town.

My financial needs called for the strictest economy, and instead of boarding, which would cost $40 a month, I decided to "batch" in a "dug-out" which could be done for only one-third that sum.

The "dug-out" was indeed a humble home, half of which was excavated out of the side of the hill, the other half being built of rough logs and slabs. My furniture consisted of a small sheet-iron stove, a two-foot square table, small board bed, one chair, and a kerosene lamp. I had no companion except an occasional prairie dog which burrowed near the door. While the "dug-out" was small, yet the atmosphere was always fresh, for there was an abundance of cracks in the roof through which the stars winked down at me through the rare mountain atmosphere. I enjoyed their company, so suggestive of purity, holiness, God. Here I had ample time for meditation, reading, reflection and prayer.

On telling Joe Torrence, my companion wiper, how I was enjoying my little "dug-out," he inquired:

"Have you any beer there?"

"No, but I have something better."

"Something better than beer? It must be whiskey then."

"No, it is not whiskey either. It is something far better."

"What is it?"

"I have God."

That was sufficient to start a lengthy discussion on religion.

Joe was an inquisitive and thoughtful little fellow. He was about five feet in height, and had a slim, cunning face that resembled a fox, his nose being long, sharp, and slightly upturned. His eyes were cute and penetrating, suggestive of depth and concealment. He walked about in a sort of quiet, sneaking way, with his nose turned out and his head and shoulders drooping slightly forward.

Joe was an enigma to me, and I was anticipating any sort of a startling revelation on his part. Nevertheless I could not help liking him.

Joe and I talked together frankly on the great subject of religion, and I was glad to tell him of the secret of my happiness in the little "dug-out." Because of his Roman Catholic training, he was not used to hearing those of his creed talk freely on the facts of Christian experience. He frankly confessed that he had none. I was anxious, therefore, to tell him of the reality of direct communion with God without the aid of any human being, talking to Him as a friend talks face to face with a friend—real original prayer, and not a mere repetition of the formal prayers of saints long since dead.

I tried to tell him that the highest form of prayer is as original and personal as breathing, that it is simply talking with the Heavenly Father and keeping quiet so that God can speak to us, and that

prayer is at its best when it rises to communion and adoration.

I tried also to assure my little friend that I had communion with God in His own Word—the Bible—that God's Holy Word exudes its fragrance to every trustful soul as the rose exudes its sweetness, and that our communion is limited only by our capacity to believe and comprehend the truth.

"But won't you explain it to me? I don't see how we can commune with the Infinite," said Joe.

"It is something very difficult to explain. The dewdrop cannot explain the ocean and God can be known only through experience. How can a finite being explain the One who transcends our loftiest thoughts? Yet He condescends to the humble and contrite in spirit, in brief, He reveals Himself only to us in our spiritual experiences as we simply trust and obey Him. To know God, therefore, we must study the Bible and believe and obey His precious Word. Doing this our hearts will become aglow with the spirit of His truth, as the bŭsh which Moses saw in the wilderness was aglow with the presence of God, and yet it was not consumed.

"Joe, believe me, I am making daily new discoveries of the reality of God in my little 'dug-out' home."

I became much interested in the people of Como for I saw here a great need.

I could not forget the young man who was lifted at Webster, and it was evident that here was a larger opportunity. Somehow I felt that a voice

should be raised against the infamy of this place, and that God wanted me to speak the word of salvation to the people of Como.

I finally decided to preach here also, and so got permission to use the public school building for a Sunday night service.

I had made a census of the whole town and very much to my surprise found only one family that claimed church membership. These said they were Presbyterians and hailed from Nova Scotia. But they were Presbyterians only in name, for they not only refused to attend the service, but offered me a whiskey and upon refusing it, and as a kind of rebuke for my lack of cordiality as seen by my refusal, the father said to his daughter, "Here, Maggie, take this can and 'rush the growler' for me"—or go to the saloon for some beer.

So the "goats" are in the church also.

This revelation showed more clearly that Como needed the Gospel.

The announcement of a religious service proved to be the most sensational thing that occurred in this town in all its history. A fire could not have stirred the citizens to a greater pitch of excitement. For days it was the topic of conversation, in the saloons, gambling places, hotel, roundhouse, everywhere men and women were discussing the announcement of the preaching to be held in the schoolhouse by the young "Tenderfoot."

"Just think of it," commented the men in the machine shops. "We are to be favored by a sermon

THE ROUNDHOUSE

and the Barrel Outside on Which a Momentous Decision Was Made

SCHOOLHOUSE IN COMO

Where the Parson Conducted His Services

right here in this gambling center, and that by a layman and a 'Tenderfoot.' The car cleaner is going to preach. The engine wiper is a theologian. Our distinguished errand boy is going to act as guide for us to heaven, Hallelujah!"

The sensation was so explosive that it came very nearly creating a riot in the roundhouse.

"Mr. Leonard desires to see you in the office," said the timekeeper.

On entering the office, Leonard, the foreman, looking straight into my eyes, said:

"I am told that you are going to preach on Sunday night in the schoolhouse! Is it true?"

"Yes, that is my intention," I replied.

"I would advise you to call it off," said he, "for this town will not permit you to preach. You will have trouble. But what I want to see you about particularly is your refusal to work on Sunday. If you fail to show up next Sunday I shall give you your time. This is my last notice to you about this matter."

I promptly replied to the foreman's angry announcement by saying:

"You can discharge me now if you wish. I refuse to break the fourth commandment. A man requires one day in seven for rest and religious culture. If men want to be slaves they may. There is no need of working here on Sunday. As for me I intend to be a free man."

Leonard wanted to dismiss me on the spot, be-

cause of the attitude I had assumed, not only as preacher, but also as opposer of Sunday labor.

Sunday arrived and I did not put in an appearance in the roundhouse, but I was on hand in the schoolhouse at the hour appointed for the evening service.

The school building was crowded. The town policeman was on hand to preserve order, and the service passed off without disturbance. There was, however, an element present which made an attempt to create a riot, but they were promptly suppressed by the officer who stood directly in front of the audience and near the speaker, holding a revolver in his hand.

Some of the people thanked me for the sermon, and I felt like congratulating myself for I believed my message was an improvement on the one I gave at Webster, and so I was encouraged to go on with the Sunday night service.

Shortly after my return to the "dug-out" a strong knock was heard on the door. It was more of a loud rap than the usual door knock.

"Come in," I shouted, thinking it was a messenger from Leonard notifying me of my dismissal. But to my surprise who was it but little Joe Torrence.

"What can I do for you, Joe?"

"I have come to serve a notice on you," said he.

"Bang away!" I retorted.

"I have come to say that we had a meeting up in the saloon, and your preaching was the subject of

discussion. We have decided that you must stop preaching in Como. To this end an organization was effected, and I was appointed its President and delegated to come and serve this notice on you. Remember we mean business and you must quit. That is all and final. Good night," and Joe left me alone in the "dug-out" to ponder over the ultimatum of the gamblers and saloon keepers.

The organization decided that if I should not quit, that the first method they would adopt would be to start false rumors about me in town, and thus destroy my influence among the people, for then no one would go to hear me preach. That is one of the devil's common tricks.

On learning that I intended to ignore their ultimatum, strange rumors began to circulate. One was to the effect that I was seen drunk in a saloon. Another, that I would not pay my grocery bills. Another, that I was gay with the girls and was seen twice at "Mollies," the most notorious house in town.

Possibly some believed these reports, but the majority gave little credence to them, suspecting them to be malicious fabrications. Indeed, these falsehoods proved to be an advantage, as they helped to create some sympathy for me, especially among the best women in the place. These reports, circulated by the gad-abouts and snoops who frequented the saloons and gambling dens, continued for some weeks to be a topic of conversation.

In discussing the matter in the roundhouse one day, Joe said:

"Are you going to quit preaching?"

"Why should I quit and play into the hands of the saloon element?" I replied.

"But," said Joe, "there are too many against you and you will have to quit."

"I think there are more with me than against me. Do you not know that one with God is a majority? God and I shall win.

"Joe, I say it humbly, that I am the son of a Puritan. The blood of the Reformers, the men who created our mighty Protestant nations, is running hot in my veins, and that blood will win. I am ready to face your organized gang of saloon keepers, gamblers, and all hell if need be. But I serve notice on you now that I shall win. I have a mission to you men. There is one man in Como who loves you, and with God I shall win!"

I had spoken in firm tones and was heard over a large section of the roundhouse. I knew the men were amazed at my defiance of the opposition, but, much to my surprise, some of them really cheered me. One strong fellow shouted:

"Stick to your principles, young man, we are your friends!"

My undaunted courage, plus this new announcement on the part of some of the men, was a surprise to Joe and to some others present. This evidence of friendship that the men had shown was a source

of real encouragement and I at once thanked them, as I thanked God and took fresh courage.

On the following Sunday I preached again in the schoolhouse, from the text, "Why will ye die?" in which message I tried to show the value of Christianity for this life as well as for the life to come.

Just before commencing my sermon, a group of about twelve persons, men and women, entered the room together and occupied seats in front of the desk. They were well dressed, and presented an appearance of unusual intelligence. And much to my surprise, Dan Leonard, the foreman, was a member of this distinguished party.

At the close of the service these strangers stepped forward and shook my hand cordially, and each in turn congratulated me over the sermon.

"I understand," said one of the members of the party, "that you are working for the Company. We are stopping at the hotel over Sunday, and hearing of your religious work for our men we decided to come to the service tonight. I am the President of the Union Pacific Railroad, and these are some of our officials and members of our families. I want to say that I am quite proud of you. Stick to it my boy. I would that we had more young men like you in the company's employ. Good-bye, Mr. McPherson," and they departed, and I was left alone at the desk with one of the friends whom my religious work had won for Christ.

I was so overcome at the thought of the presence of the distinguished visitors and the kind words

spoken by the President of the U. P. that for a few moments I was almost bewildered.

"Think of it," I said to my good friend who had remained to talk with me, "this one-horse gambling den is threatening to break up my services, but the man at the top of the ladder, said, "God bless you. I am proud of you. Stick to it my boy." But the little fellows down at the bottom of the ladder are saying, "Damn you. You must quit."

"Do we not see in the attitude of these men toward religion the secret of their success, and also the failure of those who reject Jesus Christ? Do you think that these persecutors will ever be promoted to the heads of our railroads? Some of them will be cuspidor cleaners in saloons twenty years hence."

I bade my friend good-bye and started over the brow of the hill to the "dug-out."

"Hallo," shouted a voice just as I was about to enter the cabin. Turning about I found myself in the presence of a masked man.

"What do you want?"

"I have come to tell you that if you continue your preaching it has been decided that you will be shot dead," and without speaking another word the visitor disappeared in the darkness.

The presence of the railroad officials in the service proved to be quite a boom to me, and was an important factor in the defeat of the organized opposition. Even Dan Leonard, the foreman, did not

dare carry out his threat of dismissal, after he had heard the President compliment me.

But the week proved to be one of anxiety. Father Clark, as he was called in the mountains, the oldest pioneer Methodist preacher in Colorado, dropped into town on Wednesday and preached in the schoolhouse that night. Father Clark who was widely known in the mountains drew a large crowd to hear him. His address consisted largely of reminiscences of early days. He told us that he was eighty-four years of age on that day, and that just twenty-nine years ago his only son had been shot dead because he dared to preach the gospel in the place later known as Buena Vista. He also said that he was the first person to carry Uncle Sam's mail over the Great Divide to Salt Lake City.

My heart beat quick and strong when I heard the sad news of the murder of Clark. I told Father Clark at the close of the service that I was living under the threat of death if I dared to preach another sermon in Como.

"Would you continue if you were in my place?" I inquired.

"I could not answer that question, my dear brother, unless I were in your place. The Lord will direct you. Let us pray for guidance and grace for you in these days," said Father Clark.

It was the right word spoken. We both knelt down, and after prayer I said that I had received the answer, to the effect that the religious services must continue.

As every method adopted to destroy my influence had thus far failed, the timekeeper, a bigoted Romanist, said to some of the organized opposition:

"The preacher's popularity is growing, especially since the visit of the officials of the railroad, and if we down him it must be done quickly, or the whole town will rise up on his side and build for him a church. I have a scheme which will do the trick. It is this: I keep the preacher's time and send it in to the company, and on the basis of my statement his check is made out. I will cut down his time one-third this month and that will bring him a small check. And you mark my word, when he gets the check you will see the feathers fly, for the 'Tenderfoot' is game, sure enough, and he will fight. And as soon as he fights his religious work is killed in Como. If he fails to fight he will leave, for I will cut down his time every month until he will be starved out."

"Good, good," declared the members of the gang. "Now you got him. That will do the trick."

On pay-day I received my small check. I well knew I was entitled to a larger check and so I went in to ask the timekeeper for an explanation. He declared that he had put in all the time I had worked, and that I received all that was coming to me. And on top of that he added the meanest insults, calling me all sorts of vile names, in order to stir me to the fighting point.

I saw that a game was put up on me by the opposition.

I walked out of the office without speaking a word, and sat down on an old barrel just outside the roundhouse to think the problem over, to decide what was best to do. I confess I was in a serious mood. I had thought of my purpose in coming to the mountains, of my need of money, and my desire to get an education, as I also pondered over the infamous conduct of the timekeeper.

Just then William Horn, one of my friends in the roundhouse came over and asked if something was not troubling me.

"Yes," I replied. "I am under sentence of death, and also the timekeeper cut down my time one-third and so you see my check is small."

William Horn was a man of splendid character and my case stirred him profoundly. In firm tones he turned to me and said:

"It is about time that this outrageous business was stopped. I have a quick solution of the problem," and stooping down he picked up a heavy, round, well seasoned hardwood club, which was lying on the ground. Looking at me he said: "The timekeeper has no right to escape the thrashing he deserves. You must take this club and knock him out. You have many friends here who are ready to fight for you. I am one of them. We will stand by you. Come now and stand up for your rights like a man and take this club."

Extending my hand, I took the club and said, "Yes, this seems to be the quickest and best solu-

tion," and started with it for the office where I expected to do up the timekeeper.

I had only gone a few steps, however, when I thought of Jesus Christ, and how I had vowed at Grant to stand for Him in the Rockies. I stood still for a moment and said to myself:

"Yes, I must follow Christ. I promised to put God first. But I am now going back on my vow for I am going to treat a fellow man as they do not treat their most stubborn mules in these mountains —I am going to knock him out."

A voice seemed to speak to me and say: "You are the representative of Him who said, 'Go the second mile,' 'love your enemies.' 'Pray for them that despitefully use you,' 'turn the other cheek, and then you will be a true child of the Heavenly Father.'"

I saw my error and dropped the club as if it were a serpent.

Turning back, I said to Horn:

"That is not the Master's way. As His follower I must fight with love. I am supposed to return good for evil. And what is more, it must not be a negative but an active, positive and aggressive love. So I must go and put it in practice on the timekeeper."

Going into the office, I said to him:

"You see, Mike, you expected to catch me in the trap you had set. You believed that I would show fight and thus cripple my good work in Como. But, Mike, my Master commands me to love even my

enemies, and I am going to pray that God will lead you to Jesus Christ. That is my worst wish for you. The Lord bless you."

"Did you ever hear anything like that?" said Mike to Dan Leonard, the foreman, who was working at his desk in the office.

"That fellow is too good for this world," replied Leonard.

"Well, he has beat me at my game," said Mike, with a disappointed grin on his face.

Joe Torrence was standing in the door of the office and he spoke up and said: "The only way to head him off is to shoot him, and some one has threatened to do it."

"Shoot him? You don't mean it," replied the timekeeper.

"It has been decided to shoot him low," said Joe in milder tones, fearing some of my friends in the roundhouse might hear him.

"Do you mean in the limbs?" inquired the timekeeper.

"Yes, low, to cripple him, but not to kill."

"That's pretty rocky," said Mike, "but I guess it will take a gun to wind him up anyway. He's game sure enough."

I was standing near the office door and overheard their conversation.

Sunday night arrived to witness the banner crowd at the schoolhouse. It was evident that the tide was rapidly turning in my favor. The timekeeper's trick had gone the rounds, and everyone,

except the organized gang, was expressing the heartiest sympathy for me. Men, women and children were jammed into the schoolhouse, and many were standing outside unable to enter.

I took for my text the words: "Perfect love casteth out fear," and declared, in the midst of applause, that I had no fear of the organized opposition, but that love for God and love for men would win. As an illustration of how I was living up to my principles, I told them of the way in which I had shunned the trap laid for me by the timekeeper, whereupon the audience voted on the spot to reimburse me for the loss, and called for the offering. I had only been about half through with my address when the service had suddenly taken this turn. I wanted to continue and finish the sermon. But there was no use in objecting, the crowd carried things in their own big-hearted western way.

When the sum of $35.00 had been announced by the teller, I arose and called a halt, but Big Bill objected and the audience overruled the preacher again, and, laughing and joking, they kept up the money raising until the sum totaled considerably more. Then Bill remarked: "Trust this will be sufficient to show the 'Tenderfoot' what the decent folks in Como think of him and of that 'dog-goned' timekeeper and his dirty gang. O, pardon me, Mr. McPherson, I don't mean to be vulgar," said Bill as he sat down.

I resumed the service under difficulty, for the

generosity of the mountain men had almost overcome me.

The sermon being ended, Big Bill Wellington jumped to his feet and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I believe that the 'Tenderfoot' ought to become the shepherd of this flock. We can give him enough to live on and I suggest that some one so move."

From many voices came the motion, and it was endorsed by a unanimous rising vote. Some of the men got up on the benches as they voted.

"What salary?" shouted one of my little flock to Big Bill, the chairman.

"Free will offerings," replied Bill.

"Amen!" responded the audience.

"He can be my 'partner' in my new gold mine," said John Stewart, a loyal Scotchman.

"I'll give him one of my three-year-old steers," said Dan Corbet, a ranchman on South Park, who rode in some miles to attend the service.

Turning to me, Big Bill said:

"What is your decision, dominie?"

I replied: "It may require some time to think over so important a matter. I came to this country to acquire sufficient money to pay my way through college. I don't see, however, how I can become pastor of this new movement, for I would have to devote all my time to it. Mr. Stewart offers me a half interest in his gold mine. Perhaps that would help me out. Mr. Stewart will tell me about his mine at the close of the service. You will never

know how I appreciate your generosity, and how much I love you all."

I could say no more, and pronouncing the benediction, the people, after shaking hands with the speaker, went to their homes.

Stewart, the owner of the mine, remained to say that he had "not struck mineral yet, but expected to do so any day."

There are many such mines in the Rockies, as many victims in the East can testify.

I walked with a light step and happy heart toward my "dug-out," feeling that I was vindicated before the community of the slanderous reports the gang had circulated, and also that the timekeeper was taught a valuable lesson.

The next night I received a wire from the Assistant Superintendent in Denver, which read:

"Take train No. 9 tonight for Pitkin, Gunnison County, and coal engines there. Train leaves Como at 12 o'clock."

Heaving coal was even more common than wiping engines, and offered considerably less pay.

The town was aroused over this unexpected news. They saw that the railroad authorities feared for my life and that was why they had decided to move me out of town.

Men and women, with some children, came to the "dug-out" to express their feelings over the treatment accorded me, and also to voice their sorrow over my departure.

Said a poor cripple, John Hoy by name, whose life was changed by the services in the schoolhouse:

"You must stay and preach to us. We can't get on here now without you. Don't go. We will build a little meeting house for you, and the whole town will support you. Belle, my little daughter, when she heard you were going, cried as if her heart would break. She, too, has found Jesus to be her Saviour. And there are some others. Mr. Boyd, the oldest "Timer" in Como, who erected the first tent ever put up here in the early days, says he will serve as janitor for the new building and not charge a dollar for his services. And there are others who will help. Some of these were once drinking men. You don't know how we have been blessed. My wife is down with the mountain fever, and she had these two dollars to buy some medicine, but she said to give them to you. We can get the medicine on credit from the druggist."

The "dug-out" was crowded with friends who had come to bid me goodbye. It was a scene. Everyone was deeply affected. I was so overcome that, after a brief prayer, I asked the people to go away so I could get my trunk packed in time to catch the train at midnight.

I assured them that God would send them a preacher and build for them a meeting house. I will ask Him to do it and He will.

It was not long before prayer was answered, for within a few years Como had a new church and a minister.

After the kind friends had gone from the "dug-out" and I was busy packing my trunk, a knock was heard on the door.

"Come in."

The door was opened and who stood there but little Joe, trembling as if afraid to enter or speak.

"Come in, come in Joe, don't be afraid. Come in."

Joe stepped over the door sill.

"What can I do for you, Joe?"

"You can do nothing for me," he replied, "but accept my apology. The organization had a meeting in the saloon shortly after the news of your intended departure had passed around. It was an official meeting, and you were the subject of discussion. We have decided to make an apology for the way we treated you."

"Mc," continued Joe, "you are held in esteem by our crowd, and more, you are much respected in Como."

"We had, time and again, heard men, religious men, after their arrival in town, abuse us for drinking, and within three months these same fellows would be tipping over the bar with the rest of us. We got disgusted and said the next 'Tenderfoot' who should abuse us men for drinking we would put him through the mill. You happened to be the next, and we gave it to you hard. Mc," continued Joe, "You have been the most outspoken man we have ever had in town. You even refused to work on Sundays. You called a spade a spade. We de-

served it. But in it all you have revealed yourself to be a Christian, and we have now more regard for Christianity than we had before we knew you."

By this time Joe's voice trembled, his eyes filled, he could hardly speak, and he completely broke down. I also was in the same boat, for I was stirred by Joe's confession.

"Joe, will you kneel with me while I pray?"

Joe fell upon his knees on the bare ground of the "dug-out" and listened reverently as I prayed for him.

After the prayer I said:

"Joe, your words make me glad and yet sad for you are not a Christian. Will you promise me that you will give yourself to Jesus Christ?"

Joe said in a stammering voice:

"I promise you that I will never be the same man again."

The time had arrived to go to the depot and take the train for Pitkin.

"But how are you going to get your trunk up the hill," said Joe.

"I think I can carry it," I replied.

"No, Mc, I shan't let you do it. It's too heavy. You must let me carry it for you. I want to do it."

Little Joe, small and slender though he was, got under the trunk and struggled with it up the hill to the station. He staggered a number of times under the load, and would have fallen had I not steadied it with my hand.

"Now, Joe, take my hand. I must bid you good-

bye. Promise me again. Will you give yourself to Christ?"

Joe promised, and emphasized his words by his strong grip, and said:

"I can never be the same man again."

"Good-bye, Joe. Be sure and meet me in heaven. Good-bye."

"I promise," and Joe walked away wiping his face with his red handkerchief.

To my surprise a goodly number gathered at the depot in the midnight hour to see me off. Several merchants, railroad and roundhouse men, with some of their wives and children were there. It was like a small excursion, or as if some distinguished person had stopped in town for a few moments. The night clerk in the Pacific Hotel and the night telegraph operator were there. It was seen that many of the good women present were deeply moved as were the men.

Little Belle, the eleven-year-old lassie, was there with her father. Belle was one of the converts in the schoolhouse services. She said:

"Brother McPherson, we can't tell how sorry we are to see you go. Mamma said I might kiss you good-bye."

Little Belle's wish was granted, and she clung to me and cried as if her little heart would break. I don't think that there was a dry eye as the men and women looked at this touching scene.

Then I bade everyone good-bye in person, and made them promise to stand by the meetings when-

ever services should be held in the schoolhouse, and to meet me in the good home where there are spoken no farewells.

In about five minutes more the train would pull out for the Gunnison country, and so I suggested that they unite with me and sing the song they had learned in the schoolhouse:

"Ring the bells of Heaven, there is joy today,
For a soul's returning from the wild,
Lo, the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wandering child.

"Glory, glory, how the angels sing,
Glory, glory, how the loud harps ring,
'Tis a ransomed army like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthems of the free."

Every one seemed to have joined in the singing and their voices sounded out over South Park on the midnight air.

I stepped aboard and stood on the rear platform of the last car as the train slowly crept from the depot. The waving of hands and handkerchiefs faded out in the darkness, as No. 9 pursued its course over to the Gunnison country.

VI

ON THE MARY MURPHY MINE

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."
Isaiah 30:15

I DECLINED the work assigned me as "coal-heaver" by the Railroad Company, and accepted a position as "oar-sorter" on the Mary Murphy Mine in Chaffee County. This mine is located near the famous Alpine Tunnel which cuts through the backbone of the Continental Divide, and is about four miles up the mountain from the nestling little town of Saint Elmo.

The scenery in all this region is hardly surpassed anywhere in Colorado. From one end of the Alpine Tunnel could be seen eastward over the lower peaks and the South Park beyond, a distance of eighty miles, while from the western end of the Tunnel there is clearly visible a peak in Utah one hundred and twenty miles away.

The Mary Murphy is located in one of the coldest altitudes at an elevation of 11,500 feet, a few hundred feet above what is called "timberline."

The scenery at the mine and from the top of the mountain, a few hundred feet higher, is surpassingly beautiful. From here are visible some of the loftiest peaks in Colorado, Pikes' Peak far away to

the southeast, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton far to the northwest, while here and there small lakes like dimples are visible upon the extended mountain crowns, also the deep and verdant valleys. Several of the highest peaks are comparatively near the mine, and these, with those just mentioned, wore on the sides of their heads their snowy white caps eleven months of the year. There is also visible on the mountain sides far below a scattering of shaggy trees with their short, stubborn limbs, as if bidding defiance to the fierce storms which beat against them.

It was lonesome as death far up on the Mary Murphy Silver Mine, the only sound being heard was the almost constant thumping of the persistent winds on the "bunkhouse" and shaft shed with an occasional dim, low echo of the whistles of the monster engines, far away near the top of the mountain at the Alpine Tunnel, as the iron monsters slowly draw the heavy freight trains up the steepest grade in Colorado to the Summit.

Between the numerous blizzards which sweep relentlessly the mountain tops, piling up the snow in the ravines one hundred feet and more, the sky on a clear night was a sight calculated to inspire awe and excite a feeling of grandeur. At this high altitude the milk-maids' path and the numberless and apparent confusion of the stars revealed a marvelous magnificence and suggested a sort of infinity. In the solemn quiet of that world of manifest power, the stars in the eternal blue eloquently speak

of One who is our transcendent yet imminent Creator. As teachers, no objects in nature are comparable with the stars, yet how few persons ever really see them. Not alone do they present the most pleasing of visions, but they would speak and teach the denizens of our planet lessons of the highest value. The stars suggest the silence, power, surpassing grandeur and glory of God.

During the first few days on the Mary Murphy, I arose early to see the marvelous sunrise, as I watched during the evening the monarch of our solar system display his glory over the western horizon. That man must be blind as a mole and fit only to live under ground who never sees in the majesty and glory of nature a revelation of the power and wisdom of God, for His voice speaks to us in the stars, whispers in the zephyrs, and calls aloud in every storm.

There were working on the Mary Murphy about one hundred men, mostly from the south and west of Ireland, with a scattering of other English-speaking races. Whether the name of the mine suggested that only Irishmen were wanted, the boys who love the green were much in evidence in this place of lonely exile.

I discovered that preaching, if done here, must be done in simple silence, by that type of life which often speaks more eloquently than words. For nine long months (it seemed like nine years) I cheerfully resigned myself to my new prison home. Doubtless, to talk religion there would have invited

THE PARSON AT TWENTY-ONE

a riot, hence I had to bring into play a new endeavor of restraint and thus learn a lesson of value.

The "bunk-house" had about thirty rooms, each containing four "bunks," two on either side, one above the other. For my room-mates I had three boys from Prince Edward Island, in far away eastern Canada. Their presence added to my contentment, as they were congenial and warm-hearted, as Scotchy and song-full as Scotchmen well could be. One of the boys played the fiddle and danced the "Scotch fours" to his own music; another sang Highland songs in both Gaelic and English, and played the banjo; while one played a mouth-harp, and by his stamping of feet kept time to his own lively music. When they were not entertaining themselves with music and song they spent the time playing cards. The latter had no attraction for me, though I did enjoy in a measure the music. For conscientious reasons I abstained from participation in playing cards, though I knew that they would view my attitude as rather unsocial. Most of my time was spent during the evenings reading heavy magazines, with an occasional season with the Book of books.

For this aloofness and lack of co-operation with those good-natured fellows, they frankly confessed that I was a bit peculiar, and in a good-natured way, each one took his turn at administering a gentle rebuke.

"You are in the Rockies now, Mc, and when you are in Rome you must do as Rome does. You are

too quiet, so wake up old fellow and dance a jig with me. Come along and let us have a 'hoe-down.'"

"You will have to excuse me, gentlemen, as I do not dance, play cards, drink, nor gamble."

"It is really too bad," said Jimmy, one of those Scotch Canadian boys. "I am sure you will die of lonesomeness. I really feel sorry for you. Our father and mother taught us to play cards at home. We always spent the long winter evenings that way. It was a pleasant pastime. We were all brought up in the church. You can be a good Christian, you know, and play cards. It is only old-fashioned bigotry that views this game as harmful. Come along, Mc, come along now and enjoy yourself and be one of the boys."

"Well, fellows," I replied, "I should prefer not to discuss the question. Of course you can play cards and you will not embarrass me in the least. I really prefer to be quiet while here on the mine and spend my evenings with a number of books and magazines I want to read. I don't expect to remain here long for my tastes and interests lie in other directions. I grant you I am a bit old-fashioned. View me as such if you will. I don't object. We will be friends anyway and have no quarrel."

"But what is your principal objection to playing cards? Please tell us. We should like to know."

Evidently the boys felt that my attitude regarding this matter was a silent rebuke to them, and they were somewhat uncomfortable.

A TUNNEL THROUGH THE SNOW

To the Post-Office, Below the Mary Murphy Mine

"I should rather not discuss it," I replied.

"We want you to tell us. Come, please tell why you will not play."

"Well, if you must know I will tell you, though I prefer not to express an opinion on this question. I don't want to embarrass you, but I fear I shall if I discuss card playing."

"Not in the least. Come on," they all "chipped in."

"Very well, then, I know you will pardon me if I hurt your feelings. My chief objection is that playing this game has in it a tendency to gambling.

"There is no doubt that many fine people play cards, as it is also unquestionably true that many who play never become gamblers. But it is also equally true that many who play do become gamblers.

"Cards is known to be the gambler's game the world round. So you see that being the game of every thug, thief, gambler, harlot and murderer the world over, it has a rather unsavory association.

"I know that some gamble with checkers and dominoes and what not, but cards is pre-eminently the principal game of the lowest and most vicious people that live. Because, therefore, of its association, if for no other reason, I prefer not to indulge in it.

"But then, as stated, perhaps my principal reason for not playing this game is, that in many cases it leads to gambling.

"You know, gentlemen, that we should judge

anything by its tendency, by the spirit it cultivates, as well as by its associations.

"Whenever I see a game of cards I invariably think of gamblers, lewd men and women, thieves, murderers, and degenerate characters generally.

"Of course you may never become gamblers, and for your fathers' and mothers' sake, as well as for your own, I hope you never will. But it is a dangerous thing to sport with the eddies so near the Niagara of ruin. You may never go over, but your weak brother may. And we all owe something to our weak brothers. 'We who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves,' which is another way of saying that we ought not only to sympathize with the weak, but also that we ought not to appeal to their weaknesses by catering to or tempting and thus developing their weaknesses. By joining with them and assisting in such cultivation we are leading our support to the undermining of their character.

"Now, gentlemen, I am discussing this matter at considerable length because you insisted.

"You see I am revealing a great ethical principle.

"Paul the chief Apostle of Christianity who said, 'If meat maketh my brother to offend I shall eat no meat while the world standeth,' revealed the value of this Christian principle.

"I am out of sympathy with those political Christians who play cards, and even go so far as to drink, in order to gain a friendly footing for financial or ecclesiastical gains.

"I know there are some cheap, proseliting clergymen who resort to such unchristian methods in order to win a so-called convert, but all such clergymen, who believe that the end justifies the means, are of no value to Christianity. This is the method of the Jesuite, but true followers of Jesus should despise it. It is just this sort of character that hinders the progress of spiritual religion. Our Master did not belong to this class. He was not a compromiser. He loved us and the truth too well to sacrifice principle, or play fast and loose with the souls of men for sectarian purposes. And this is true of all genuine Christians. These then are my reasons for refusing to play cards."

When I had concluded, the fellows appeared to be taken aback somewhat; they were almost speechless.

I discussed the matter just as I have related it here, for it is as vivid in my memory now as if it happened yesterday.

After a few moments hesitation they spoke up and said:

"Don't worry, we shall never become gamblers."

The boys continued the game until a late hour in the night, while I spent the time in my "bunk," in a slightly reclining attitude, where I would interfere as little as possible with their pleasure, though I must say that their outbursts of laughter and continual pounding of the table were somewhat disconcerting.

This was a new experience to me, and in some

respects, as difficult as was the problem I faced at Como and Grant. It was the problem as to how best to adjust myself to a new environment.

How I wished that I were alone in a little "dug-out."

After all I was wondering whether it was wise to hold myself aloof from the social game.

Possibly I could help these fellows by playing cards and thus getting closer to them.

Have I really adopted the most effective method of exerting an influence for good?

Can I indulge in their pleasures and leave the Mary Murphy with the same sense of victory I had when leaving Como?

Will they view my attitude as selfish, or will they see in it an illustration of righteous heroism?

Why am I here?

Am I a ship becalmed, or am I undergoing a process of training for a wider arena?

All these questions rushed through my brain in those hours of severe testing. I decided, however, to stick to my course and so I resolved not to play cards.

In this I believed I was helping to nail my self-life to His Cross, and that some day I should look back upon it all and see in my silence and separation an illustration of the finest type of moral eloquence, that experience would vindicate my decision more and more as the years roll by.

It was only a short time after this discussion with the boys when, on entering the room one evening, I

noticed several little piles of silver on the table, and that they were really gambling for money. But I practiced a studious silence.

This was no time to get into a discussion and rub in the truth I tried to impress upon them—that this game has in it a tendency to gambling—for they probably must have seen it by this time for themselves, and no further words of mine were necessary.

And now at last comes the final confirmation: Some time later, when they were playing for money with some of the fellows from another room, the game was broken up by a fierce battle.

There they were, down on the floor, locked in each others arms, fighting like mad-men. One was struggling to get his knife out of his pocket, while another escaped the clutches of his adversary and rushed into his room for a gun.

It was with much difficulty that the men from the other rooms separated and disarmed the gamblers, and compelled them to remain in their own rooms.

Thus was my course of conduct completely vindicated, the fellows a little later had frankly admitted that my Puritanism had put them all to shame.

It is hardly necessary that I make an application and preach another practical little sermon to my reader, but I must.

We never make a mistake in following Jesus

Christ under all circumstances, for His ways for us are wisest, best.

Sometimes it is to practice silence.

It often is a greater test and discipline of character to conceal our thoughts than to express them.

Solomon wisely said: "There is a time to keep silent." He might have added: Silence is more often golden than speech.

I could accomplish far more on the Mary Murphy by simple silence than by the miracle of speech.

Our face and deeds will speak even though the tongue is motionless.

It is almost always best that our words be few, and ofttimes when they are spoken it should be in a happy tactfulness to conceal our real thoughts.

I once saw an old saint sitting on the pulpit steps when a mighty orator was addressing a vast congregation; but she preached a greater sermon by her face.

Here was real eloquence.

"Your life speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say," wrote a great philosopher.

Inward character and the outward benevolences flourish from the quiet hour. Strength comes for conflict from meditation and repose.

Moses and Jesus and Paul were all led into the solitudes before they fought their great battles.

Waterloo meant defeat for the French because of lack of reinforcements, and in the battle of life many a soul has gone down for the same reason.

If we are right we can afford to keep quiet.

Standing still at times is omnipotent.

Our silence will hold us true to our principles as gravitation holds us to our planet. If we can only learn to keep still then our character will come to its best, its bravest, its fiercest.

That was a blessed mountain top to me because I made those nine months a period of studious silence and refused to join with the fellows in their card playing, drinking and gambling.

During this period seven of the strongest men on the mine passed on to the vast majority because of their loose living.

So now as I look back upon my experience there it lingers in my memory like music. I think of it as a time when I dwelt in an empire higher than the stars, deeper than death, the empire of silence.

As I now see it, my silence alone was great, and proved to be the very elixir of life in those solitudes of the Rockies.

Those who thus have learned this secret of communion with God in the quiet of their own lives have found one of the great secrets of success, the cure for despondency, the spur to noble living, comfort in times of sorrow, and even death itself the exit to a glorious voyage when their "ship has crossed the bar."

VII

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN SALOON

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death." Proverbs 14: 12

THE climate and associations at the Mary Murphy so unnerved me that I decided to bid adieu to this place for a time and take a vacation in a lower altitude. I moved down to the little village of Pine Grove in the Platte Canyon.

Pine Grove is located on the Colorado Southern about forty miles from Denver. The climate here is warm and dry and furnishes one of the happiest mediums in temperature in the winter months. Snow is seldom seen and the birds can be heard singing their sweet notes the year round.

The landscape surrounding this little town is varied and rugged, as is the case in most localities in the mountains, though here no lofty peaks appear in view. The foothills slope back gradually toward the massive range against which they brace their backs in stolid indifference. The near-by hills are clothed with the pine trees, as might well be suggested by the name of the place. These, aside from an occasional steep cliff, or bluff, which surround Pine Grove, present a rather soft, restful

appearance, especially so when the sun sheds his warm rays over the Canyon.

The town of fifty or less inhabitants was only what might be expected, being supported by one or two struggling lumber interests back on the hills and a few small ranches hedged about in the tiny coves near the river.

The saloon, in front of the station, was the place of principal interest though it was a stench of the vilest of its kind, quite typical of its breed in the Rockies, as elsewhere—a place where vice and crime have their beginnings, flourish, and are turned into gain. Inside it was dark and dirty and steamed with sickening odors from empty beer kegs around its entrance and obnoxious receptacles just to the rear. One not accustomed to such tragedy, as a saloon always is, must, when entering, feel the pressure of darkness. Here deviltry reigned supreme and "virtue had no tongue to speak." Every tender youth who sojourned in Pine Grove felt the pull of this greedy, sucking serpent.

"It is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

But the man who got his appetite by heredity did not require a prolonged enticement at Pine Grove. He quickly capitulated. But all such are more sinned against than sinning. Society and civilization, both semi-barbaric, keep before those children of inherited degeneration, of wild, strong appetites, this cunning, flirting demon—the saloon—to trap

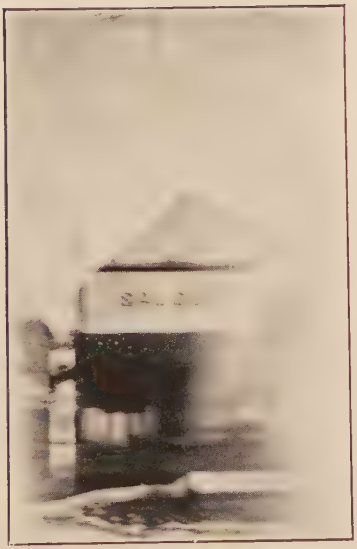
and destroy the innocent, as the hunter would his game, offering as the only justification that the man's liberties and appetite must be respected and the government supplied with revenue.

The brothel at Pine Grove had over its door a sign which was made of plain boards, with the word "saloon" thereon in large black letters. This was the only sign in town, and, as it fronted the railroad station, was the first object to attract the attention of the traveller on his arrival. And even now, when we are supposed to have prohibition, it is evident that the liquor interests are everywhere characterized by the same business insight. They go it one better in New York where the saloon has monopolized many of the prominent street corners in the greatest city on our Continent. The religious forces, both Christian and Jewish, backed in their noble enterprises by unselfish, far-seeing philanthropists, as by the great sturdy middle class of our citizenry, are satisfied to congregate in a church in the center of the block, while rum one hundred and sixty-eight hours of the week rules supreme on the prominent corners near by.

> "O what may man within him hide
> Though angel on the outward side."

Ordinary decency would demand that the churches be placed on the corners and the saloons in the regions of limbo.

I know it is an old story, but we must repeat it



THE SALOON AT PINE GROVE

and make our protest in order to retain our character.

The one who staggers humanity by the crime he commits under the influence of strong drink is sent to the electric chair, while those who make such deeds possible are consoling themselves over their respectability, clean politics, and, possibly, their piety and philanthropy. If any kind of wild-eyed, hot-brained scheme of political economy, though radically socialistic, could remedy this hypocritical and criminal injustice of the liquor traffic, which the official crowd, as politicians, legislators, judges, juries, city councilors, police, and in some cases high church dignitaries have failed to remove, then humanity should rise up and accept a lesser for a greater evil.

On my arrival at Pine Grove I was astonished at finding a former acquaintance, a lumber man, (we will call him John Murray) who had often said that it was his intention to open a saloon in order to make money more easily and quickly, now the proprietor or the gin-mill in this small town.

While here I put up at a boarding house, just across the railroad track and fronting the saloon. It was a neat, clean place and the proprietress was a Mrs. Seldon who had seen hard days. She was small, pale-faced, wrinkled, care-worn and sad.

Said Mrs. Seldon: "My husband died a drunkard and a suicide. The poor man, while in a state of delirium took our only child, a sweet little boy of

five years, and dashed his brains out on the floor of a grog shop. At midnight I took my angel child and went to look for his poor father and found him in a saloon. When he saw us he took the dear boy and killed him on the spot; then he put a revolver to his head and blew out his brains. The shock nearly killed me. For two years I was in a state of prostration, unable to work or walk. Here I am trying to make an honest living and every time I look out the first object to greet me is that institution of hell."

Mrs. Seldon's voice trembled, and she turned as pale as death while she related the awful tragedy.

I remarked to a Mr. James Bennett, who was one of the boarders, that Mrs. Seldon is a heart-broken woman, a victim of the curse of rum, though she herself is a sober, innocent person.

"Who has not felt the effects of that business?" replied Bennett. And he added: "Where is there a family that has not, directly or indirectly, been cursed by strong drink? One of my brothers, my sister's husband, two of my uncles, and several other relatives are now in their graves, all from the result of booze."

Miss Coady, the school teacher, another boarder, was listening, and she made a contribution by saying:

"My only brother is a drunkard, and it was his downfall that shortened my father's life."

"Yes, yes," I replied, "nearly every home in America has had crepe on its door because of rum.

But I am thinking about Murray. Do you know that he was prominent at his old eastern home? He told me that when there he was choir master, deacon and magistrate, and that on the old sod to-day he has a wife and children whom he has not seen in ten years. He also stated that he had always cherished the expectation of returning, but that his hard luck had made him ashamed to go back. Poor fellow, what an object of pity?"

Murray was a man of noble parts. In spite of his business I had profound respect for him. He had a commanding personality that won for him friends.

"And what a fearful confession," said Mrs. Seldon. "He has banished himself from all who are sweet and dear to him. Poor lonely exiled man, we should pity him."

Suddenly the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Murray. A subdued smile on the faces of the boarders suggested to him that they were talking about his business.

"Well, Tenderfoot," he said to me, "how goes it? What are you doing down here? You are not in the preaching business yet, are you? Or are you broke? Guess there's not much money in preaching in this country. You better take the job of tending bar for me. What do you say to that?"

I was somewhat taken aback at Murray's "gall," and so I replied to him in firm tones:

"You have some cheek. You made that proposition to me once before, to become a beer-slinger

for you. But I haven't lost all self-respect. I feel like preaching a sermon to you right here."

"Give him one, a good long one," shouted the pale, wrinkle-faced little woman. "He deserves it and many of them. What would his folks down East say if they knew about his business?"

"Say, Murray," continued Mrs. Seldon, "have you lost all respect for your wife and children? If you have no regard for yourself you ought at least to think of your wife and children. Would you like to see them become saloon-keepers and drunkards like their father?"

Murray was deeply stung by Mrs. Seldon's direct thrust at him, and he shouted:

"Who told you that I am a drunkard? You never saw me drunk! Who told you about my family down East?"

"Am I blind?" retorted the pale-faced little woman. "Look in the mirror and see for yourself those swollen eyes and that red projection on the middle of your face. You are under its influence all the time. I see a change in you since you came to Pine Grove. If you keep on, God knows what will become of you. You may do what my poor John did, blow your brains out, if you have any left to blow out. Or it may be that some one else will do it for you."

"That's the limit!" shouted Murray, leaping to his feet. "If you were a man, I would . . . But since you are a fool of a woman! Well, pardon me, Mrs. Seldon."

"I won't pardon you, you villain, you drunken brute, get out of my house!"

Reaching for the stove poker the plucky little woman rushed at Murray. But he was too nimble for her if he did weigh two hundred and seventy-five pounds and carried considerable beer in his huge frame.

I knew that Mrs. Seldon was correct in her diagnosis of Murray, that he was far along in the drunkard's way, and I wondered if there was anything I could do to persuade him to give up his business. So I said to Mrs. Seldon:

"Do you think it is too late to save Murray? Is the effort worth while?"

"You might try," she replied. "There is no harm in trying. But to me his case is hopeless. I don't think that you can reach him," replied Mrs. Seldon.

"How would you go about it?" interrupted Bennett, who by this time had calmed down from his outburst of laughter over the plucky little woman and her poker. "Would you go into his saloon and talk to him there?"

"Mr. Bennett, that is a matter which calls for consideration. It would be necessary first to win his good will."

"But he has no good will for anybody," said Mrs. Seldon. "He's only a besotted brute," she concluded with a snap in her eyes.

I tried to speak softly to the woman, whom I noticed was a nervous wreck, as I said to her: "There is a way. Please leave it to me. There

must still be a tender spot somewhere. I will first talk with him about his children. He loves his children. He can't forget. By his dear ones we may find the key to his better self."

"Murray loves nothing but whiskey," said Mrs. Seldon, adding in nervous tones: "Don't you know that whiskey burns out even the love for the children and wife and for everything except whiskey? Don't you know, Mr. McPherson?"

"I had not thought of that," I replied, "but Murray may not be so far gone. We must make an effort. God help us. We must try. We must, for I feel keenly the burden for the poor man."

"Well, you go and try, and God bless you," said Mrs. Seldon. "I am glad that there is one man in Pine Grove who is interested in human beings. You are the only one. God bless you!" said the broken-hearted Mrs. Seldon as she retired to the kitchen.

Bennett had gone to his room to take a rest and I soon followed to my private chamber and locked the door to think over the problem as to how best to approach Murray.

Bennett who was rooming next to me said he heard some strange, unusual sounds, as if some one was in pain and, fearing that I was ill, he went down and reported it to Mrs. Seldon.

"You had better go up and knock at his door and see if he is ill and let me know. Go quickly," replied the good woman.

Bennett came to my door quietly and listened. Putting his ear close to the key hole he heard over and over again these words: "O if Murray could only be saved. Won't you Lord? For his own sake, for his family's sake, for the world's sake! Won't you save him, Lord?"

Then there came a pause and Bennett stole away creeping softly down stairs.

As he entered the kitchen Mrs. Seldon noticed that Bennett appeared very serious, and she said:

"What is the trouble? How is the young man? Is he ill?"

"No, he is all right," replied Bennett.

"All right? Then what is the meaning of those sounds in his room? Tell me truly, what has happened to him. I'll go up myself and see."

Mrs. Seldon started for my room, but Bennett stopped her and said:

"I couldn't help being moved by the earnestness of that young man. Keep away from his room. It is too sacred a place for interruption. Please keep away. Don't disturb him. He is praying for Murray. That was the noise I heard," concluded Bennett.

"That boy is one Christian. You can bet on that. I would there were more like him. If they were all like him do you think we would have any saloons?" said Mrs. Seldon.

The conversation was interrupted by my entering the kitchen. I had overheard every word Bennett and Mrs. Seldon spoke.

"I must try and help Murray," I said. "I am going over to the saloon to get thick with him. I shall try and get close to him by talking about his children. They are nearest to his heart."

I started for the saloon. On my arrival, noticing that Murray was playing cards with a number of men from the lumber camp and that they had a pile of money on the table, I decided to say nothing to him about his children, but rather to tell him of a tragedy which occurred on the Mary Murphy mine.

The game was discontinued for a few miuntes while they listened to my story which called forth their protest, when I had remarked that card playing was the cause of the trouble on the mine.

Murray arose and escorted me by the arm to the door and exclaimed: "You get! and don't come back! D—— you!"

When I had walked only a few steps a conviction seized me that something terrible is going to occur in that gin-mill and turning around I said to Murray who was still standing in the door: "I predict that judgment will overtake you right there in your whiskey den!"

On my arrival at the boarding house, I told Mrs. Seldon and Bennett of the reception I had at the hands of Murray.

"I told you that he is only a brute," replied Mrs. Seldon.

I also told them how I had prophesied that judgment is coming upon Murray.

"Let him die; the sooner the better," said the

pale-faced woman, who was stirred by the treatment of one for whom she had come to have regard.

Months later, at about twelve o'clock at night, Pine Grove was aroused by one of the biggest sensations that had ever occurred in the Platte Canyon. I was not there, but was told that it happened in the saloon among the same old crowd that was playing cards when Murray ejected me. My informant stated that the little town rushed out to see what the trouble was all about and to their astonishment they found Murray lying in a pool of blood on the floor of the saloon. Upon examination it was seen that he had been stabbed seven times in the chest and abdomen. My informant also told how the women wrung their hands in horror and cried frantically, while the men of the place were only heard to say: "Poor Murray, poor Murray."

The undertaker took charge of the corpse which was quietly laid away in its last resting place in Denver.

This sad tragedy is a confirmation of the oft-repeated truth of Holy Scripture, as quoted at the beginning of this chapter. Sin is a fearful reality and is retroactive, always rebounding and striking hardest at the victim who sins. The reaction of sin is terrific, its rebound being far more deadly than its impact upon its intended victim. The harvest of sin is sure, its reaping inevitable. "The wages of sin is death." Some pass out one way, some another, but they all pass out into the night,

where "there is no star of hope nor rustle of an angel's wing." Bunyan was right when he said:

> "Fools make a mock at sin, do not believe
> They carry a dagger in their sleeve."

Murray was a man of likeable personality, unusual ability and possessed some admirable qualities. He was generous to the poor and I gladly give him credit for that. His sin was in placing too high an estimate on money and too low an estimate on himself, and in order to gain the former he was willing to part with everything, even with his religion. In his craze for gain he played fast and loose with his own soul.

In his case we also see the oft-repeated warning against the habit of playing cards, gambling, and the crime of the liquor traffic. These are boon companions the world round, yet men and women laugh at the danger signals on every hand and shut their eyes to the inevitable tendency of these things. The old-fashioned way is the best. It is the narrow way our Saviour marked out and trod. It is the way of the crucifixion of the world. It often is the unpopular way. But blessed be God it is the way that safely leads the pilgrim home. *"Let no man take thy crown."*

After some weeks of rest and not having found any work at Pine Grove, I decided to open a blacksmith shop at this place. While there was little promise of success, for the trade was well cared for by a competent mechanic some short distance up the

Canyon, nevertheless, I decided to make the venture. I made use of an old shop and some tools that had been abandoned. But after waiting a month for business to come my way I was obliged to discontinue this futile enterprise.

As it was now mid-winter, and not caring to return to the Mary Murphy Mine before spring, I decided to go down to Denver with the hope of finding employment there.

Upon my arrival in this beautiful city I went to a small down town hotel and registered. The name of the hotel I do not now recall. I had only ten dollars and so informed the proprietor. My new venture at Pine Grove had drained my purse of what little I had accumulated on the mine. I asked the proprietor for credit for two weeks, assuring him that I would soon get employment, and that he need not question my honesty. To this he consented though rather reluctantly.

As the hotel was crowded, I was obliged to share my room with another guest. I had not met this party, however, as he always retired late, after I had gone to rest, and arose early before I awoke.

Times were hard that winter all over Colorado, and many men were out of employment. In Denver alone there were ten thousand persons looking for work.

I was willing to do any honorable service in order to make a living, even sweeping the streets. For one week I tramped all over the city, visiting factories, railroad shops, stores, hotels, blacksmith

shops, everywhere seeking work, but failed to find it, not even for my board.

Two things added to my embarrassment and anxiety: The only ten dollars I had was taken from my room while I was asleep. As was my custom, upon retiring I placed my wallet beneath my pillow and one morning I found it on the floor empty. Immediately I notified the proprietor, but he could do nothing to recover the stolen money. Doubtless my unknown roommate was the thief.

The other cause for anxiety was, that I might be sent over the road to the State prison at Canyon City for failing to pay my hotel bill.

There had been enacted a very severe law in that State regarding the swindling of hotels and boarding houses. As I now recall, the penalty was six years at hard labor in the penitentiary. This grim possibility was constantly in my mind. Indeed, the hotel proprietor reminded me that if I failed to pay he would be obliged to place me in the hands of the authorities and they might send me to prison.

In the second week I told the proprietor that I was still without work and asked him to trust me a little longer. He plainly evinced suspicion as to my sincerity and I became alarmed. What was I to do in this crisis? That week I had read in the papers of some men who had been sent to Canyon City for failure to pay their hotel bills. Evidently there was little time to lose or I, too, would have to go.

To me there was only one solution, and that was to escape unnoticed from the hotel, and bum my way

on a freight train back into the mountains. Knowing an engineer on the South Park, I decided to go to the freight yards and locate him, and see whether he would not give permission to ride, either in his engine, or in the caboose of his train. I found my friend and all arrangements were made to leave with him at nine o'clock that night.

But how shall I get away from the hotel? To ask the proprietor for permission to go would run the risk of taking a trip to Canyon City.

I occupied a room in the rear which fronted on the court, from which an alley extended in from the street on the opposite side of the block. I packed my valise and waited until the dinner hour, when the proprietor would be busy at his office, then I dropped it from the window down in the alley, after which I walked leisurely out the front door and around the block into the alley where I picked up my baggage and skipped at a rapid gait out to the freight train.

The next morning I was far up in the mountains at Como. From this point I bummed my way on another train over to Saint Elmo, the nearest station to the Mary Murphy Mine, and so I found myself back at the same old job again.

It was a daring and successful venture over which I did not worry because I knew that in due time I would pay the hotel in Denver.

Two years had passed. I had only worked a few months when I quit the mine and went over to Aspen where I met with some success, having ac-

cumulated a few hundred dollars. And now for a trip to Denver to explain my secret departure and to pay the old bill.

Upon my arrival I went at once to the hotel and found the same proprietor in the office. After I had registered and was assigned to a room, I returned to the desk and, looking my good friend in the eyes, I said:

"Do you know me, sir?"

He replied, "No, I don't seem to know you."

"I stopped here with you a few years ago. Don't you recall a McPherson who left without paying his bill?"

"I cannot recall you. That happens occasionally, but I don't seem to be able to remember you."

"Do you not remember the man who had $10 stolen from his room?"

"O yes, I now recall you quite well."

Then I told him how I had failed to get work, also of my method of escape from the hotel, and my reason for resorting to this strange conduct.

After a hearty laugh he said: "Are you not afraid that I will send you to Canyon City now?"

"No, sir, not in the least," I assured him, "as I have come to pay that old bill with ten per cent interest. "Please let me have the bill."

"I shall give you the bill but you will not pay me any interest," replied the good-natured, generous-hearted proprietor.

He presented the bill, but I insisted on paying the interest at ten per cent, and he accepted it.

Then looking at me he said, with a pleasant smile on his face:

"Mr. McPherson, you evidently are an honest man. I believe you must be a Christian."

"Yes, sir, I trust I am a Christian, and that means at least that I should pay my just debts."

"My friend, I am a Christian also," said the proprietor, "and I want to shake hands with you now for I am sure I know you. If you should ever find yourself broke again, or ill, and in need of assistance, feel free to come to this hotel and I will trust you for one year. You will not need to worry over going to Canyon City. I am your friend in Christ."

This experience may be of little interest to the reader. Indeed, I fear it may give the impression that I took an unwise and unnecessary risk in leaving the hotel as I did, and in this feeling I concur with the friends who may read this story. I was inexperienced, and had not the courage to wire a relative for aid. The only financial assistance I had ever sought was when I asked for help to get to the United States.

I cannot close this chapter without saying that I have always had a peculiar hatred for debt, and small regard for those Christians who make promises only to break them. My father taught his children to regard our word as our oath, never to go back on our promises. This is a trait, I am proud to say, that is quite characteristic of the Scottish race. At any rate, a professed follower of

Jesus Christ should be the last person to fail to pay his obligations and think lightly of his promise to his fellow man. We should ever be ready to say: "No man will ever look me in the face and say: 'You are dishonest, for you do not pay your debts.'" In this regard, as in all other matters the honor of our Lord is at stake. As Christians, we should remember that we are called to a high calling, that we are in business with God Who said: "I will render double unto thee." But think of God's partner being a crook! Let us magnify our calling. Honesty first. Honesty at all costs. "An honest man is the noblest work of God."—*Burns.* Honest with his own soul, with his fellow men, with God.

VIII

ASPEN AND LEADVILLE

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."
Exodus 14:15

AFTER remaining a few months longer on the Mary Murphy Mine, I turned my face toward Aspen, which was then a booming city just beyond the Great Divide in Pitkin County to the West.

Aspen is the County seat and is situated on the western slope of the Rockies on the dashing Roaring Fork, a tributary of the Grand River. The city stands about twenty miles from the summit at an altitude of seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven feet.

The name Aspen was probably suggested by the "quackenasp" trees which grow in abundance on the mountain sides.

The city was located at the head of a picturesque valley, between the Smuggler and Aspen mountains.

Aspen had a remarkably rapid growth, and few small towns in the West in those early days were as clean and beautiful. In the year 1888 the city had a population of 10,000 and was then the most noted silver mining center in the United States.

It did not retain this pre-eminence long, however, for within less than a decade, the population dropped to 800.

The Roaring Fork, which empties into the Grand River forty miles below at Glenwood Springs, is a stream of considerable size and is famous for its speckled trout.

Two railroads entered Aspen—a branch of the D. & R. G., which runs up the valley from Glenwood Springs, and a shorter branch of the Colorado Midland which formed a junction with the main line at Basalt, about fifteen miles below the city. The latter road has been "scrapped."

Aspen was beautifully laid out on a level plain of dark loam soil, and appeared somewhat out of place between the lofty, coarse mountains and alongside the dashing Roaring Fork. The streets were wide and straight and the imposing buildings, constructed of the famous Colorado red sandstone rock, would be the pride of a city of 200,000, all of which reflected much credit on the early settlers and the army of enterprising men and women who came later and built up the West.

On one side of this now deserted city, the mountains are marred and broken by over-topping frowning peaks and sharp ravines cut out of the hard lime rock as by a chisel, while across the river on the opposite side the rainbow-like extended range is rather smooth and of a plain light gray. Farther down, where the color changes into a deep red, the famous sandstone quarries are located.

Many of the most imposing buildings in Colorado and adjoining States have been built of this beautiful red rock.

When the sun is setting beyond the mountains, casting his light over the lofty, precipitous peaks just east of Aspen, the city far below can be dimly seen in the twilight; and while valley and city are fading into night the golden colors are still playing far up on the mountain tops, suggestive of the lines:

"There are shadows in the valleys
But there's sunlight on the hills."

I felt at home in Aspen, in the city which was destined to play so large a part in the early history of my life.

Before relating this experience I shall give my reader some idea of the attractions which abound in this section of the mountains. Here is the sportsman's paradise. Within a radius of one hundred miles from Aspen is found the finest hunting and fishing grounds in Colorado. One could camp from timberline down, look with glass at mountain sheep on the highest peaks, throw the speckled trout from the Roaring Fork into the pan, rest or enjoy himself with innocent sport at will, and in it all know that he has had a happy time.

If the pleasure seeker does not enjoy fishing and hunting, then he can pick the wild flowers of which it is claimed that there are one hundred and fifty varieties in Pitkin County.

Or, if the newcomer is seeking to make a living, he can take up farming in one of the most productive valleys in the Rockies. It is here where many of the far-famed Colorado mountain potatoes grow, and where was located the noted ranch which supplied this popular vegetable for the tables of the New York Central Railroad. Through the farmland of this luxurious valley flows the pure mountain water of the Roaring Fork river, and the rancher can fish or farm at will in this country that is so attractive and diversified.

> "To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and field,
> To slowly trace the forest shady scene
> Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
> And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been,
> To climb the trackless mountains all unseen."

I had a most trying experience during the first few months of my sojourn in Aspen. The city was overrun with hundreds of capable men seeking employment. For several months I had tramped the mountains in search of work but found none. As a result of this strenuous quest I contracted the mountain fever and for six weeks battled with this deadly enemy, two days of which I was unconscious, the doctor holding out little hope for my recovery. After this prolonged period of illness, I found myself in debt to the extent of four hundred and fifty dollars.

I finally procured employment at pushing an ore car in the bottom of a mine, four miles up the mountain from Aspen, in a camp called Tourtlelot

Park. Here I met with success and at the end of the first month was honored with promotion to the blacksmith shop to sharpen and temper tools, with an advance in salary. Two months later I was asked to take charge of the stationary engine, with an increase in pay. A little later I was made a foreman with a still larger increase in salary. Thus I had my first real success in the Rockies. My debts were soon liquidated and my balance at the bank was growing, and with excellent health, I was moving rapidly toward real prosperity.

About this time, and as a result of much persuasion on the part of the Scotch boys, I entered the State athletic games, which were held that season in Aspen between the Caledonian and Irish Clubs of Colorado. I had no training for such a contest, but being somewhat of an athlete and desiring to see the Scotch Clubs win, I decided to do my best at defeating our racial rivals.

At the close of the severe contest, which lasted three hours, it was announced that the Caledonian Clubs had won, and that I had scored a larger number of points than any of the contestants. In fact, had I not participated, the honors that year would have been lost to the Scotch.

The compensation, however, was practically all honor. I had received only $20.00 in prize money and was compelled to keep my bed for several days, so completely did this strenuous business do me up.

After the games were over the enthusiastic Scotchmen carried me on their arms and shoulders

through the streets of Aspen, and this was sufficient reward for one day's work.

This experience was providential, for it made me well known in these parts, thus assisting me later in my religious work in the city.

There was no church up at Tourtlelot Park, although one thousand men worked at this place. Rev. Edward Knapp, who was then serving as pastor of the Baptist Church in Aspen, visited our camp occasionally and preached several sermons in a small hall. Mr. Knapp belonged to a noted family of preachers, well known in New York during the last generation.

I finally decided to conduct a Sunday night service in this same hall. Here I was treated with respect because of my prominence on the mine, though it rather amused the mountain men to hear a layman preach, especially one of their own number.

About this time I had my most sensational experience in the Rockies. I was living with a Duncan Stuart from Cape Breton, in a neat, small cabin, 16 x 20 feet, which we had built with our own hands. It was one of the "swellest" little cabins in the camp.

One day a prize-fighter, a Scotch Canadian, came to my door and asked if he might make a bed for himself in one corner of the cabin, not being able to procure lodging in the overcrowded bunk-houses. Being a man of attractive personality and desirous of helping my fellow men, I naturally granted his

request. He built his board bed, put his blankets thereon, and made himself at home.

After supper he said he was going down to the saloon and would return about ten o'clock. My chum, Mr. Stuart, was working on a night shift. I was alone during the evening hours and, as was my custom, spent the time reading.

The newcomer, to whom I had shown hospitality, returned to the cabin about ten o'clock and found me in a reclining position on my bed, reading the Bible, whereupon he said in stern tones:

"I cannot endure seeing anyone read that book in my presence in this country. You have some cheek to read the Bible in these mountains. I want you to quit."

I quietly reminded him that I was in my own home, that it ill becomes a guest whom I was favoring to object to my doing what I pleased under my own roof, and I trust he would not raise such a question again.

Nothing further was said and we both retired for the night. But to say that I was righteously indignant and had some serious misgivings regarding this fellow is to express it mildly. I thought of my Covenanter forefathers in Scotland, how they had to fight for the sacred right to read the Bible and worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, without the consent of pope, priest, king, church, or any other power, and the same blood flowed in my veins. It was late in the night before

I could get to sleep, so deeply was I stirred by the audacity of this impotent stranger.

On the following day a friend approached me and said:

"I understand that the prize-fighter is living in your cabin. Do you know this man? He is reported to be the middleweight champion of the Rocky Mountain States and a dangerous character. Twice he has been on trial for murder. I think you had better get rid of him or you will surely find yourself in trouble."

That night my guest visited the saloon again and on his return found me reading the Bible in the same reclining position. He looked at me with eyes that flashed with the fires of hell, and said:

"Do you propose to continue reading that book in my presence?"

I replied: "Yes, and that man does not live who can prevent it."

Without speaking another word he pulled off his coat and grabbed a one hundred pound keg, full of nails, which was opened at one end, and threw it to the rafters, turning it so the nails would fall out and scatter all over the floor. That was instalment number one.

Then he took some rich specimens of native gold and silver ore which were lying on the center table and smashed them on the floor in a thousand pieces. That was instalment number two.

Seeing that this behavior was a prelude to war, I readjusted my position and sat on the side of the

bed, ready for eventualities, for I expected that he would spring upon me like a tiger.

Walking over to where I was, he said again:

"Will you quit reading that book in my presence?"

I replied: "No," whereupon he leaped upon me like a mad-man.

The fun was now on in real earnest. I knew it would be a desperate struggle and that if I failed to conquer him my life would not be worth a cent. It was the survival of the fittest, sure enough. We battled ferociously, how long I do not know. Somehow I felt assured of victory, for my strength seemed to be the strength of ten, as I fought to defend my right to read the Bible.

The beds, chairs and center table were broken and our clothes torn to shreds. Twice I got him down but he managed to get up. We were both bruised and bleeding. Finally I mastered him, and with my knees sunken into his body, as he lay beneath me on the floor, and my blows falling upon his disfigured, bleeding face, he surrendered, saying:

"I am beaten. Let me up. I had enough. I quit."

I let him up and said: "I will give you two minutes to pack your blankets and get out."

One of his hands had been broken and I assisted him at rolling and tying up his blankets and placing them on his back. As he passed out with his bundle, I said: "I am sorry I had to beat you, but you de-

served it. I trust you have learned a lesson, that you will never again interfere with a man's religious liberties. I shall pray for you that you may become the man you ought to be," and the uncrowned prize-fighter hobbled out into the night with his bundle on his back.

He went down to the saloon and slept there on the floor until morning, when he left the camp never to return, the most dejected and disgraced man in the mountains, because the "Dominie" (everyone called me "Dominie" at Tourtlelot Park) had done to him what his antagonists in the ring had failed to do.

This quarrel was to me a very sad affair. While it was a "war to end war," as we said when we sent our brave boys to Europe to do their part in terminating that awful conflict, nevertheless, it had its moral reactions. As a Christian I detested fighting and strove "to live in peace with all men." My business was to create good-will, "to seek and to save that which was lost," and it was with a feeling of great sorrow that I was forced to beat one of my fellow men for whom Christ died. I knew that God loved this man as truly as he loved me.

There was, however, one visible result in the Park from my defeat of the prize-fighter—the congregations at the hall on Sundays were greatly augmented. Thus I had a larger opportunity to reach men with the Gospel. I have often prayed that it may be my joy some day "in the sweet bye and bye," to meet my old acquaintance in that country

where love flows like a river, and to know that God for Christ's sake had forgiven him as He forgave me.

The time had arrived when I had decided to quit the mining business and turn my attention to another occupation.

For some time I had been studying the situation in Aspen and the possibilities of opening a blacksmith shop there. Many of the men who conducted this business were victims of the drink habit and I knew that the people of Aspen were desirous of having sober, skilled mechanics do their work.

There was much work of this kind to be done. Nearly every miner used a saddle broncho. One of the livery stables had four hundred horses, and the mining companies made use of many heavy draft animals and wagons to draw down the ore from the mountains to the railroad stations in the city. The prices for all kinds of blacksmith work were more than double what they were in the East. So here was my opportunity to go into business and make big money quickly. Moreover, I wanted to be in town where I could find larger opportunity to do religious service.

Aspen was a vile sink of iniquity. Of the two principal avenues one consisted of a continuous row of saloons and gambling dens, while another avenue running parallel was known as the redlight district. Here, on these two avenues, vice and crime were licensed, legalized, and protected by

the city. The third principal avenue was devoted to business.

There was no social center, no library, no decent place in town where young men could gather and enjoy themselves. The saloons, poolrooms and gambling dens were open day and night including Sunday. The churches were weak and poorly attended. The men of Aspen had come here from every corner of the globe to make money quickly by prospecting for ore, leasing mines, etc., expecting in most cases that their stay would be brief. Moreover many gamblers from various parts of America flocked to this mining center to get rich quickly during the boom days.

After my business had been established, I began to agitate the organization of a Y. M. C. A., for there was great need of such an institution in Aspen. I had a notice read from the pulpits inviting the men of the churches to meet me on the following Thursday night in the Odd Fellows hall to discuss the question of a "Y," but the response was meagre, only about thirty persons attended, including several pastors of the churches, and those who came had their minds made up in advance to throw cold water on the project.

I tried as best I could to present the need for such a social and religious center for the men of Aspen, and the appalling and degrading influence of the saloons and gambling dens, but my speech fell flat.

Quite a number of those present expressed their

opinions, including two of the pastors, and all voiced the same sentiment, to wit: "It is impossible to procure the funds for such an enterprise, worthy as it is."

"You can't get the money. You can't. You can't. We can't support the churches, much less a Y. M. C. A."

Never during all my experience have I heard such a persistent note of unbelief. There was in evidence no faith, no hope, no love. I tried to convince them that what ought to be done can be done, but my effort proved to be a dismal failure.

Finally I called for a vote and only two favored my proposition, and one of those said he voted in favor of the plan because of the great need for a "Y," but that he had little hope in seeing it realized. This gentleman was Mr. Hayes, a prominent civil engineer and a deacon in the Baptist Church. The other brother, Johnnie Clark, was a poor cobbler, a crippled man, a member of the Methodist Church.

The conference being over, I asked Mr. Hayes and the cobbler to tarry behind for I wanted to have a season of prayer with them.

I asked Mr. Hayes to give one day of his time, to accompany me to the offices of the mining companies and endorse the plan. But Mr. Hayes objected, saying that he could not solicit and had no time to give. After assuring him that I would do the begging, and that all I wanted of him was to introduce me and say amen to what I should say, he con-

sented to accompany me to the offices of the mining officials on the following day.

The little cobbler, Johnnie Clark, was delighted, assuring us that he would pray earnestly for success.

We called on the mining officials and some of the business men in the city, and before the banks closed at 4 P. M. my pockets were bulging with gold coin sufficient to insure the success of our plans for the men of Aspen. I had collected nearly $3,000, and had it in the bank before 4 P. M.

With this fund we rented for one year a whole floor in a large new building in the heart of the city, purchased furniture for office, social rooms, parlor, and chairs for a large assembly room, and still had left over, with some new gifts which came in later, sufficient to pay the salary of a secretary for one year at the rate of $100 a month. The interest which the business men showed in the creation of the "Y" was astonishing and far surpassed anything we had anticipated.

I sent a notice to be read on the following Sunday from all the pulpits, calling a special mass meeting to be held in the Methodist Church that week, for the purpose of proceeding with the organization of a "Y," stating that funds had been provided for this object; also emphasizing in my notice the fact that the ladies would be welcomed.

The church was packed and expectation and good cheer were much in evidence.

I requested Mr. Hayes to act as chairman, which he did, and after his introductory remarks I was

called upon to give a report. Following my address, I suggested that we proceed with the matter of organization, whereupon two brethren, who had been outspoken against the project as presented in the Odd Fellows hall, spoke, one immediately following the other, endorsing my proposition, advising the creation of an executive committee, and to my amazement, each one nominated the other to serve, one as an officer, the other as secretary for the association.

Both these brethren had evidently laid their plans whereby their church would control the new organization. Seldom have I seen a more striking illustration of the littleness and meanness of human nature.

Mr. Hayes, quick to sense the situation, suggested that a nominating committee be appointed to present at a subsequent meeting names for an executive committee. A motion to this effect prevailed, and after a vote of thanks was extended to the writer for his labors in behalf of the men of Aspen, the meeting was adjourned.

The Association was finally organized, and a trained secretary, who had served in the "Y" at Oswego, N. Y., was employed, and this much needed organization began to function in Aspen.

It is farthest from my purpose to claim any credit for the success which had so signally crowned my efforts. The vision was given me to see and the heart to feel the need, and I was simply working out that which God in His infinite love had

implanted within me. No man deserves credit for physical sight nor for moral illumination. I saw the need and heeded the call. "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." "What has thou that thou didst not receive?" Yet Christian men in pulpit and pew often act as if credit for the heavenly vision and their success belongs to them. Give God the praise, to whom alone belongeth the glory forever and ever!

This happy experience also suggests the fact that when we are in the will of God and the path of duty is clear, it is unwise to heed the counsel of men, not even that of preachers. There are times when counsel is needed, but my observation has been that most Christians and churches are more ready to follow the advice of men, or consult their own feelings or prejudices, than they are to go direct to God and cling fast to Him in faith and prayer until the way of duty is clearly shown. This is one of our most common sins to-day, and for which sorrow and failure have come upon the Church of God. "Wait on the Lord, wait, I say, on the Lord."

No man and no body of men, however wise and experienced, can navigate their ship across the ocean of life without a chart and compass, much less can they govern the Church of God. I have noticed that aged men are often more apt to be conceited in Christian work than young men, because they know that their experience has endowed them with superior wisdom. But it is equally true

of both young and old that in the work of Christ's Church we have to do with a supernatural life and movement, and only by giving and moving on under the guidance of the Holy Spirit can we do God's great work. The crime of many of the teachers and preachers to-day is, that they magnify human personality in such a way as to lose the vision of God, forgetting that a curse is pronounced upon him who trusts in the arm of flesh.

It is needless to say, that as a result of my activity in the Lord's work callers were more numerous at my office, especially from among the men of the churches. I was not yet a member of any church, and the pastors dropped in frequently to invite me to fellowship with them. All the ministers in Aspen were men of influence and faithful in their calling. I well recall how one of them in particular labored strenuously to have me join his church. Periodically the various pastors made their brief calls, and each one seemed anxious that I should cast in my lot with his church. Of course in this they were doing their duty. Nevertheless it furnished food for thought. Formerly no one of them had showed any particular interest in me. I was only a blacksmith and churches are not usually run by obscure mechanics. But now because of my service in behalf of the men of Aspen I had become somewhat prominent.

With no intention of casting reflection upon my brethren, I shall give the reader the arguments each

one of the pastors employed in order to persuade me to join his church:

Dr. A., of the Christian Church, had been the most frequent caller and his stock arguments were repeated over and over again.

He said: "You cannot afford to unite with the Baptists for you surely do not believe in restricted communion. The Baptists think that they will have a corner in heaven all by themselves.

"I know you are too intelligent to join the Presbyterians for you cannot endorse their creed and believe in infant damnation.

"As for the Methodists you cannot accept their milk and water theology, saved to-day, lost to-morrow, and their unscriptural infant baptism.

"I invite you to come to us because we are orthodox yet liberal and progressive. We have no creed. If you should decide to join our church I will pay your way through our own university in Iowa, provided you promise to go into our ministry. I know you are called to preach. Come on now and unite with us next Sunday."

Dr. B., an ex-soldier of the Civil War, and pastor of the Methodist Church, called only once to invite me to unite with his flock. He was a noble minister and was held in high esteem by his people. In extending his courteous invitation he made no criticism of nor reference to the doctrines of the other churches. In this he showed both good sense and refined taste. The only reason he advanced for

my uniting with his church was, that the young people needed my assistance and guidance.

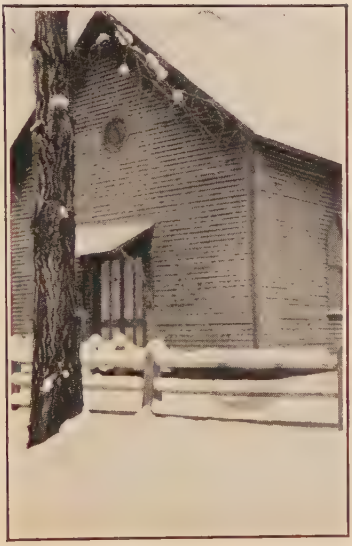
I was also favored with a call by Dr. C., the scholarly and cultured minister of the Presbyterian fold. He had the wealthiest church in Aspen, having, among others of some note, a Judge of the Supreme Court. Like the Methodist pastor, Dr. C. made no criticism of the other churches, but rather spoke in high praise of them all. He submitted two reasons why I should unite with his Church: One was that my name suggested that in my forebears I was a Presbyterian, and the other reason, given in a jocular manner, was, "We shall welcome thirteen new members to-morrow and you know that that is an unlucky number, and I want you to come and make it fourteen."

The last pastor to invite me to join his church was Dr. D., the shepherd of the Baptist people. He was a young man of unusual gifts, but his little flock was composed of only twenty-eight members who had brought their letters from the East, all of whom were poor wage-earners. This was the weakest church in town. Their house of worship was a tiny box, seating about one hundred, and was built at a cost of $1,200. This small group of people, however, had not only built and paid for their meeting house, but also a neat parsonage of similar cost, and were paying their minister $125 per month. They boasted of having no debt, all bills being paid promptly from month to month, a record I have never seen surpassed if ever equalled.

In response to my inquiry as to why he desired that I unite with his flock, Dr. D. replied: "We are the weakest, the poorest Church in Aspen, and I think you would be doing God's will in assisting us. Of course if you do not agree with the doctrines of our church we do not desire you to unite with us."

He made no criticism of any other church. Knowing that this good man was an evangelical gospel preacher, this, with his reason as submitted for my serving with them, proved to be one of the deciding factors. I wanted to encourage the weak. I felt moreover that they were more worthy of me than I was of them. Indeed the praise of this consecrated people was spoken of in all the churches. And, by the way, I was the first person who had been baptized by immersion in Aspen, as I was also the first one whom Dr. D. had baptized by immersion, for he had recently come over to the Baptists from another church.

I must tarry here to say that I do not object to any church because they have a creed. The United States have a creed in the Constitution, and had it not been for this fundamental statement of principles our nation long ago would have gone into anarchy and decay. Our Protestant Churches are more in need now of a simple Scriptural statement of doctrine than at any time in our history, for ours is an age of the most subtle and refined antagonism to Christian truth the Church has thus far known. We need, therefore, a well-formed



THE LITTLE CHAPEL IN ASPEN
Where the Parson Was Baptized

ONE OF THE PARSON'S BLACKSMITH SHOPS
In Aspen. He is Standing in the Door With Hammer and Horseshoe in Hand

anchor made of the steel of God's Word, with which to safeguard the gospel ship in this age of opposition to the truth.

A Scriptural declaration of Bible truth would be helpful, not alone in the education of the young who are so easily influenced by false teachers, but also in the government of the local brotherhoods and the national assemblies of the churches.

We have not in this respect outgrown the wisdom and experience of the past. The word creed is derived from the Latin word *credo* and simply means I believe. All churches believe certain Christian truths, therefore all churches have their creeds whether formulated or not.

I have observed that those who are most outspoken in their opposition to a creed have one of their own, and are usually more dogmatic and disagreeable than those who stand for a well-ordered statement of Bible truth. I have also observed that many of those who are opposed to a creed have rejected the Bible as the Word of God and have accepted a modern philosophy of rationalism, the influence of which tends to unbelief, agnosticism, religious anarchy, or individualism gone mad.

But to return to my experience in Aspen. The day appointed by the Baptist Church for my reception into membership by baptism proved to be the coldest I have ever known. The thermometer registered thirty below zero. There was no dressing room in the small chapel, so I had to make use of the parsonage which was several hundred feet from

the Church. Having none of the conveniences that are found in Baptist churches generally, the chill could not be taken off the water, and when the covering was removed it was found that the symbolic grave had been sealed solid by one inch of ice that had frozen over its surface.

The pastor was standing at one end of the baptistry ready, upon the removal of the covering, to walk down into the water, while I stood to the rear, the pool being between me and the congregation.

The pastor shook his head and smiled, as much as to say: "You cannot be baptized to-night."

"Wait a minute," I spoke up audibly. "I shall break it," and leaping high in the air and falling squarely upon my feet on the center of the ice, it broke into pieces, the water splashing in all directions, sprinkling generously those who were sitting in the front pews.

After pushing the broken ice to the sides of the baptistry, I said: "Come in, Pastor, all is now ready."

After the solemn ordinance had been administered I rushed to the parsonage. No ill effects were experienced from this act of obedience, and the blessing that filled my life, as the Spirit of God witnessed the Divine approval, was mine for many days.

Perhaps the reader will say: "It cost him something to unite with the Baptists." Yes, thank God, it did, and I have no faith in the religion that has not a cross at the heart of it. Think how much it

cost the Lord of Glory to redeem us poor unworthy sinners. He rightly commands us to deny ourselves and take up our cross, if needs be to death, and follow Him.

"Deny thyself, take up thy cross,
'Tis thy Redeemer's great command,
Nature would count her gold but dross
If she could gain that heavenly land."

For several years I had fellowship with the saints in this little church, and this was one of the happiest periods in my life.

My service with the Baptists, however, did not lessen my love and esteem for my brethren in the other churches. In fact it brought me nearer to all God's people in a feeling of common sympathy and suffering in the Kingdom of God. Why should it not be so when every believer in Christ shall share with Him in His glory? There is only one Church and all twice-born souls are members thereof, by whatever name they are known on earth.

"One Family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

This is the unity for which our Lord prayed—the unity of a common life—the life in the Holy Spirit. And if death cannot break that unity why should we allow a spirit of bigotry to mar it here?

In reply to the question: "To what church do you belong?" I often say: "I am, in a sense, a

member of them all. That which is good and true in them I claim as mine." Let the Christian people everywhere cease to proselyte true believers from other folds and turn their whole attention to the winning of the world to Christ. That is the big task, big enough to occupy all our time and moral energies. No one branch of Christ's true Church, however strong, will ever win the whole world. Two thousand years of futile effort ought to teach both Roman Catholics and Protestants this fact. Preach the Gospel, cling faithfully to the Word of God, but give your brethren the right to differ from you on matters that are not fundamental and essential to salvation.

Several members of a Ladies' Aid Society were discussing the question of church union.

A Presbyterian lady gave her opinion, saying: "We shall all have to give up a little."

A Methodist lady said: "Yes, we shall have to give up something."

Then an Episcopalian gave her opinion. She said: "I am sure that we Episcopalians will have to give up a little, also."

Finally it came the turn of the Baptist lady to speak, which she did by saying: "You are all quite right in saying that we shall have to give up a little, and after we have done that we will all be Baptists."

That illustrates the spirit which animates much of the agitation for church union. Union only when everybody will come to us. But it will never even-

tuate that way unless liberty should perish from the earth.

In permitting the visible Church to have been broken into several Branches, God must have directed it for a purpose, perhaps, known only to Himself. Doubtless there lurks great danger to religious liberty in a Church hierarchy possessing autocratic power. The Roman Church possessed such power for centuries and is even yet far too much of an autocracy, but they were the "dark ages." Denominations of churches have brought more blessing to men than our modern world can well imagine. The Protestant Reformation gave us our religious and political freedom. Let the various divisions of the true Evangelical Church of Christ march forward in a common cause, preaching the Gospel of Grace, lifting men's burdens, conquering evil in all its forms, purifying themselves by the blessed hope of His coming, and, as we labor and wait and watch for the manifestation of the glorious King and His Kingdom, make sure that by our example we reveal to men everywhere that we are true followers of Jesus Christ. Then the world will say: "See how these Christians love one another."

We now enter upon a dark page in the history of Aspen. It was in the early nineties when the price of silver had fallen on the market from 100 to 49. Aspen being a low grade ore camp, the ore smelting only from $3.00 to $5.00 a ton, when the market slumped and the Government reduced largely the

purchasing of silver, it became a profitless business to work the mines in Aspen. The result may well be imagined.

Like a crash from the sky the bottom dropped out of the town. About four hundred mines and prospect holes closed down, and the few mines that continued operations reduced their working force nearly 100 per cent.

Thousands of men, women and children, who had no money in the bank, had to foot the trail over the Great Divide to Leadville and other places. Every business failed except those that were branches of large eastern concerns. Banks, churches, livery stables, Y. M. C. A., in short nearly everything closed, including my blacksmith shops, and we were made paupers almost over night. The demand for silver has never been sufficiently large to revive Aspen to this day.

I moved to Leadville without a dollar to my name, and procured work in a shoeing shop. Here I brought my letter, united with the Baptist Church, and remained one year.

I now saw clearly that it was not in God's plan that I should have accumulated a snug fortune before studying for the ministry, as I had finally planned to do in Aspen, hence I decided to go to Colgate University as soon as I had sufficient funds with which to purchase several suits of clothes and pay the railroad fare.

Dr. James Townsend was then pastor of the Baptist Church in this city and he insisted that I must

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
in Leadville, Where the Parson Was Licensed to Preach

preach a sermon in his pulpit and receive a license, for that was necessary before I could be accepted at Colgate as a student for the Baptist ministry. I preached, received my license, and was ready to bid farewell to the mountains.

Just about this time a great temptation had seized me. I feared that I was not called to preach, and that I had better abandon my plans and remain where I was. For days I battled with this temptation.

On the following Sunday night a stranger from Utah preached in the Presbyterian Church and I went to hear him. Much to my surprise he stared me nearly out of countenance while he was speaking. It would seem that he thought of me as the only person in the place. But I said to myself, "It is only one of those strange habits some preachers have."

At the close of the service he rushed to me and said in earnest tones: "You are called to preach, but you are discouraged. God impressed me to tell you this. Don't turn back. God bless you. I must run and catch my train for Utah. It will leave in a few minutes. Good-bye," and away he ran.

I do not now recall the name of this man of God. He did not know me. We were total strangers. But his words revived my faith and within a few days I was at the station on my way to Colgate University.

I noticed, however, on purchasing my ticket that it cost more than I had anticipated, and I found

myself short of money. What was I to do? The train would pull out in about five minutes. Turning around who stood behind me but Mr. J. B. Hensley, a deacon in the church, who had come to bid me good-bye, for he had heard that I would leave that morning. Without stopping a minute, for he was in much haste to fill an appointment, he grabbed my hand and said, "Good-bye. God bless you," and rushed away, leaving a $20.00 gold piece in my hand. This made it possible to purchase a ticket. I caught my train just as it was pulling out, and with this added assurance that I was in the will of God, I gladly pursued my journey to the University.

IX

SEMINARY DAYS

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Timothy 2:15

I ARRIVED at Hamilton, in New York State, the seat of Colgate University, with only nine dollars in my possession. It was my purpose to pay for my education by doing odd jobs in the town. I loved to be independent and decided not to ask help of anyone. I had also hoped to be able to help myself financially after the first year by supplying small churches. I believed that the career upon which I had entered would not be so full of knotty problems as was my experience in the Rockies.

It was now apparent that, because of my age, I must apply myself continuously to the new task with unremitting zeal. So far as an academic training is concerned it was in my case now or never.

It was also my purpose to keep my financial condition a secret. The Lord knew all about it and that was quite sufficient. If He wanted me to remain and I should find myself unable to meet my expenses, He would surely furnish the funds. I was glad to trust in Him who had the hairs of my

head numbered. Through years of experience I had learned that God could be trusted, that He never breaks His promises, and in this fact I revelled and was ready for any emergency in the school of faith.

It was in the year 1892, at the age of twenty-six, that I entered the "prep" class in the Academy. I was glad that there was one member of the class who was my senior, and he was thirty-eight years of age. Here I had hoped to prepare for College, then, after taking the four years Arts course, to spend three years in the Seminary. This to a man of my years, looked like a long, hard pull that undoubtedly would challenge the best there was in me.

In pondering earnestly over my plan, however, I finally decided to change it and spend only four years at Colgate—one in the Academy and three in the Seminary. I had a feeling that the struggles and discipline in the mountains were equivalent, in the preparation for the ministry, to a course in college, and in the possession of such a valuable asset I had an advantage over most college men. If this seems to be an unjust appraisal I trust my readers will forgive me. So I had taken a full account of stock and was willing to face the future with a limited academic training, though I have always regretted that I had not the advantage of a college education. I had seen college men fail in the ministry, due to their lack of Christian experience and knowledge of the Bible, and I was convinced that it

THE PARSON AT TWENTY-SEVEN, IN THE ACADEMY

takes far more than a college degree to make a preacher of the gospel.

I shall ask the readers indulgence for a recital of this preparation. Before leaving my old home on Cape Breton I had learned under my father's tutelage, not a little of theology and the Bible, and acquired in the common school some knowledge of grammar, history and mathematics. In those early years I had also familiarized myself with many of the masters of English literature and with the old Greek philosophies and poetry. Also, during my years in the Rockies, I was not only a constant reader of the best American and British magazines, but I had taken a night course of one year in intensive Bible study in the First Baptist Church in Leadville, under the teaching of one of the ablest men I have ever known—Mr. J. B. Hensley, who was then the President of the Y. M. C. A. in that city. Moreover, in those years I had been a student of modern science and philosophy as propounded by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and others of note. Also during my four years in Aspen I was an active member of a splendid literary society.

In the light of all this it was not presumption on my part to believe that I was as well prepared to enter the Seminary as most college graduates. And, judging from what I had later seen of some of the college men in the Seminary, I became convinced that I was correct in this judgment, so far as practical knowledge of the Bible was concerned.

This, then, with my advanced years, constitute my apologetic for spending so brief a term at Colgate.

While in the Academy I became acquainted with a Rev. Mr. Bacon who was a member of my Club, a college graduate, and now a student in the Seminary. Mr. Bacon was serving as the pastor of a church in Morrisville, a town some seven miles distant, with a population of about 800 souls. I accepted an invitation from this brother to spend the spring vacation with him in his church, doing personal work in the services he had planned to conduct. On account of the small attendance I saw, however, that there was nothing for me to do, consequently I decided to call upon the people of the town and invite them to the services. This met with Mr. Bacon's hearty approval and, with Bible in hand, I visited every home in Morrisville, doing some personal work whenever possible and offering prayer from house to house. As a result of this aggressive evangelism the services in the church were augmented and several men were restored to active Christian service. My work in the homes awakened considerable interest and was the subject of conversation all over town, so much so that several requests had been made of the pastor that he invite me to preach. This, however, Mr. Bacon hesitated to do for I was only a "prep" in the Academy. But, to please his friends he did extend an invitation, which I accepted, saying, "I shall do my best." That was Thursday, and it was announced that I would preach on the following night.

To my surprise the church was crowded. I took for my text: "And he arose and came to his father." In response to the invitation that followed the sermon a number of adults made confession of faith—the first response during the services. This, of course, was no reflection on Mr. Bacon, for he was a good preacher. He expressed his pleasure over the service and invited me to remain over and preach every night during the following week.

As a result of this humble work at Morrisville, I felt much encouraged and resolved to avail myself of every opportunity to preach.

After returning to Colgate, Mr. Bacon wrote to Dr. Barnes, who was then Secretary of State Missions, asking that he place me in a church during the summer holidays. I was invited to supply a small church at Coventry, N. Y., which had a membership of about twenty-five souls, and was on its last pins, and for which service there would be given a compensation of $5.00 a week.

I was happy to go to Coventry and serve during the summer months with the good people of this small group. Here the Word of God was greatly blessed. The congregation of about twenty persons grew in two months to more than one hundred and quite a goodly number made confession of faith.

This further evidence of the Lord's approval confirmed me in my plan to spend only four years at Colgate.

On hearing of the work of grace at Coventry, Dr. Barnes wrote his congratulation and assured me

that he would place my name for supply work before other churches if I desired him to do so.

Upon my return to Colgate I applied for admission to the Seminary and was accepted. During my first week several classmates, college graduates, men more learned than wise, made a protest over my presence in their class, saying that it lowered the standard of the institution and reflected on college men to have as a member a "prep" fresh from the Academy. Their protest, however, was overruled.

During my first year in the Seminary I was invited to serve as stated supply of the Baptist Church at Sidney, N. Y., a town of four thousand population. The compensation would be $5.00 a Sunday, one half of which would be required to pay my travelling expenses. This church was weak and worshipped in a very small wood structure. Here I served as supply for fourteen months. During this period the membership of the church was doubled, my modest honorarium increased to $12.00 a Sunday, and a fund of $3,000 was pledged toward a new house of worship. My successor carried to completion the new building enterprise, which gave the Baptist people the only brick church in Sidney with the town clock in the tower.

During my Seminary years I was kept busy on Sundays supplying churches in various parts of the eastern states.

I must now return and relate an experience I had during my first year while in the Academy. About mid-winter I found myself very much in debt,

owing numerous bills in Hamilton. I owed for my room and board, dry goods, laundry, tailoring, books, stationery and for several other necessities. It seemed that I was indebted to nearly every concern in the town.

Professor Sisson of the Academy, who was then treasurer of the Baptist Church where I had my membership, asked for a contribution, saying: "We expect every member to do his part." I made a pledge of $5.00 and assured him that I would do better were it not for the fact that I was much in debt. Then I told the treasurer of my numerous obligations, whereupon he said: "I cannot accept your pledge. Instead of you helping us we shall have to help you."

"I shall pay that sum in due time and all my other bills. Put me down for that small amount," I replied.

"Have you no resources? How do you expect to go on here without funds? You know that we are very strict with students for the ministry. Several have been dismissed because of failure to pay their bills, and we shall be obliged to enforce our rules in your case also."

I told my good friend that in doing my best to keep my head above water I had been mowing lawns in the fall months for several of the professors, and working one hour each day, between classes, in the blacksmith shop for which I received a small consideration. But in spite of all my efforts to work my way and keep out of debt I had been unable thus

far to do so. I assured him that if the Lord wanted me for the ministry He would supply the necessary funds. I also told the treasurer that I had prayed definitely for $50 but asked the Lord not to send it if I was mistaken regarding my call to preach, that I should a thousand times prefer to go back to my mechanical work rather than fail as a preacher. "Yes, you must take this small pledge for $5.00."

"No my brother," said the treasurer, "I cannot do it."

"Yes, Sir, you must," I replied.

"What do you mean, Mr. McPherson? We may be obliged to dismiss you, and here you are insisting on a further obligation."

"I mean just this: I am living the life of faith, trusting God for back and stomach, and why can I not trust Him for something for His cause? Indeed, His cause should come first. It is a delight to trust God. It is heaven below to live the life of faith. You do not know how I enjoy it, for it makes God real. It is glorious to trust Him when we cannot see one inch ahead. It is when we are in deepest need that He makes the greatest revelation of Himself, for 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Put me down for that small sum for Him. It will be paid in due time, even though I should have to leave Colgate."

Professor Sisson replied: "I have never heard an argument like this. You have inspired me by your faith, and I shall take your pledge. If, however, you should be unable to make good, remember no

one will ever know about it. I shall never dun you. Good-bye," and this noble man of God walked away. Professor Sisson was one of the princes of Colgate.

Some time prior to this experience with the Professor I wrote a letter to an old friend in Colorado, Rev. R. A. Cameron who was then pastor of the First Baptist Church in Denver, and I told him that I was studying for the ministry at Colgate but was hard pressed for funds. I knew that such news would please Dr. Cameron for he had urged me, while in the Rockies, to go and prepare myself for the ministry. He was not aware, however, that I had gone to Colgate for this purpose.

Dr. Cameron had kept himself informed of my work in the Rockies. Upon receipt of my letter he wrote to his friend, Mr. James B. Colgate of New York, who had endowed the University, and in whose honor the name was changed from Madison University to Colgate University. He told Mr. Colgate of my work in the mountains, named me "the Rocky Mountain Blacksmith," and wrote a recommendation such as no mortal ever deserved, with the result that this noted philanthropist decided to come at once to my aid.

Shortly after this I received a card from Rev. H. S. Lloyd of Hamilton, who was one of the treasurers of the Education Society for the State of New York. The card contained four words: "Mc come and see."

When I entered his office, Dr. Lloyd said:

"I understand that you are in need of financial help. Why did you not come and tell me about it?"

I replied: "It seemed best to work upon you by way of the throne."

Then he spread out on the table three letters.

"Do you recognize the handwriting of any of these letters?" said the treasurer.

"Yes, this is my letter which I sent to Dr. Cameron," I replied. And I asked: "Whose letters are these?"

"This one is Dr. Cameron's letter to Mr. Colgate, and that one is Mr. Colgate's letter to me. So you see your letter to Cameron is back again in Hamilton," replied Dr. Lloyd.

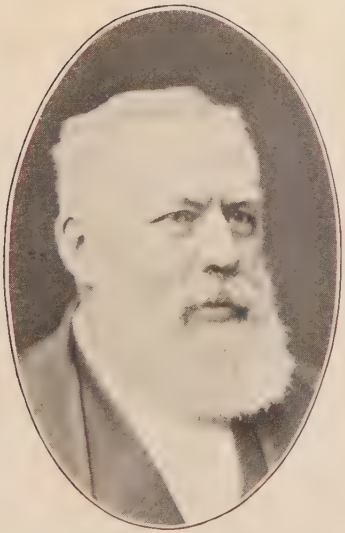
"Mr. Colgate's letter read about as follows:

"Stand by that 'Rocky Mountain Blacksmith' and let him take any course in the university he may choose and I will pay the bill."

"How much money do you need?" inquired Dr. Lloyd.

"I have been praying for $50 to be sent within two weeks, or I should feel that it is not in God's plan for me to remain here. I had not the slightest doubt that God would provide the funds, that is, provided He has a work for me to do in the ministry. I am happy over Mr. Colgate's letter for it has solved two problems: my debts shall now be paid promptly and I shall never again doubt my call to preach the gospel. How marvelously God works!"

"Here is a check for $175.00," replied Dr. Lloyd,



MR. JAMES B. COLGATE
(By Permission)

and he added "Whenever you need more come and get it, for Mr. Colgate is standing back of you now and I shall be glad to carry out his instructions."

I took the check, went at once to the bank and had it cashed into bills of small denominations, thus making it convenient to pay all my little debts around town.

While returning from the bank I met Professor Sisson, the treasurer of the Baptist Church, and pulling the big roll out of my pocket I pealed off a five dollar bill and handed it to him, saying: "This redeems my promise to the church. So glad to be able to pay the church first."

The Professor's face beamed with smiles as he said: "Where did you get that big roll of money?"

"The good Lord sent it in answer to prayer," I replied. "And it has come as mysteriously as the food with which the raven fed Elijah. But then the Lord knows His own business," I concluded.

"You have taught me a lesson, and I shall make use of your experience in our own church, without using your name," replied Professor Sisson.

I cannot resist the temptation to say a word here regarding my benefactor, Mr. James B. Colgate, whom I had the pleasure of meeting seven years later in his home in Yonkers, and who impressed me as being a very great man. Our first meeting was during a series of services which I was conducting in the Nepperhan Avenue Church in that city. I introduced myself as "that Rocky Mountain Black-

smith" whom he generously aided when I was in the Academy.

Mr. Colgate received me most cordially, but he seemed to have forgotten about the letter he had sent to Dr. Lloyd.

He said: "I have helped so many that I do not now recall your case."

Mr. Colgate was in the best of good cheer when I called and amused me for two hours by telling stories and incidents from his own remarkable experience. Though for many decades a notable figure in the financial world, Mr. Colgate seemed to be an unassuming, modest person. He belonged to a family whose name, for a half century or more, has been held in highest esteem in the Baptist world, and to which no words of mine can add any lustre. Because of the sterling Christian character of the Colgates, many preachers, educators, missionaries and others, who have been cheered in the struggle of life by their generosity, or who have seen the fruit of their unselfish benefactions, both in the churches at home and on the mission fields abroad, have for more than a generation been speaking their praises.

Mr. Colgate is survived by a son, Mr. James C. Colgate who like his distinguished father, is deeply interested in the University which bears the family name, and from which has gone forth thousands of consecrated men to bless the world; and also by a daughter, Miss Mary Colgate, one of the outstanding women in the Baptist world, and who has

proved herself to be a worthy representative of her noble parents.

It is families like the Colgates, in the various Christian Communions, of whom we have now too few, who have been loyal to the old Book and old Faith, whom God has used to make America great and glorious and Evangelical, Protestant Christianity the mightiest uplifting power in the world. I trust that I shall be pardoned for referring here to these great souls; but I feel, that I should be ungrateful if I failed to show my appreciation. Surely we honor our Lord by honoring His servants.

I am happy to state that I was the recipient for one year only of Mr. Colgate's generosity, for I managed to earn sufficient while in the Seminary to meet my obligations, plus the usual assistance which the Education Society gave to ministerial students; consequently I declined to receive any further help from my friend.

I must now return to my experience with the treasurer of the Baptist Church. Professor Sisson was not only one of the most highly respected of the teachers in the University, but he was also an up-to-date church treasurer as well. As was his custom he gave a quarterly statement of the financial condition of the Church.

On the Sabbath following, after I had redeemed my small obligation, the treasurer gave his report. Among other plain words spoken, he reminded the Church that some of those most able to pay were in

arrears for one and two years. Then he told them of the struggles of a poor student and how he had paid his pledge, closing his recital of my case with a brilliant and touching appeal to the members to pay up. I noticed that many persons in the congregation were deeply moved by the story told them by this good man.

When Professor Sisson gave his next report to the Church he said: "For the first time, during all the years I have been treasurer, this Church is out of debt and has a respectable balance in the treasury, thanks to the lesson taught us by the conduct of that poor student. He put us all to shame and I trust that we shall not soon forget it." Then the treasurer thanked God for the students and the blessing they bring to the Church and the world.

I was now in the final months of my graduation year—1895—and was thinking of the unknown world just ahead.

I had not as yet accepted a pastorate, though I had been honored with invitations from several strong churches to come to them, one of which was the most flattering call extended to any student in the senior class. But not feeling led of God to any one of those fields I declined them all. So after graduation I was obliged to remain in Hamilton and await the Master's bidding.

The boys in my class, who now were all located on their respective fields, viewed me as being somewhat peculiar because of my independence in declining the overtures from the churches. Dr.

Arthur Jones, my teacher in homiletics, urged that I cling to my ideal, saying that the greatest sorrow he had in the ministry came as a result of his decision to serve as pastor of a certain church to which the Lord had not called him. I decided to remain in Hamilton and await the call of the great Commander to a field of labor.

"They also serve who stand and wait."

During the next few weeks I assisted deacon Skinner of Hamilton at making his hay.

The Philadelphia Neff College of Oratory held their summer school in the University buildings, and I took the six weeks' course, much to my profit and delight. This proved to be a valuable training for it gave me freedom in public speaking to which I had been a stranger, and I am sure that this was one of the reasons why the Lord had kept me in Hamilton that summer.

At the close of this summer school I received an invitation to supply the Baptist Church at Mahopac Falls, N. Y. I had never heard of this place and wondered how they had heard of me. While reading the letter the Spirit of God impressed me with the fact that this is to be my field of service.

I went to Mahopac Falls, arriving early at the Church Sunday morning, before the congregation had gathered, and immediately went into the pulpit and prayed. Here again the Lord impressed me that this was my field of labor.

At the conclusion of the evening service the Committee invited me to return for the following Sab-

bath, which I did. They said that it was a law with them that candidates must preach on two Sabbaths before the Church could extend a call.

I returned and preached on the following Lord's Day. At the close of the morning service, and not waiting until I had concluded the day's ministry, the Church held a special meeting. When my name was presented they voted unanimously to extend to me a call to become their pastor.

Within an hour after returning to my hotel the Committee entered and apprised me of the action of the Church and stated that the members of the congregation were all asked to vote, something they had never done before.

I thanked the brethren and assured them that I would give my reply within two weeks, for it would require that time to think the matter over, whereupon Mr. Wood, the Chairman of the Committee, urged that the reply be sent earlier if possible, saying that they had added $100.00 to the usual salary paid their pastors, and that he himself would add another $100.00 to the increased compensation. I assured them that the salary was quite sufficient for my needs and that in due time my reply would be forthcoming. These good brethren evidently felt that I might not come to them and they seemed to be worried.

In thinking over the matter, I felt that the call should be accepted at once, but, like most preachers, I had thought it good policy to act somewhat independently, in order not to give the impression of

being over anxious. Later, however, I felt that this kind of politics should be eschewed, and, fearing to grieve the Spirit of God, I decided to announce to the Church at the evening service my acceptance of their call. Upon entering the pulpit the first words I spoke were these: "I appreciate more than I can tell the honor you have conferred upon me in asking that I serve as your pastor. I now accept your call." This announcement, I am sure, added much to the joy and blessing of that service.

Within two weeks after I had accepted the pastorate of the Church at Mahopac Falls I was formally ordained, set apart by the Church and the pastors in that section of the State to the holy work of the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ. Not that I had no right to serve as a Christian minister without this formal ordination, for the Holy Spirit had called and ordained me to this sacred office, and the Church was bearing her testimony to this fact in the service of ordination. That is the only scriptural significance of a formal ordination, namely, that God has set apart this one for ministry in His Church.

I must record my experience with the Council. While I knew that I was orthodox, believing strongly in the vicarious and substitutionary atonement of Christ, that is, that He took upon himself the sin and guilt of humanity, being Himself the Representative Man and dying in the sinners' place, thus vindicating the justice and displaying the holiness of God, nevertheless, strange as it may seem,

the Council voted their disapproval of the candidate because he said that he also believed in the moral influence theory of the atonement—that Jesus Christ exerts a moral influence upon men by His death. The Council feared that while admitting the latter, I secretly rejected the former. They knew that Jesus exerts a good influence upon men by His death, and so they rightly repudiated this as an adequate statement of the real significance of His sacrifice. What they really feared was that I was a modernist in disguise. They knew that Dr. Newton N. Clark, under whom I had studied in the Seminary, taught the moral influence theory, and they imagined that I was a secret disciple of Clark, consequently their vote was in the negative.

I confess that to me their attitude was rather amusing, but to the church it was outrageous. While in the Seminary I strenuously opposed the teaching of Dr. Clarke, because I viewed it as subversive of the heart of the Gospel. In a jocular way, Dr. Clarke dubbed me, "John Calvin." But now for "Calvin" to be rejected seemed funny, if not tragic.

The good brethren, however, reconsidered their action and, after a prolonged discussion, decided to recommend that the Church proceed with the ordination, even though in the final vote the candidate had in his favor only a majority of one.

What is my verdict now of the action of the Council, after a lapse of twenty-nine years? It is, that these brethren had acted wisely. It would be

THE PARSON AT THIRTY
When Pastor at Mahopac Falls, N. Y.

well if all ordaining councils showed the same caution. While my position was correct, nevertheless, it is a notorious fact that some candidates for ordination today are taught by certain modernists who teach in our institutions, to misrepresent or conceal their real beliefs. Let the churches exercise more care in this important matter for we have a subtle and treacherous enemy to deal with. We do not need more preachers so much as we need *more gospel preachers.*

On the Sabbath following my ordination, while preaching in the morning service from the words: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes" (Isaiah 54:2), I noticed that the presence of God was most manifest in the congregation. At first I did not quite understand it. The people were weeping as if they had all lost loved ones. I had not been telling pathetic stories but was giving an expository sermon, showing how God is seeking to enlarge our lives, and the beauty, power and blessing of such lives in whom God has absolute control. During the last ten minutes of the sermon, I noticed that the people could hardly look at the speaker through the tears which filled their eyes, and I felt some embarrassment as I continued with my message. In all my ministry I had never witnessed such a scene.

Immediately, on closing my sermon, I was constrained to do something I had never seen done by

any preacher, and which I had never imagined I should do in a quiet Sabbath morning service—I felt impressed to extend an invitation to confess Christ as Saviour and Lord. This I did, and, to my surprise, nine adult men and women, all in the prime of life, arose and walked rapidly to the front of the Church. There was no urging. This response was as spontaneous as a spring freshet. I said that I was surprised because I had not expected any manifestation like this, especially in a Sunday morning service.

The truth is that while I was heart and soul in my work, nevertheless, I did not look for a mighty revival such as we were now beginning to witness. My ambition was to do a good, solid, upbuilding work, to keep the Church free from debt, united, and to take in enough members to make up for losses by death and removals. I had never conducted a great revival of religion, if I may use the term, though I believed that God had called me to do the work of an evangelist.

After I had given some instruction to those friends who were seeking salvation from sin and was about to announce the benediction, suddenly a deacon, a man over eighty years of age arose and said:

"Do not dismiss us. I want to speak."

"Very well, brother, we shall be glad to hear you."

The deacon continued: "We must hold special meetings, for the time of a great visitation is at

hand. You know, pastor, we are in a revival of religion now and we must keep the doors of the Church open, for the Lord is visiting His people. I lost my wife some months ago and I felt lonely out on the farm, and so I sought the face of God. I have been praying three months for a revival. Some nights I would wake from sleep, get out and kneel down by the side of my bed and pray, how long I do not know. But, finally, God assured me that my prayers would be answered, and the first Sabbath you preached here I knew He was going to bring the blessing to us through your ministry, and now He is pouring out His Spirit and we cannot close this Church."

I replied: "Deacon, I have no barrel of sermons to turn over. It is all I can do to prepare two messages weekly and a prayer meeting address and visit my new congregation, so you must excuse me."

"No, Sir, we cannot excuse you. We want you to preach every night. You can do it, and if you cannot then this Church will do the preaching. I will do my share if necessary. I move you, Sir, that the Church begin tomorrow night to hold special services."

The motion was seconded and carried heartily and I announced that I would do my best. The action of the Church and the souls who were converted that hour revealed that God was answering the prayers of that consecrated deacon.

A large congregation was present that Sabbath night, when twenty-five persons accepted Christ, and

so it was every night for two weeks, many were confessing Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

All the neighboring churches received accessions. A small Methodist Church about one mile away, on a quiet road, received thirty-eight most promising young men and women. The Presbyterian Church, less than a mile distant on another country road, welcomed new members. Our own Church received fifty adult people into membership on confession of faith.

But that was not all. The movement spread over a large part of Putnam County, and in the Baptist Churches alone I was kept busy for one year preaching on week nights between the Sabbaths, which I spent with my own Church.

Like all true spiritual awakenings, the services were characterized by strong conviction of sin. I shall never forget the confession made by one of the older members. He was a man universally respected. This brother bought milk from the farmers and sold it in New York. This is his story, as he told it before a large congregation.

He said: "For twenty odd years I have been watering the milk. There is no way I can make restitution for I do not know the people in the city who used the milk. I confess my sin before the Church and the entire community. I am a great sinner, and yet I am a trustee of this Church. You may have been thinking of me as a saint, but I have had no testimony, no peace during all these years. Pray for me."

On the following day this man came to the parsonage with a face that beamed with a light that was not of this world. I had been absent, and on my arrival home found him sitting on the steps waiting for me. We went inside and sat down. "Now, brother, tell me your story," I said. He was laughing and could hardly utter a word because of the joy that filled his life. Several times he started to speak but hesitated, for his mouth was filled with laughter.

I had most serious concern for him, fearing that he was losing his reason. I had heard of folks who had gone crazy over religion, or better for the want of true religion, and this man seemed to be mentally upset. He said he could not work, that he had spent the day telling his neighbors what had occurred in his life.

I said to him: "Brother, you know when a man gets real religion it makes him want to work. This is a busy season with you farmers. My old Sunday-School teacher used to tell his class that a lazy man cannot be a Christian."

Then this noble brother replied in quiet, rational tones: " 'I am not beside myself, most noble Felix, but speak the words of truth and soberness,' when I tell you that I was born of God last night."

I now saw that he was gloriously sane, so I said to him, "Go on and tell your experience."

He continued: "When I confessed my sin before the Church the great work of grace began. My wife and I, who live alone, sat up before the kitchen

stove all night, reading the Bible, singing the old hymns, praying, and this morning peace came into my life. Jesus became as real as if He were standing by my side, and I love Him with a holy love. As is my custom, I went out in the morning to help Jack, our hired man, milk the cows, but before finishing the first cow I arose and said: Jack I cannot work today, for I am too happy to work. I must go to my neighbors. They are all up now. I must tell them what the Lord has done for me. So I started down the country road to call on a neighbor with whom I had not spoken in many years. I met him driving his horse and wagon to the village, and I told him the good news and asked him to forgive me for anything I had said about him, and he did. Then I called on the deacons of our Church, walking all day over the country roads, and now, before going home, I came to tell you."

This good man concluded his story with these words: "O how I love the Lamb of God." And he repeated: "O how I love that Lamb."

I could relate other marvelous experiences which men and women had during this glorious work of grace. This brother remained a shining light in that Church until he was called up higher.

The deacons said that what impressed them most about this work of grace was, that a great, deep calm pervaded the services. And what is more, it did not pass away, but continued in that Church for one year until I closed my pastorate there. At every service, morning and night, the revival spirit

was with us in power. Not one Sabbath passed without one or more confessing Christ and uniting with the Church. Some of these came long distances, as far as ten, fifteen miles, to spend the Lord's Day with us, in some cases whole families, strangers whom we did not know.

The only purpose in recording here this heaven-sent revival is to show the reward that comes from waiting upon the Lord regarding our fields of labor. What fearful sorrow and failure have come upon churches and pastors because they trust in their own wisdom in this supernatural work. What suicidal folly for heaven's ambassadors to run before they are commissioned. There is "one like unto the Son of Man" who is in the midst of the churches, and who is waiting to lead to victory. It is infinitely better not to preach at all than to be floundering around, powerless, outside the will of God. O the appalling tragedy which ever results from the union of a self-seeking preacher and a carnal church. Away to your knees O ministers and churches of Jesus and await your orders from the throne. "Your Father who seeth in secret will reward your openly."

X

OLD TENT EVANGEL

"Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." Luke 5:4

AS a brief preface, I shall give a sketch of seven eventful years of strenuous service—1895-1902—when I served as pastor and evangelist in the churches, after which the work of the Old Tent Evangel will be presented.

After serving for one year as pastor of the Church at Mahopac Falls, I accepted a call to the Memorial Church in Brooklyn. There seemed to be no reason why I should make a change, for the former church was united and phenomenally prosperous. As proof of this I would state that, to the generous compensation given, they added, as a special gift, a sum which nearly duplicated the salary. But better still, during my twelve months there the church enjoyed a perpetual revival of religion which increased the membership about fifty per cent. Because Brooklyn, however, presented a larger opportunity I terminated my service on the former field, much to the sorrow of both church and pastor. It seemed almost like tearing myself away from my own family. This was my first church-love, and at Mahopac Falls I had one of the most blessed years

MY WIFE

of my ministry. I have often felt, however, that the Holy Spirit must have been grieved over my leaving this church so soon, for I had experienced in Brooklyn what appeared to be a visitation of the judgment of God. Though many persons united with the Brooklyn Church and large congregations gathered, nevertheless, it was a period of much anxiety, for I had inherited the results of years of division and strife. During all this pastorate I had little contentment and peace. Moreover, I contracted malarial chills and fever and my health was so completely broken that I was finally obliged to retire and seek recuperation elsewhere.

While pastor in Brooklyn I married Miss May Belle Rockwell, of Rockwells Mills, N. Y.; and there was given to us our first-born, a son, who remained with us only twenty-four hours.

After nearly three years of service in the Memorial Church, I retired and sought recuperation at Greenport, Long Island. While there I served for a period of eighteen months as supply-pastor of the First Baptist Church. This church took on new life and a large number were added to the membership. The brethren extended a call to serve them as their pastor, but their overture was declined, for I had definitely decided to devote my life to evangelism. The eighteen months of labor at Greenport were crowned with the blessing of the Lord; an old debt of forty years' standing was paid; electric light was installed; other improvements were made,

and souls were won to Christ. While serving here our second son, Norman Spurgeon, was born.

Retiring from Greenport with health recovered, we moved to Nyack-on-the-Hudson, which place served as our headquarters during the years I labored as evangelist in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Vermont and Massachusetts. Judging from the blessing of God upon my labors, it was evident that I was now in the work to which the Holy Spirit had called me.

During the summer of 1902, while reading of a gospel work that had been in progress in New York under a canvas tent, named Tent Evangel, I decided to visit the city and attend some of the services, thinking, perhaps, I might become interested in this phase of summer evangelism.

Tent Evangel was pitched on West 56th Street, between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, and its director, Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, was then in his twenty-third season of service in this kind of religious effort.

Every night, for two weeks, I sat with Mr. Pratt on the platform, and assisted him in the services, with the result that I became deeply interested in this method of ministering to the non-Christian masses during the summer months. The tent, which seated about five hundred persons, was crowded every night with men and women, young and old, and little children not a few, and at every service there were those who made confession of faith in Christ. The hearty singing deeply touched

MY SON NORMAN

me. I was particularly moved by the presence of quite a number of very old and also young people, and some of the latter were making their confessions of Jesus as Saviour. The first preacher I heard in this tent was A. C. Dixon, D.D.

During my sojourn in New York I visited Coney Island, and seeing the vast multitudes there, sauntering quietly along the main thoroughfare, I resolved to preach the gospel at this place during the following summer, and to do this under the covering of a huge canvas tent. No aggressive religious work was conducted at this famous resort, though there was a tiny rescue mission ministering to a few persons. My plan was to pitch a tent alongside the principal thoroughfare and conduct a continuous service from noon until late at night.

The following winter months, while engaged in evangelistic work in the churches in western New York, I requested that all free-will offerings, given as compensation for my services, be sent to Mr. Hudson of Syracuse, the founder of the Bible Baraca Classes of America, who agreed to serve as treasurer for this fund. For two months of continuous labors, preaching twice daily, I had all the offerings sent to Mr. Hudson, refusing to accept any personal compensation during this period, except my travelling expenses. This involved some sacrifice, but my heart being set on a tent work for Coney Island, I knew the Lord would care for me and my family.

It was in the following May, at the close of my

evangelistic season, when I went to Coney Island to procure a location and plan for the summer campaign. On arriving there I immediately called on the superintendent of the little mission and told him of my plan. His reply was: "I must disappoint you. A tent cannot be kept on its feet out here. The Catholics tried it during their Fair and the big tent came down over their heads. The loose sandy formation and the stiff breezes which sweep over this place by the sea make it impossible to keep a tent on its feet." On hearing this my disappointment may well be imagined, and without speaking another word to my friend, I said, "Good night, and good-bye. I shall return at once to New York."

While on the train which carried me back to the city some strange thoughts possessed me. What shall I do? Where shall I pitch my tent? What will the churches think of my failure to locate at Coney Island? Some of the friends in the churches in western New York will probably visit Coney Island and will inquire about McPherson and his gospel tent, and they will probably say, "Well, he is an evangelist and he resorted to that method in order to get more money from the churches."

I felt much perplexed, knowing how evangelists are often misrepresented by churches and pastors of small vision. However the situation had to be faced and the problem quickly solved. It was decided to remain in New York for several days and think the matter over and pray for special guidance. This was the time to pray. I knew that in God's

plan for my life there was a place where He wanted me to conduct a gospel tent work. Was I discouraged? During all my life, ever since I knew my Lord, I have never known the meaning of discouragement. I have often felt depressed, baffled, and at times seemed to be defeated, but I had learned to welcome opposition and the frustration of my plans as stepping stones to greater conquest for Christ—as truly a revelation of the wondrous leadership of God as when my plans have been successfully executed. Ever in such experiences, Romans 8:28 has been to me what the north star is to the mariner. The truth of the words of Jesus, "Lo, I am with you always," has been demonstrated so often in my experience that I have long since ceased to doubt the guidance of God. In this every true believer finds the secret of the Christian life.

While waiting upon God, it occurred to me to look up the members of the committee which had charge of Rev. Pratt's Tent Evangel. I had learned that Mr. Pratt's health had failed and that he had gone to California to spend the rest of his days, and it began to dawn upon me that, possibly, the Lord wanted me to succeed him and conduct my tent work in New York, though up to that time such an idea had been farthest from my mind. But the more I had thought and prayed over the matter, the more strongly I was impressed that after all this was God's plan for me, though work in New York seemed to be too big a problem for me to tackle.

I called upon the members of Mr. Pratt's com-

mittee and told them of my plans and asked for their advice. Each one replied: "Don't touch it. It will break your health. It has almost killed Mr. Pratt. I shall not help further in such a work. The churches are so pressed for funds that they will not support this independent summer evangelism. You can't do it. You can't."

Then I decided to counsel with the pastors near where the Tent Evangel had been located. This I did, and to my surprise they also strongly urged against the undertaking. They said: "We cannot help you. Our burdens now are too great. You can't do it. You can't. Pitch your tent in some small city where the churches are more free to give assistance." For the first time I saw the problem of inaugurating a religious work in New York. Nevertheless the more I thought it over the more I was convinced that God wanted me to remain in the city and fight a battle for Him there.

Thinking of Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, I decided to call and tell him my story and what I should like to do in New York. I found this man of God in his study in Calvary Church. As I related how the fund was procured and my plan for Coney Island was frustrated, he became deeply interested, and before I concluded he arose and walked around his study table with an accelerated step. Suddenly he interrupted me as he shouted: "McPherson, the Lord has sent you!" emphasizing his declaration by striking the table a terrific blow with his fist. It was a most dramatic and

thrilling moment. The inspiration I received from this great man lifted me into the third heavens, and I was very conscious that God had spoken.

Dr. MacArthur continued: "I will go on a committee. Go to my friend, Rev. Donald Sage McKay, minister of the St. Nicholas Reformed Church, Miss Helen Gould's pastor, and tell him I sent you and ask him to come on a committee with me. And go to Dr. Shaw of the West End Presbyterian Church and tell him I sent you. He will also come on the committee. We three will give you moral backing. You have a fund with which to purchase Mr. Pratt's tent outfit. That will give you a start. We cannot give you a church offering, but I will give you twenty dollars out of my own purse, and will assist in the preaching." And this great man repeated: "The Lord has sent you. Go!"

I left Dr. MacArthur's study conscious that I had been in the presence of God. As I walked out on the street my enthusiasm knew no bounds. I almost shouted aloud, Glory to God! The sun of hope was shining brightly in my life, as I rushed down to see Dr. McKay, who happened to be in his church study, and to whom I told my story.

The first word this good man spoke was:

"I will go on a committee and will give one hundred dollars."

Then he said:

"Go to that telephone and call up my friend, John S. Huyler, the chocolate manufacturer. Tell him I requested it."

"Hello, is this Mr. Huyler?"

"Yes, who is this?"

"This is McPherson."

"Who is McPherson?"

"An evangelist who is trying to start up Tent Evangel. Dr. McKay wanted me to ask whether you could come on a committee with him and Dr. MacArthur to give me moral backing."

"Put me down. What else can I do for you?"

"Could you make a contribution?"

"Put me down for one hundred dollars."

"Thank you."

"What else can I do for you?"

"Another hundred, please."

"I guess you are a Scotchman, all right. Put me down for another hundred. What else can I do for you?"

"Pray for me and this work."

"I will. Good-bye."

Mr. Pratt's tent was purchased and Tent Evangel was pitched late in June on 56th Street, between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. Thus there was inaugurated the movement of modern evangelism in gospel tents and open air in the city of New York, a movement so far-reaching in its influence for good that it has long since become known throughout American, Great Britain, and in every center of Protestant Christianity throughout the world. No attempt is made to write a history of this work, but only to present it in merest outline. It would take volumes to tell the whole story.

I have always hated statistics, for what poor mortal can tabulate spiritual results? Announcing the numbers of converts and those who attend religious services smacks of the energy of the flesh. God's work in every realm is, after all, a quiet work. Ofttimes the most unheralded religious effort is the most effective. Sensationalism in every form should be eschewed and deplored by Christians. Occasionally there is a freshet which clears away much rubbish and overflows the barren soil leaving a rich deposit to make glad the heart of the toiler, but at such seasons the waters are of necessity less pure and healthful. We need the freshets, but we need even more the steady, normal flowing of the streams from the mountains of God. What I prayed for in the Tent Evangel work was the quiet strong flowing of the streams of saving grace. And this has been the marked characteristic of this movement. During the twenty-two years, which the writer has had the privilege and joy of serving as the director, there has been no abnormal sensationalism, but the preaching of the Gospel in a sane and moral fashion.

When I state, therefore, that we have gathered during this period two million six hundred and fifty thousand souls to hear the Gospel, and that many thousands have made confession of faith, and a large number have gone forth to study for the ministry and for the home and foreign fields, it is only done in order to give the reader an idea of how

richly God has set His approval upon the work of the Old Tent Evangel.

Permit me therefore to indicate, somewhat in detail, evidences of that blessing and present the ideal which the writer has always had before him.

The first season—1903—was the most difficult. It was found impossible to get funds, and the writer was obliged to serve without compensation. Moreover, he had to use all of his own small personal resources in order to save Tent Evangel from total bankruptcy. But there was a glorious work of grace. I preached every night in front of the old Majestic Theatre, at Columbus Circle, from 7:30 to 8 o'clock, after which I labored in the tent for several hours. It was an unusually hot season, and not being used to the strenuous life of the city I found myself much over-taxed; I lost in weight twenty-five pounds. But the campaign closed with no debt and a goodly number had been won to Christ.

Just as we were concluding the season's work, some good friends came forward and reimbursed the writer for the financial losses he had personally sustained, and, in addition, a modest sum was given for his services. So in this respect also the Lord showed us His loving-kindness.

The character of the first season's campaign had made a favorable impression upon some of the pastors and churches, and during the fall of 1903, a number of prominent men accepted membership on the Committee, including John B. Calvert, D.D.,

TENT EVANGEL AT FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET AND BROADWAY

Henry Cobb, D.D., Wallace McMullen, D.D., and several other well-known pastors and laymen.

At the annual meeting of the Committee, in October, 1903, the brethren organized for the work of 1904, and among other matters discussed was that of salary for the Superintendent.

"How much salary do you want?" was the question asked.

My reply was: "I shall never tell you, for I cannot put a price on my services in the Lord's work."

"But you must get a salary. You are married. How many are there in your family? What are your expenses? Give us an idea of the salary you think you ought to receive?"

Again I replied: "I shall never put a price on my services for the Lord. If you want to assign me a certain salary, all well and good, but I shall never state what I think it should be. This is to me a work of faith and hope and love. God called me into it, and I shall never put down my stakes for a definite sum of money."

"Will you please retire to the adjoining room and we will call you," they requested.

I retired, and soon thereafter was summoned before my brethren. They said: "We have decided that your salary will be one thousand dollars from May first to October first, or at the rate of about fifty dollars a week."

"Thank you," I replied, "but there is another matter to be decided also. You will spread on the minutes a resolution, to wit: that the Superintend-

ent shall not receive his compensation until the close of the season's work, and only after all other obligations shall have first been met."

"That is not right, for you should draw your salary weekly, as is the case with others who serve. It is not fair to you to labor on a conditional salary," insisted the Committee.

After assuring them that this must be my relation to the work, otherwise I would retire from it, they reluctantly adopted my proposition. And this has been the policy pursued from that time to the present. My compensation in Tent Evangel has always been a conditional one with the possibility of not receiving any.

I was determined to put the cause of Christ first and myself last, in short, to be the servant of all. Having a peculiar hatred for debt, I planned so that none should be incurred that could not be paid. To see this ideal realized I was willing to come last. If the Committee owed the writer he would never embarrass them. He was willing to be the scapegoat. This policy has its compensation in more ways than one. The work was protected. Moreover, the charge that the Superintendent was serving for a fat salary could not justly be made. Thus the little critic, who is always around the corner, has had his mouth shut when the facts are known. This also seems to be the Master's way. At any rate it was in my case. God has marvelously set His mark of approval upon the Tent Evangel, and

may it not have been due, in part, to the fact that it has been largely a work of faith?

Has God failed us? Never! He has from year to year provided sufficient for the need. True, I had to do my part. Plans were carefully made. Some one had to wisely plan and hustle and I tried to do both. I have often said that the human side of my creed is "trust and hustle." And this is scriptural for "We walk by faith," and "He that will not work neither shall he eat." Yes, God has provided. He always does. During these twenty-two years, the sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been expended in this cause and there is no debt.

There have been other elements that have contributed to the success of Tent Evangel. Doubtless the choice of speakers is one of the most important. This is a vital matter. We have stood unswervingly for what has been termed, "The Five Points of the Evangelical Christian Faith," namely: the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the Virgin Birth or Incarnation of Christ, His Atonement, Resurrection, and Personal Coming. And, of course, we have preached the necessity of regeneration, or of the new birth by the Spirit of God, and the certain fact that His Kingdom will some day be established over this whole earth. We have also stressed as necessary to obedience, those concomitant truths, sometimes avoided in union services, namely, the importance of the ordinances of the Gospel. In

brief, we have declared the whole counsel of God without fear or favor.

Modernism, which denies practically all these truths, has had no place in Tent Evangel. If a modernist preacher was seen occupying a seat on our platform he would be politely requested to sit with the audience, for his presence might appear to be a partial approval of his erroneous teachings. These false prophets, who pretend to have been called of God to win souls to the Christ whom they deny, should have no place in the Christian ministry; they should not be countenanced as gospel preachers; they should return to secular callings.

I will be pardoned for telling of another element in the success of Old Tent Evangel, namely, persistency on the part of the writer. I am one of those who find it difficult to take no for an answer. In thousands of cases my friends said "yes" who first said "no," simply because I could not tolerate their negatives. We have every right to push the Lord's work and urge men to do their duty. I never thought of myself as a beggar, but I love to ask for my Lord. Rather, I am an ambassador, representing Jesus Christ, and requesting His people to meet their dues, to perform their vows, to go the second mile, to launch out into the deep, to live and serve joyously in the atmosphere of God's love, to sing their way through duties, trials and victories, on to glory. I believe that what ought to be done can be done. Doubtless, many of my friends have felt "bored" at times over this persistent ele-

ment in my nature, and, possibly, in certain cases, I carried it too far, but such aggressiveness was necessary in a work which had no membership organization and depended wholly upon Christian people generally. No one felt specially obligated to assist Tent Evangel, but it was my business to make them feel the responsibility. Had I failed in this the work would have perished. So a commander was called for. I was not chosen to serve as a private, and for the push which God implanted in my nature I never apologized. I shall give but one illustration as to the value of this element. Perhaps it will encourage timid young men who are in the Lord's work to press forward and develop their own latent powers.

It was late in May, in the year 1904, when the location which had been given to us was suddenly withdrawn and there was not one hour to lose. Funds had been collected, preachers engaged, and a new location must be procured quickly. I had set my mind upon getting a prominent corner at Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, the owners of which were, The Fuller Construction Company and The Island Realty Company, whose offices were at 111 Broadway. This was the company that had built the Pennsylvania Station, the Flatiron Building, Grand Central Station and many other notable buildings in New York. Their president was Mr. H. S. Black, their corporation lawyer a Mr. Babbage, and the chairman of the Executive Commit-

tee, Mr. James M. Stillman, Sr., who was then the president of the City Bank.

I called on both Mr. Black and Mr. Babbage and earnestly presented my cause, but to no avail. They refused to give the use of their ground for any purpose. I then called on several other officers of the company, but they gave no encouragement.

A few days later a noted clergyman accompanied me to see Mr. Black, but his only reply was, "We cannot allow our ground to be tied up for any such purpose."

I had called on Mr. Babbage six times, and, during my sixth call, the lawyer lost his temper and said, "You are crazy," and ordered me out of his office. "Go quickly and do not come back," he shouted. I smiled and bowed myself out, saying as I left his office: "The next time I call it will be to ask you to draw up a lease." Doubtless, he then viewed me as a fanatic. I must have appeared to him as ridiculously silly. But I had a conviction that God wanted me to have that ground and that I could not take no for an answer.

I went down to the side walk, and there, leaning my back against the building, in the busiest place in New York, I uncovered my head and offered up a prayer: "O God my Father, you need this ground for your work. Will you please solve the problem for us for Jesus Christ's sake, amen." Instantly Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York City, came into my mind. Just why his name should occur to me I do not know, only

that God had taken the reins in His own hands. I had little acquaintance with the Bishop. Moreover, the clergy of the Episcopal Church were not the most active in this sort of Christian work, though Dr. Ernest M. Stires of St. Thomas Church and several others were deeply interested and co-operated with us.

I went at once to see Bishop Potter and found him in his home on Riverside Drive. When I told him my story he said: "Wait a minute until I write a line to my old friend, Mr. Stillman, President of the City Bank. He and I have been members of the same club for forty years." The Bishop wrote his note, handed it to me and said: "Take this to Mr. Stillman. May God bless you. Goodbye."

I went to the City Bank and sent in my note to Mr. Stillman, and within a minute he was in my presence. His only words were: "I shall see what I can do for you. Good day, Sir."

On the following morning there was in my mail at Yonkers a letter from Mr. Black, which read: "Will you please come to my office?" I knew now that God was at work on the problem and that it was as good as solved, and I hastened to New York to see Mr. Black. On entering his office he greeted me most cordially, and said: "Mr. McPherson, it has been decided to give you the use of our ground for a gospel tent work, and you will go in to the office of Mr. Babbage and ask him to draw you up a lease. Tell him I requested it."

I entered the office of Mr. Babbage and did as I was told, whereupon the lawyer leaped to his feet and said: "Sit down, sir. I will be back presently." After about twenty minutes he returned and was evidently very angry over the victory I had won. Without speaking a word he drew up the lease. The cost for this prominent million dollar corner was only one dollar a season, sufficient to make a lease legal, and this great favor was granted us for six consecutive years, a period which proved to be memorable in the history of the Old Tent Evangel. We occupied this ground until a permanent building was erected thereon. This experience demonstrated two things, first, the fact that God answers prayer, and, second, the wisdom of clinging tight to Him, with a holy persistency that will not take no for an answer.

There was also another element which contributed to the success of Old Tent Evangel, and that was a determination to give special attention to the poorer classes. This I laid myself out to do, not as a matter of policy, but of duty and delight. Never for one moment have I forgotten my own humble beginnings and struggles with poverty. I shall always feel that I belong to the wage-earning class; in fact it is a great honor to be one of the Lord's own aristocracy; for He showed by His humble human origin that the carpenter's bench is as honorable as the throne. In that world of larger reality they cry:

"Son of man, they crown, they crown Him;
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name all heaven rings."

I frequently voiced from the platform my welcome to the poor, the toiling masses, repeating over and over again that I would sooner see a washerwoman in the congregation than a millionaire. We never had rented seats, or any charge for admission, or reserved sections for the more privileged classes. All were on a level and constituted a great democratic throng. Men and women of every walk and station rubbed elbows in Tent Evangel. God's only favorites are the pure in heart, and our dollars count little with Him. So I stressed repeatedly my welcome to all, but especially to the poor.

One night a poor girl who worked in a shirt factory and who said that her salary was $6.00 a week, handed me a $10.00 bill, saying, "Take this for the cause. I give it because you are kind to the poor." She looked poor, very poor, and somehow I felt that I ought not to take her money, so I handed it back to her, dropping the bill upon her hand. But she declined to keep it and threw it back in my face and ran out of the Tent. This was at the close of a service. "Stop a minute," I said. "I want to see you. Tell me truly, can you afford to give this money?" "Well," she replied, "I live with another girl in a room 8 x 8. We cook and sleep there. I earn only $6.00 a week in a shirt factory. I am a member of a church where I give monthly a tenth —my tithe—but I managed to save up this for Tent

Evangel because of your welcome to the poor," and away she ran, for she sensed the fact that I would press her to keep her hard earned money.

Several years rolled by, and, finally, this friend came to Tent Evangel dressed in mourning. I was at the door when she entered, and I said: "I have missed you all these years. Where have you been?"

She replied: "I got married about one year ago, and last winter my husband died. My home is in Brooklyn. Here is fifty dollars for Tent Evangel. If you will call I shall tell you of my experience."

I called on this good woman and this is what she said: "Do you recall my saying to you several years ago that if I should ever get any money I would not forget you? Well, my husband left me some property, and here is one-tenth of the personal property," and as she spoke she handed me six hundred dollars for the Lord's work, saying, "This is because you have been kind to the poor and always gave them such a warm welcome from the Tent Evangel platform."

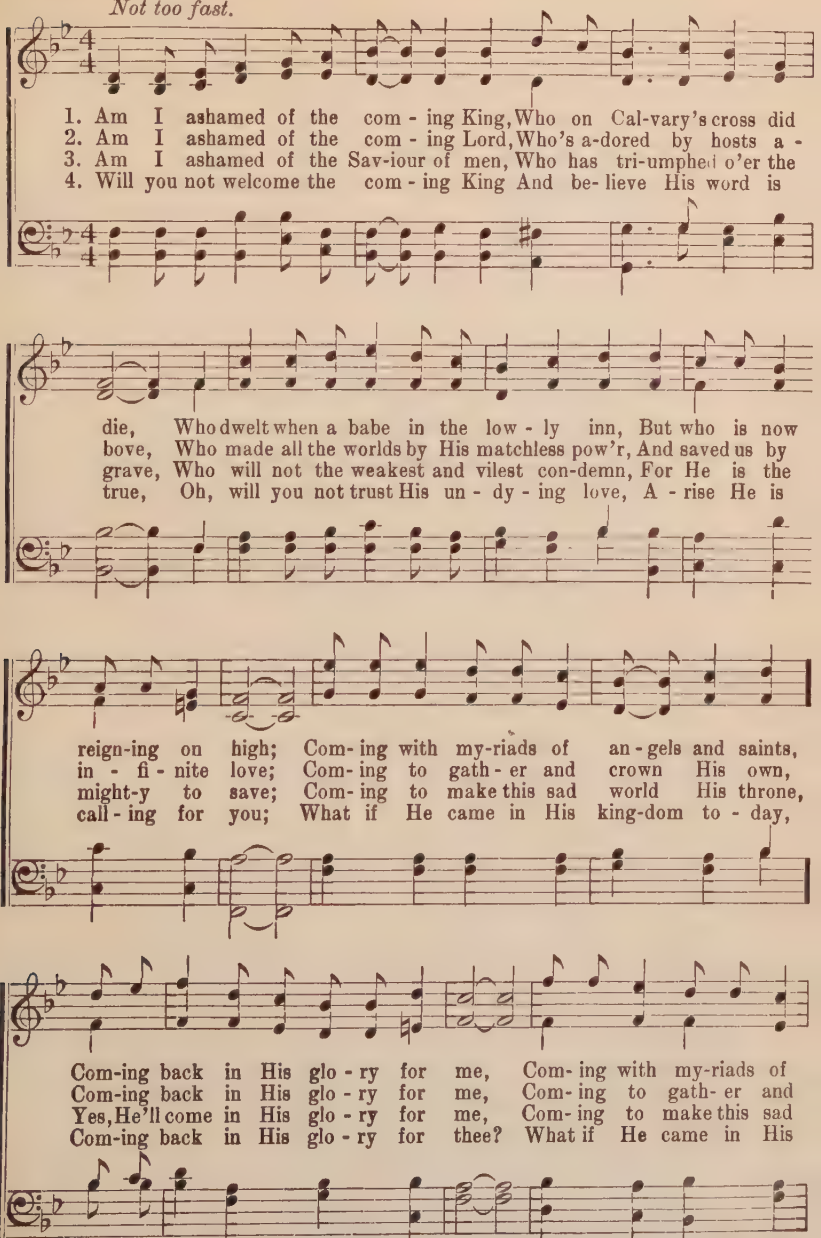
But not alone to the poor, to the rich also I have tried to show the same spirit of love. There is, after all, no difference between the various classes. At heart we are all the same. My experience has taught me that little acts of kindness to the well-to-do are also greatly appreciated, and give comfort and inspiration just as truly as Christlike love encourages the poor.

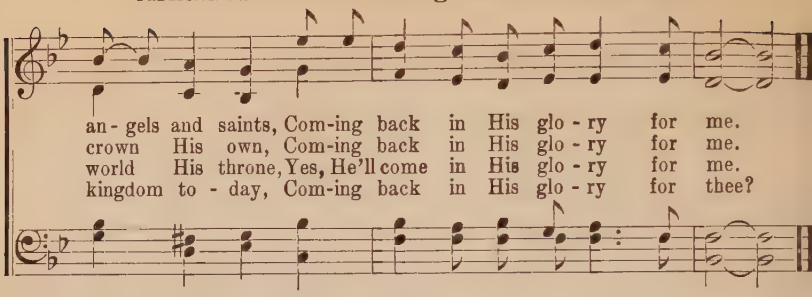
For years a member of our Board had urged me to call on a rich man in New York, but I felt dis-

Ashamed of the Coming Lord.

Rev. G. W. McPherson. Leonard C. Voke.

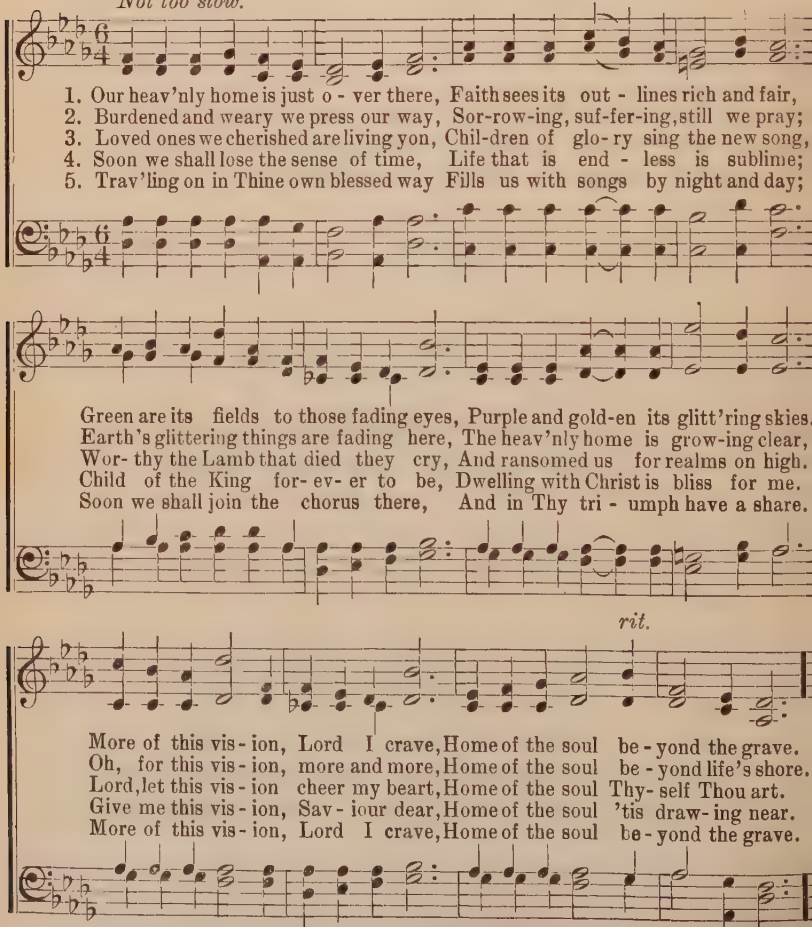
Not too fast.


1. Am I ashamed of the com - ing King, Who on Cal-vary's cross did
2. Am I ashamed of the com - ing Lord, Who's a-dored by hosts a -
3. Am I ashamed of the Sav-iour of men, Who has tri-umphed o'er the
4. Will you not welcome the com - ing King And be- lieve His word is
die, Who dwelt when a babe in the low - ly inn, But who is now
bove, Who made all the worlds by His matchless pow'r, And saved us by
grave, Who will not the weakest and vilest con-demn, For He is the
true, Oh, will you not trust His un - dy - ing love, A - rise He is
reign-ing on high; Com- ing with my-riads of an - gels and saints,
in - fi - nite love; Com- ing to gath - er and crown His own,
might-y to save; Com- ing to make this sad world His throne,
call - ing for you; What if He came in His king-dom to - day,
Com-ing back in His glo - ry for me, Com- ing with my-riads of
Com-ing back in His glo - ry for me, Com- ing to gath- er and
Yes, He'll come in His glo - ry for me, Com- ing to make this sad
Com-ing back in His glo - ry for thee? What if He came in His


an - gels and saints, Com-ing back in His glo - ry for me.
crown His own, Com-ing back in His glo - ry for me.
world His throne, Yes, He'll come in His glo - ry for me.
kingdom to - day, Com-ing back in His glo - ry for thee?

The Home of the Soul.

Rev. G. W. McPherson. Leonard C. Voke.

Not too slow.

1. Our heav'nly home is just o - ver there, Faith sees its out - lines rich and fair,
2. Burdened and weary we press our way, Sor-row-ing, suf-fer-ing, still we pray;
3. Loved ones we cherished are living yon, Chil-dren of glo-ry sing the new song,
4. Soon we shall lose the sense of time, Life that is end - less is sublime;
5. Trav'ling on in Thine own blessed way Fills us with songs by night and day;
Green are its fields to those fading eyes, Purple and gold-en its glitt'ring skies.
Earth's glittering things are fading here, The heav'nly home is grow-ing clear,
Wor- thy the Lamb that died they cry, And ransomed us for realms on high.
Child of the King for- ev- er to be, Dwelling with Christ is bliss for me.
Soon we shall join the chorus there, And in Thy tri - umph have a share.
rit.
More of this vis - ion, Lord I crave, Home of the soul be - yond the grave.
Oh, for this vis - ion, more and more, Home of the soul be - yond life's shore.
Lord, let this vis - ion cheer my heart, Home of the soul Thy- self Thou art.
Give me this vis - ion, Sav - iour dear, Home of the soul 'tis draw- ing near.
More of this vis - ion, Lord I crave, Home of the soul be - yond the grave.

inclined to do so. However, while passing his home one day I decided to ring his bell. Somewhat to my surprise, I was at once graciously invited to take a seat in the reception room, and within a few moments the good woman of the home, whose husband was absent, was in my presence. At once she told me of their sorrow, how their young daughter, in the prime of life, had been taken away by death a short time ago. The simplicity, humility, and kindness shown, on the part of this noble woman, to one who was a total stranger, deeply touched me, and revealed the fact that "sorrow makes the whole world akin." While she tried to restrain her feelings over the death of her daughter, nevertheless, there was in evidence a revelation of how truly alike are the rich and poor, that bereavement makes us forget our social distinctions and puts us on a common level. The reality of death and the brevity of life should strip us of our tinsel and shams for just beyond the border we see that our possessions comprise a space three feet by six in common mother earth.

After I had spoken a few words of Christian consolation, I arose and bade this good woman good-bye. Immediately I went to a hotel near by for an hour of rest and meditation. While sitting in a quiet corner enjoying my favorite English tea there came to me a vision of the reality of heaven such as I have seldom experienced, and under the inspiration of that vision I wrote at once the hymn —"The Home of the Soul,"—which a little later was

put to music by Leonard C. Voke and sung in the Tent Evangel services.

A copy of this hymn was sent to the bereaved family, and I have had proof of its blessed ministry there as in several other cases. As a result of this simple service of love these good friends have, in their own modest way, been remembering our work from that day to the present.

And the rich are just like the poor in this regard —they respond to that kind of treatment which shows an unselfish Christian interest in them personally. I fear that many persons of this class feel that we are not interested in them simply because they are rich. But their hearts yearn like ours for the sympathy and good-will of their fellow men, and we should never forget to pray God to save and use for His glory those who are possessors of much of this world's goods. They need our prayers, our sympathy, our love.

I will now illustrate the wisdom of standing faithfully for the Bible in the Master's work, for this, undoubtedly, has been the greatest secret of success in the Old Tent Evangel. Such a stand will estrange some, but for any such loss God will reward one hundredfold. Several friends advised that I call on a Mr. ———, a very rich man, who was prominent in a certain church, and ask him for a donation to Tent Evangel. I felt no inclination to call on this man, and several years passed before I had done so. On entering his office his first word to me was: "Do you preach on the second coming

of Christ in Tent Evangel?" I replied that our speakers do occasionally preach this truth, though I never suggest subjects for God's ministers, for that is the work of God alone, that two or three sermons on the Lord's return are preached each season. Then this churchman said: "They tell me at my church that you preach this doctrine and so I have no money to give to your work." Without another word he politely bowed me out of his office. As I was about to bid him good-bye, I remarked, "I am glad to say I am not ashamed of the coming Lord."

Within a few minutes I found myself seated in a quiet room of a certain club, resting during the heat of the day, and while there I felt led of God to write the hymn, "Ashamed of the Coming Lord."

This hymn has been frequently sung in our services and many thousands have been blessed by it. Because of its influence upon a certain Christian friend, the sum of several thousand dollars have been contributed to Tent Evangel. Thus the Lord used the unbelief of that proud brother as a means of advancing His kingdom. When we stick close to the Bible we need not fear the result. God honors only those who are loyal to His truth. I would no more think of boycotting a church or Christian organization because they preach the Lord's return than I would of refusing to co-operate with those who believe that Jesus Christ came into the flesh, for the same authorities reveal both. If He came once and ascended into heaven in bodily

form, why refuse to believe that He will come again in bodily form? It is as easy to affirm our faith in His second coming as in His incarnation. In the Tent Evangel we have never made a hobby of any particular truth at the expense of other Christian truth. The body of Christian truth is a unit and sticks together like the various members of the human body, but if we cut out one great truth we mar the whole body, and we preach a distorted and less effective gospel; for, be it remembered, the success of a gospel ministry is not so much in the man as in the message he preaches. The power is in the truth and not in the brain of the preacher. Therefore let us at all cost hold fast to the Gospel.

I shall now present a general statement as to the growth of this movement.

First, as to locations: Tent Evangel, during these twenty-two years, has been pitched at 56th Street and Broadway, 57th Street and Broadway, 124th Street near Morningside Avenue, 110th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and at 95th Street near Broadway, which is its present location.

For two seasons we operated two tents, one of these in the Bronx, the other in Harlem. As a result of our encouragement, Rev. A. Lincoln Moore conducted a tent at 181st Street and Amsterdam Avenue, from which was formed a nucleus that later grew into the Wadsworth Avenue Baptist Church.

During one season, while at 57th Street and Broadway, a Spanish service was held in Tent

OPEN AIR SERVICE IN FRONT OF CITY HALL

Evangel on Sunday mornings, which resulted in the organization of a Protestant Spanish Church of thirty-nine members. Rev. Gordiano, a converted Roman Catholic, who had studied for the priesthood, took charge of this work.

Tent Evangel also conducted for two years a rescue mission hall on 8th Avenue near 58th Street, and here the gospel was preached nightly. In this strenuous campaign fifteen hundred men, most of whom were addicted to strong drink, and fifty-six street women and girls knelt at the mourners' bench. Not a few of these professed conversion, some of whom had been notorious criminals with long prison records. Thanks to prohibition there has been far less need in recent years for this kind of rescue work.

Another large department of our work has been the open air preaching, though for several seasons, due to the health of the writer, this work had to be temporarily discontinued. These services, the largest held in the open air in New York, had been conducted in Wall Street, Broad Street, Franklin Square, Madison Square, the Plaza, Columbus Circle, Eighth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, Seventh Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and Ninety-fifth Street and Broadway. It was in our open air campaigns, in 1905, that an automobile had first been used in New York City for a pulpit.

As a result of the success of Old Tent Evangel, during the year 1904, several members of our Com-

mittee withdrew and, without consulting their brethren, formed, with the aid of others, a new committee for a similar purpose. These brethren named their organization, "The Evangelistic Committee of New York." The creation of this organization resulted in not a little confusion and misunderstanding, for it placed a new committee on the same field to do the same work, appealing to the same constituency. This was one of many similar blunders made in the history of Christianity. Of course these good brethren wanted an organization under their control, and so they got what they desired, but the field was now divided. In the interest of economy and good-will it would have been far better for the cause had they remained with the Old Tent Evangel and assisted in expanding the work from this common center. But the newer committee have done a good work, and, doubtless, in God's providence its creation was overruled for good. The old mother organization looks upon this work as one of our numerous children and has always rejoiced in their success.

The Old Tent Evangel has been used of God in the calling out of men and women to lead in aggressive service in the churches in various parts of the country. At this spiritual rendezvous many persons received a new vision of life, and experienced the touch of the living Christ, and, today, they are serving on the far-flung battle line abroad and in pulpits and mission fields at home. If the great canvas should never again be spread the

MY SON CHESTER

writer shall always feel that the work of this humble instrumentality has been completed. The old mother Tent Evangel may pass, but her children will carry on the work throughout the earth, and in the great day of rewards the redeemed will appear to receive their crowns of rejoicing. Then we poor sinners, who have been saved by grace, who have faltered and made many mistakes, shall be united together to give all praise to Him, our adorable Lord and King, in the glorious Kingdom of God.

In the fall of 1903 Mrs. McPherson and I moved our headquarters from Nyack-on-the-Hudson to Yonkers, and, in addition to the work in New York, the writer supplied for one year in our home city, the Baptist Church of the Redeemer, then known as the Bethany Chapel. During this period the membership of this church had doubled, several burdensome claims on the property had been removed and plans discussed looking forward to the erection of a new church edifice. It was during this year of service, in January of 1904, when our son, Chester Rockwell, was born.

As it is not my purpose to give a detailed recital of the wonderful growth and work of Old Tent Evangel, the many remarkable conversions, the children's services, and the noted men from many parts of the world who served, I shall now conclude this chapter and relate in the following one the stories of some remarkable conversions.

XI

NOTABLE CONVERSIONS

"One thing I know that whereas I was blind now I see."
John 9:25

IT goes without saying that it is better to grow up from childhood into the Christian life than to taste the bitterness of sin, and then, when character has been undermined, life largely wasted, to come to Jesus Christ. Blessed is the coming at any time, but more glorious and blessed is the coming to Christ that is a perpetual experience from childhood, with no dark declensions to mar the way. The most critical and valuable period in life is youth, when the hot blood leaps through the arteries giving zest and power to every endeavor. The brevity of man's life, averaging about thirty-two years, shows how important it is to dedicate youth to the service of God. The greatest example of this is furnished by our blessed Lord who from early childhood lived triumphantly in the will of the Father. Think of what He accomplished before He reached the age of thirty-three.

But the vast majority of men and women are slow to learn wisdom. Probably the parents are most to blame for not beginning sufficiently early to teach their children those laws and principles of

God, the knowledge of which are so necessary to their moral and physical well-being. Many, through ignorance, give themselves to various kinds of indulgence from early childhood, and, as the years fly by, the terrible harvest is manifest. In our national life, crime cost the taxpayers more than the sum total of all other expenses of running the Government, and most crime is committed before mid-life.

Now, what is the mission of the Christian Church? It is to preach the Gospel—the way of life—to all classes and conditions of men, but especially to those who have fallen out of the way. The pitying love of God seems to center most on the prodigal, because he is most in need of help. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." Love impelled it. Love sent Him to the Cross to make the awful sacrifice for man's redemption. And, alas, how many of our fellows are lost who once were "as pure as the morning dew." They yielded to those tendencies and weaknesses, so inherent in human nature, and are lost. Outwardly, they may appear respectable, but living in disobedience to God they are lost in sin just as truly as are those who have become outcasts from society. It is to the lost that Old Tent Evangel felt specially called to preach the way of life, love, blessedness and peace.

I shall not dwell in general upon the thousands who, in one way or another, sought salvation from sin in the services of Tent Evangel. A large volume could not tell the story. Neither shall I chronicle

the two years of strenuous labors in our rescue mission hall on Eighth Avenue, during which period fifteen hundred men and fifty-six women and girls knelt at the mourners' bench, some of whom had prison records, and most of whom were victims of strong drink; but, blessed be God, some of whom were saved. Here in this work, as in Tent Evangel, we tried to point sinners to the great Sin-bearer—Jesus Christ. Here every night during those two years we sympathized and prayed with the erring ones, furnished them used clothing, meal and bed tickets, in addition to the work of conducting Old Tent Evangel. But the burden was too heavy. My health broke and I was obliged to go to the hospital for an operation. Conducting Tent Evangel, with my winter work in the churches, was burden enough for one person. But I am going into detail, the very thing I promised not to do. My purpose in this chapter is to relate the stories of several notable conversions. May what I shall say be used of God in the salvation of some who may read these pages, is my prayer.

A noted chemist saved

One evening, about an hour before the service, when Tent Evangel was located at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-Seventh Street, there stumbled in a man, well dressed, who had the appearance of culture and mental attainments. He was in a state of delirium, frenzied as a result of drink, and, as he said, on his way to Central Park to end his wretched

TENT EVANGEL ON WEST ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOURTH STREET

life. As proof of this he exhibited a vial of poison with which he was to commit the awful deed. There was a notice which he had read outside the door for our Sunday morning service in Spanish. It was this notice that induced his coming in to investigate the place, for he was a scholar who could read several languages.

The only persons present at this early hour were the caretaker and the writer, and on hearing the story of the drink-crazed man, and seeing his determination to proceed at once to the Park to end his life, I called upon the caretaker to assist me as I struggled with him to prevent so terrible a deed. It was only by sheer physical force that we held him in our arms waiting until the congregation gathered, when I would get help from others. There we were, one on either side, holding this madman down on a chair and trying to calm his deranged mind, as he gradually consumed a pitcher of water to assuage his burning thirst.

Our unexpected visitor told us that he was born in Germany and that he was a post-graduate of Heidelberg University. He said he could speak seven languages, was a chemist of national repute, and had in Chicago, where his home was, one of the largest laboratories in America. He assured us that he was not a constant drinker, that only once in every three years he went on a long spree which lasted several weeks. This time, he said, he had come from Chicago to New York to get away from his associates and sober up, taking with him one

thousand dollars, and that for two weeks he had been intoxicated in New York, had spent all his money, and now he determined to end his life. Like the crazy man in the tombs whom Jesus had saved, he was foaming and grinding with his teeth.

There came into the tent a man from Chicago whom I knew, and I asked him to hold my prisoner until the close of the service. This he did, after which I forced the doctor to go with me to my private room on West Fifty-eighth Street and spend the night. After much effort I landed him safely in my room, locked the door and removed the key and then had him occupy the only bed. I determined to spend the night with him, using the hard floor as my only place of rest. Several times he leaped from the bed and rushed to the window to cast himself down to the sidewalk, thus hoping to end his wretched life, but I intercepted his mad endeavors. What a terrible night I spent with him! The weather was extremely hot, and being fatigued from the labors of the day, I was much in need of rest. But on the hard floor there was no sleep nor rest for me that night.

It was four o'clock in the morning when my guest shouted in a loud voice, "I am dying; go quickly and bring a physician!" He was nauseating all over my room, and his groans could be heard throughout the house. I had never been in such a mess. I said: "Doctor, I cannot get a physician at this early hour. Jesus Christ wants to be your physician. Why not take him?" I had labored

THE PARSON AT FORTY-EIGHT

much during the night to induce him to pray, but he could not believe nor pray. And I had preached and preached to him about Jesus, the sinners' Saviour, but it seemed to have made no impression. As a final effort I pleaded with him to get down on his knees and pray. This he did and such a prayer! It was more like the scream of a wild man. He shouted: "O God have mercy upon me, a poor lost sinner, for Jesus' sake!" That was all he said, and he rolled over on the floor as dead. I really thought he had passed away. There he remained as quiet as death. I could not hear him breathe. It was now daylight, and I felt sure the poor man had expired, as I looked upon his motionless form. Suddenly, to my astonishment, he got up and said: "I am saved! Jesus has saved me! I know I am saved! Go and get a taxi and take me to a hospital where I can recuperate my strength." I took him to a hospital where he remained for one month. The doctors and nurses testified that they had never attended such an enthusiastic Christian, that he tried to convert them all. But they also said that for several days after he entered the hospital he was on the verge of death from the effects of strong drink. At the end of his convalescent period he went to his home in Chicago to rejoin his wife and two children, a man full of the Holy Spirit and peace.

Gypsy Smith, Jr.

While sitting on the platform during one of those song services of which Tent Evangel has been noted,

I heard a rare voice in the center of the congregation directly in front of the pulpit, and I stopped the service and requested that the one whose sweet voice I had heard get up and sing for us. No one arose. "I think it is that red-faced young fellow down there who is wearing a sailor's shirt. If so, young man will you not sing for us?" whereupon he arose and captivated the audience. "Come up here on the platform," I requested. He did as he was commanded, and I said, "Now sing for us," and the sailor lad delighted everyone with his rare sweet voice. "Who are you anyway?" I inquired.

"I am a sailor," came the quick reply.

"A sailor. Well, you are surely a fine singer. Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, sir, I am. I consecrated my life afresh to Jesus Christ here in this tent this week. My ship is in port and will sail to-morrow. I have been here in this tent for several nights."

Then the audience applauded the youth again.

"My dear brother," I replied, as he stood by my side on the platform, "I believe the Lord wants that voice in His service, and you will go to your ship to-morrow morning and resign your work before the mast, get your pay, and come here and sing for us during the rest of the campaign. Will you do it?"

He replied: "I will, and you will see me here to-morrow night. By the way," he continued, "I suppose you know my father?"

"What is your name?"

"My name is Smith, and my father is Gipsy Smith, the evangelist."

He was introduced sure enough and the audience applauded the young man vigorously. Several persons leaped to their feet and shouted:

"God bless you, Brother Smith! You are following in the footsteps of your distinguished father!"

Brother Smith was as good as his word, and he sang for us during the rest of the campaign. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, who was preaching for us, was so pleased with the singing of the Gipsy boy that he engaged him to serve that winter as one of his soloists.

During the two succeeding summers Gipsy Smith, Jr., served in the Tent Evangel as our song leader. At the close of the last season he said to me: "I am called to preach the Gospel, and I am planning to enter a theological seminary this fall. But before I go there is one thing I want you to do. I want you to baptize me in the Warburton Avenue Baptist Church in Yonkers, in the same baptistry in which my father was baptized about twenty-five years ago, during his first visit to America. Will you do it?"

Brother Smith was baptized in this church, after which he took a three years' course in Crozier Seminary. Since his graduation he has preached as an evangelist in various parts of America, and God has greatly owned his ministry.

Conversion of a radical Socialist

When Paul Kanamori, the Moody of Japan, was preaching in Tent Evangel, one of the converts was a young Austrian whose name is Joseph D. Adametz. This is his story as he loves to tell it:

"I was reared a Roman Catholic in Austria, but in my young manhood I became an ardent disciple of Carl Marx and turned my back upon the Roman Church, for which I never had much regard. I became an anarchist in belief and despised all religions. As for the churches no one could induce me to enter one. I came to America and began to work in New York for an insurance company. I was rooming and boarding with an aged woman, a Mrs. Walker, an earnest Christian, at No. 200 West 102d Street. Mrs. Walker was very kind to me. Because of her lovely character I had come to respect her highly, but I had no use for Christianity. Mrs. Walker said to me one evening, while we were sitting at the dinner table, 'Mr. Adametz, I want you to come with me to-night to Old Tent Evangel and hear a wonderful Japanese preacher, Kanamori is his name.'

"I replied that I had no use for religion and hated the very sight of a church, but for her sake and out of curiosity to hear a Jap I would go with her to the tent.

"Mr. Kanamori preached on the death of Christ, and as I listened to him some power laid hold of my mind and heart. I can never describe my feel-

OPEN AIR SERVICE ON BROAD STREET NEAR WALL STREET

ings. I was almost dazed and I could hardly speak a word after the service. I knew God had convicted me of the fact that I was a great sinner, and I had to cry to him for mercy. On hearing Kanamori I knew Christ died for sinners. I can never tell how my life was changed that night, how love for Jesus Christ and His cause had filled my life and banished hatred. From that day to this I have had the witness of the Spirit that I was born of God. I work during the day and many of my evenings are spent preaching the Gospel in the open air, and this I have been doing for several years. I united with the First Baptist Church because I knew that Dr. Haldeman is preaching a complete Gospel."

This brother beloved is a burning and a shining light, respected by all who know him.

Conversion of a German anatomist

A fine looking young German, whose father had been rich but who had lost everything during the war, decided to take his aged and infirm mother to America where he hoped to win success. But here he seemed to have met with one reverse after another, until he had reached a state of financial and mental bankruptcy. Despondency had seized him and the mania to end his life had gotten the mastery. So he decided to terminate his troubles by jumping off Brooklyn Bridge. While on his way to end it all he noticed a huge well lighted tent and decided to step inside the door to see what sort of a place it was, thinking perhaps it was a summer theater.

I was at the door when he stepped inside, and noticing that he had a strange, wild stare in his eyes, I sensed that something was wrong with him, and so I extended a most hearty welcome and urged him to have a seat and remain to the service. He had given the impression that he had no desire to remain. In a hesitating manner he took a seat. Evangelist Harry Ironside was preaching, and something he said gripped the mind of this bewildered young man. He heard for the first time in his life a real Gospel sermon, how Christ died to redeem lost sinners, and he was so impressed that he decided to abandon his decision to end his life. Before leaving the service that night he believed the Gospel and was wondrously saved. He told the preacher his story, and for some time he was seen nightly in the services rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. On the following Lord's Day he brought his poor little pale-faced mother to the tent and introduced her to me. His father had died before he left Germany. She could speak only a few words of English. It was touching to see her as with one hand on her boy's shoulder and looking into his face and mine, she tried in German and English, mostly German, to tell me how happy she was over the salvation of her son, the tears running down over her pale face as she tried to express her gratitude. I could not understand her German but I could her tears. Such an experience as this was sufficient reward for our labors that season.

Only eternity can reveal the fruit of Old Tent

Evangel. When we reach the other shore I am sure there will be greetings from many thousands whose faces have been turned toward the Homeland by hearing the Gospel under this canvas tabernacle.

And yet, notwithstanding the fame of Tent Evangel, there are many thousands of persons in New York City who would consider it beneath their dignity to put their feet inside the canvas tabernacle. It is the height of respectability to go to the theater, but to go to a Gospel tent would be humiliating, indeed. Dear me, what idiotic notions some folks have. And many of these are so devoted to their own churches that they would consider themselves disloyal to their beloved pastors if they should attend Tent Evangel or any other place of Gospel service. I wonder how they can ever make up their minds to go to heaven. Seems they are too loyal to their church, or too narrow-minded to go there.

XII

TENT EVANGEL AND MODERNISM

"No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God." Luke 9:62
"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Timothy 6:12

THE story of my life would be quite incomplete without a discussion of the problem which Modernism has forced upon the Christian people. Tent Evangel has been one of the most noted religious centers in America where the modern problem in Christianity has been discussed by Biblical Scholars of international renown, where Modernism has been fairly examined, exposed, and repudiated. Next to evangelism, our mission was to defend the Faith. To win souls and build them up in the Gospel, or to make disciples and teach them, this, with the defense of the Faith, was our task.

In this chapter I shall endeavor to define Modernism and show wherein it is at war with Christianity. We should know *what Modernism is and the taproot from which it sprang.* When the basic principle of Modernism is understood it is an easy matter to see wherein this system must evidently clash with Christianity. The problem is a simple one. Any ordinary mind can understand the difference

between Modernism and Christianity once the basic principles of both are known.

What, then, is Modernism? It is not primarily a religion, though its advocates are striving to make it one. It is, rather, a philosophy which rejects the Bible as the basis of authority in Christianity and which views man himself, or human reason as the only basis of authority. Modernism is best defined as Rationalism. Rationalism says the things which are seen are eternal and are to be trusted, but the unseen, which men claim do exist, as, for example, the personal God, Christ, etc., these may be only superstition, the creation of man's imagination, and may be rejected. That is what is meant by the philosophy of Rationalism. In this system of thought human reason is supreme, at any rate, to the rationalist it is the highest thing in the Universe of which man knows, consequently reason must be our basis of authority in religion. That is Rationalism, and *Modernism is Rationalism in the realm of religion.* It rejects the age-long conception of the Supernatural and all spiritual phenomena, as recorded in the Bible, as miracles, etc., that is, it contends that there is nothing higher than Nature and her laws, forces, energy, or life. So much, then, by way of definition as to the basic principle of Modernism.

Now, we inquire, *What is the tap-root from which Modernism has sprung?* This is a question of very great importance. Modernism is a product of the pantheistic doctrine of God and the Universe.

But what, then, is Pantheism? We must correctly answer this question also if we would know the origin of Modernism. Pantheism is a conception of the Universe which says that God and Nature are one; that Nature is God; that God is Nature; that both are one and the same,—indivisible, eternal. The pagan religions, with their millions of idols, are the products of the pantheistic conception of the Universe. It is natural that such a view should produce polytheism. If Nature is God and God is Nature then why not worship objects in Nature, or bow down before Nature's numerous symbols, all of which, according to Pantheism, are the universal expression of energy, deity, or life.

In this connection we do well to note that there have been only two dominant conceptions of God known to men—the Biblical doctrine of the personal God, and the pantheistic conception. The latter says that God is a principle, or energy, or force in Nature; in other words that Nature herself is God, with all her infinite variety. The Biblical doctrine, or revelation is that God is a Person, or a Spirit, the Author of Nature; that He is not simply Nature herself; that while He is imminent yet He is also transcendent and is independent and free, greater than all the worlds which He has made. A personal spirit consists of three essential powers, namely: thought, feeling, volition, or the power to think, feel and act. These are the powers of man, and these also are the powers of God. Herein lies the Divine image in man, and the basis or secret of communion

TENT EVANGEL AT CATHEDRAL PARKWAY AND AMSTERDAM AVENUE

with God. Pantheism, on the other hands, has no intelligent conception of God, but views Him as a dumb, helpless force, a slave to Nature which is both the expression and embodiment of Himself.

We also do well to remind ourselves that all down through history there has been a ceaseless warfare between these two conceptions of God—the Biblical, or revealed doctrine of the personal God, as Creator, Father, and Redeemer, and the pantheistic conception of God, as the impersonal, unintelligible, dumb force, or power, or principle we call Nature. These two conflicting doctrines account for the religious wars in the ancient world. The surrounding nations made war on Israel because of her belief in the personal God, Who gave a special revelation of Himself to mankind through that race.

When the Lord Jesus Christ appeared, to what kind of a world did He come? About three million of the human family—the Jews—believed in the personal God, practically all the rest of mankind were Pantheists. What did it mean, therefore, for Jesus to send out His disciples to evangelize the world? It meant that that great pagan wall of Pantheism, with which they were surrounded, must be broken down by the knowledge of the true and living God Whom Christ made known. Of course this meant warfare, carnage, death. Our Lord said truly: "I came not to send peace but a sword." Pantheism would not surrender her false philosophy and pagan rites without a struggle. For centuries in the early history of the Christian Church, these

two doctrines were in death-grips. But the truth triumphed over physical force. Christianity was victorious, and the mighty pantheistic Roman Empire was conquered by the living Christ who made known the personal God and His redemption for men.

But while the Christian doctrine of the personal God, as revealed in Christ, conquered the Roman Empire, yet it did not win all the people in that Empire to Christ. Pantheism, here and there, still survived. Celsus, the philosopher, who was antagonistic to the new religion, produced the first written work attacking Christianity. "Marcus Aurelius, a noted pagan, used all the machinery of the Empire in his effort to wipe out Christianity. Johannes Scotus Eregena, later in the ninth century, taught the same doctrine of Pantheism. Later, Giordano Bruno succeeded him and was burned at the stake in the year 1600. Spinoza, 1632-77, was the most eminent advocate of pantheism, and he shaped the thought of succeeding generations, his influence cropping out in Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Emerson, Haeckel," and the whole school of German, French and English Rationalism, including Carl Marx and every writer of note on Socialism and Evolution since their day.

The pantheistic conception of God, therefore, which denies to the Deity personality and which presents God as a force or energy in Nature, is the foundation of the doctrine of Evolution, the Philosophy of Rationalism, and is the father of every

movement in history which rejects the Bible as a special revelation and the basis of authority in religion. Here, then, is the root from which all these philosophic movements sprang, including our present-day Modernism in Christianity.

Having seen the origin of Modernism, that it is a product of the pantheistic doctrine of the Universe, I shall now raise the question as to what constitutes authority in Christianity. I have given the historical outline of an anti-Bible, anti-God, anti-Christian movement in history in order to show that Modernism has its tap-root in the old doctrine of Pantheism, that it is Rationalism as opposed to the Supernatural. Now we will pause here and consider this question of authority. There are three views contending for the mastery.

There is, first, the Roman Catholic view, which holds that that branch of the Christian Church, in the decisions of her councils, is the only authority in Christianity. This is a quieting and comforting view to those who would shut their eyes to facts, refuse to think for themselves, and who are willing to have others do their religious thinking for them.

Then, second, there is the view as held by modernists, namely: that the individual consciousness and reason are the sole basis of authority in religion. Here reason and experience are made supreme.

And there is the Evangelical Protestant view, while it emphasizes the great value of experience, nevertheless, strongly contends that the Bible is the sole basis of authority in Christianity. For the

Bible, being the Word of God, must be the court of final appeal. Evangelical Protestantism has always argued thus: What can be higher than God's Word, or what can equal it? By God's Word we understand that the worlds were made and systems framed. The Christian Church has been begotten of the Word of God. The Church did not create the Word of God. The Word of God created the Church. Believing the Bible to be the highest source of knowledge of the personal God and His redemption for sinful men, the means of spiritual experience and growth, and that there is no other revelation of God aside from that which the Universe suggests and confirms, Evangelical Christians logically hold that the Bible must be their one and only basis of authority in Christianity. But this basic fact of Christianity Modernism denies. Of course, it is hardly necessary to affirm that Evangelical Protestants are not opposed to giving reason her proper place in religion. But, we rightly argue, since reason did not and could not originate Christianity, which is a supernatural religion, reason, therefore, should be subordinated to that which it could never discover or create and serve rather as an aid in the interpretation of Christianity.

From what has already been stated, I think it may be affirmed that Modernism is only another term for Rationalism, or better still, Naturalism, and that it is in essence the boastful teaching of a false science, of the omnipotence of materialism, of man's wisdom and sufficiency, as opposed to the

teachings of the Word of God. It is the spirit of a materialistic civilization, as opposed to the spirit and truth of the Gospel of Christ which produced a spiritual civilization. The conflict, which many believe was witnessed in the World War and now seen in the world of education and religion, is between natural and supernatural forces. But like all opposition to God and His Christ, it will run its course and be defeated, as was its manifestation in the Gnosticism of the first and second centuries, the Arianism of the third and fourth centuries, the Deism of the eighteenth century, and in the German militarism and Rationalism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

In the light of these facts it is clear why Modernism has forced a conflict upon the churches. It is a child of unbelief, since it affirms that the supernatural element in the Bible, which includes miracles, must be explained from the standpoint of natural causes and by human reason. And it is clear that the conflict in Christianity will continue until reason is subordinated to her proper place and Revelation, in the thinking of the Church of God, is made supreme. Not till then will Christian brotherhood be strengthened, the shattered unity be restored, and the churches regain their old-time power, prosperity and peace.

It may further be observed that this spirit of unbelief, which is the essence of the so-called religious liberalism, has shifted its base of operation from the world outside to the bosom of the Church.

Modernism no longer, as of yore, attacks Christianity solely from without, but its spirit of lawlessness, reaction, and unbelief, has become organized, and with a suave respectability has become intrenched within the churches. For centuries it was voiced only from public platforms, in the private gatherings of infidels, and read in their publications, but now, with a fresh embellishment of science and ethics, it appears in ecclesiastical and university robes, is preached by brilliant rhetoricians, and scattered broadcast to the ends of the earth by certain so-called religious publication societies. The infidel clatter of other centuries has at last been rehashed and refined by the modern university into a kind of culture for our young preachers who man our pulpits and go to the foreign fields to convert the heathen. Of course no one half awake wonders now why this thing has forced upon the churches a problem of the first magnitude. Nevertheless, many uninformed and misinformed Christians, who pretend to look pious and wise, say that "all this criticism of Modernism is only a tempest in a teapot, a mere bluster, the harangues of uneducated preachers who are seeking notoriety by attacking new knowledge or something, or somebody." Intelligent people, however, the world over are aware of this conflict between those in the churches who do believe, and those who do not believe the Bible to be the Word of God.

Yes, millions are awake to the problem. Some call it "religious fratricide." Some declare that "it

is destroying the spiritual life," as if Christianity could be destroyed. Outwardly it may appear to work disaster, but it is separating the gold from the dross, the genuine from the spurious, exhibiting to the professing church those who are Christ's and those who are not. Modernism is the judgment of God upon a worldly and corrupt church, and its spirit of lawlessness will ultimately prove to be a blessing in disguise, for by it God is sifting, purifying, separating His people in preparation for a mighty advance in His Kingdom, and the coming of the Christ. Of course, the fruit of this subtle unbelief in the lives of those who have become its victims, is appalling. Let David Strauss, one of its outstanding representatives, tell us of its harvest in his own life. He says: "My philosophy leaves me utterly forlorn. I feel like one caught up in the merciless jaws of an automatic machine, not knowing at what moment one of the great hammers may crush me."

But what, it may be inquired, has all this to do with the history and work of the Old Tent Evangel? Much every way, for, as stated, Tent Evangel has been one of the most noted religious centers in New York City where this movement against Christ and His Gospel has been combatted and exposed. The activity of thousands of Christians in America, in their efforts to hurl back the rising tide of unbelief, can be traced directly to the influence of Tent Evangel. It was in a series of lectures in the great canvas tabernacle where my three best known books had

their beginnings. I refer to: "The Crisis in Church and College," "The Modern Conflict over the Bible," and the "Modern Mind and the Virgin Brith." For this aggressive service the author and his books have been boycotted for a decade by the modernists and their money masters and that boycott is on to the present time, of which an added word will be said in the final chapter.

XIII

THE METHODS OF MODERNISM

"For the mystery of lawlessness doth already work."
2 Thessalonians 2:7

IT is not my purpose to discuss here the boycott already referred to and which was made operative in America against the writer through various well-known organizations. I prefer to leave that with the Judge of all the earth who will render unto every man according to his works. The underground whisperings and lying intrigues of Satan against orthodox men in order to cripple their influence, will injure only the perpetrators of such unjust attacks upon those who are lovers of God and His Word, and I must apologize to my reader for stooping to mention such unworthy exhibitions of the flesh. It is only done in order to show the character and method of those who are opposing the truth.

What I desire to do in this chapter is to examine the methods and fruit of Modernism. We have seen its basic principal, its prevailing point of view; now we will observe the way it strives to propagate itself.

Christians, above all others, should be intelligent students of the times and know what is occurring

in the world to-day. What, for example, is the character of those institutions which are receiving vast endowments? Are they the sound orthodox schools where the Son of God and His Gospel are defended? Are they the Bible Institutes to which our consecrated young people are flocking in large numbers? Are they the mission enterprises whose boards would sooner sacrifice life itself than send out missionaries who question the Virgin Birth and deity of Christ? Are they the orthodox churches, rescue missions, and evangelists who are striving to win sinners to God? No, a thousand times, no; rather, they are those colleges and seminaries and other institutions where Modernism is most dominant, where in many cases every fundamental truth of Christianity is either questioned, criticized, or by some openly rejected. Has this no significance to those who know their Bibles? Is it not sufficient proof that certain financial powers are making war upon the Christian Faith?

During the last twenty-five years, the writer has had ample opportunity to study the influence of Modernism, as backed by certain financial powers, upon individuals, churches and other institutions that have meekly sought to carry out their policies, or bowed to their authority, and I bear faithful and true witness when I say, that in every case that came under my observation, in the individual life, both in pulpit and pew, or in the realm of teaching in our educational institutions, and in the policy of local and national mission boards, the withering blight of

THE PARSON AT FIFTY-FIVE

spiritual decadence was clearly in evidence. Every church, mission board, educational institution, as every individual, that has succumbed to Modernism and the influence of its financial masters, has lost its loyalty to the Gospel, its spiritual vision, glory and power. Modernism is known by its fruit. Listen to them preach, and notice that they discuss everything except the real thing—the Gospel. Hear them pray, and note their lack of warmth, fervor and vital religious experience. Note also their private conversation and habits, and the chilly atmosphere, the absence of love for souls, and the presence, usually, of an atmosphere characteristic of a political club.

From what has been stated regarding a certain class of financiers, I trust the impression will not have been made that I group in this class all the rich members of our churches. Nothing could be farther from my thought. There are still many noble and notable exceptions, men and women of wealth and the highest Christian character who have not gone over to Modernism; nor have they allied themselves in any way with the plans of those financiers who are the principal mainstay of this organized unbelief. It is doubtless true that some of these well-to-do orthodox Christians, who are lacking in strength of character and are uninformed regarding the aims and doctrines of the modernists, have been powerfully influenced through society and church friends to such an extent that they have been neutralized regarding the conflict. And while some of these

uninformed and well-meaning Christians would defend the great financiers from being responsible for the spread of an anti-Christian propaganda in the churches and universities, nevertheless, they themselves, in their thinking, have not accepted the creed of the modernists. They still believe the old Book and the old Faith.

What these well-to-do orthodox believers need to know are the facts regarding Modernism, its aims, spirit, doctrines, and financial sponsors. In possession of this knowledge, they would feel the responsibility resting upon them to do their part, and would separate themselves and withdraw their support from those churches, societies, and financial influences which are opposed to the true Faith. This is their most important duty, namely, to so inform themselves, because it is for them the only way to liberty, peace and power. Let those well-to-do friends first of all be honest with themselves and ascertain the facts; then, doubtless, they will take a noble stand for God and His Word. This is one of the greatest needs of the hour. In most cases these friends are uninformed of the facts because they have been misinformed by Modernists. They have not "searched the Scriptures to see whether these things be so," nor have they read the works of our ablest Biblical scholars which deal with the problem of Modernism. These friends would do well to read the books of Dr. Conrad, of Boston, Dr. Machen and Dr. Wilson, of Princeton, the late Dr. Orr, of Scotland, Dr. George McCready Price,

and many other thinkers and scholars of note. They would also do well to subscribe for one or two of the ablest religious periodicals, as, for example, "The Bible Champion," "The Moody Monthly," and at least one strong denominational orthodox paper, as "The Watchman-Examiner" of New York, "The Presbyterian" of Philadelphia, and others. Probably very few candid minds, if any, would accept Modernism, if they had first thoroughly informed themselves on the questions at issue by studying both sides with care. Only by reading our best orthodox authorities can the student see both sides presented fairly, for modernists invariably misrepresent orthodoxy and her scholars.

The writer is a Baptist and he can refer with greater freedom to his own denomination. What has been the effect of Modernism, supported by the financial world-power, upon the Baptist churches in New York City during the last three decades or more—the period when this power, working through its friends, has been exerting great influence upon our denominational affairs? During this period the population of the City has nearly doubled, and this enormous increase has not been wholly due to foreign immigration. Hundreds of thousands have moved to New York from all over America. While many now speak of the metropolis as largely Jewish and Roman Catholic, it should be remembered that, according to a recent census as given in "The Watchman-Examiner" of New York, there are 2,056,956 Jews and 1,440,635 Roman Catholics in

New York, while there are also 2,122,457 Protestants in the city. Protestants constitute the largest group. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the enormous increase in the number of Protestants in the city during the last few decades, the white Baptists on Manhattan Island have not been holding their own, but have actually decreased in church membership, while in the borough of Brooklyn, though the number of small churches has increased, nevertheless, in membership, the Baptist churches there in recent years have hardly held their own.

And what is true of New York during the last twenty-five years is true to some extent of the Baptists in the entire region of the Northern Convention, or in the Northern States, especially during the last fifteen years, only in a slightly less degree. In the Northern States, however, it is more largely true of the Baptists during the last few years—they have made slight, if any, numerical progress. Is it possible to accurately determine the cause of this lack of spiritual progress in a large section of the country where, for more than a century, the Baptists enjoyed remarkable prosperity? These facts do not hold true regarding the Baptists of the Southern States, because in the South the Baptists are free, they are not dominated by a gigantic financial power propagating Modernism through its agencies, except as the agents of this power may have won some allies in certain educational centers in the South. It is an unquestioned fact that the growth of southern Baptists has surpassed that of

any other religious body in America, and, in recent years, our southern brethren have had their most phenomenal increase, so much so, that Baptists to-day are reported to be the largest Protestant body in America—(I cannot now verify this report, although I assume it is true) with a total membership of about 8,000,000, of which probably nearly 3,000,000 belong to the colored race. But only about 1,225,000 of our white Baptists are in the Northern Convention, and for years this has been, with slight variation, our membership in the North.

What is the cause of the decline in New York City and the alarming check upon Baptist growth in the North? It cannot be due to poverty, for we are rapidly increasing in wealth. Because of our increase we have, during the last thirty years, doubled our contributions to denominational objects. Neither can it be due to ignorance, for we have numerous educational institutions, and the average intelligence of our people will probably compare favorably with that of most religious bodies. There is only one true answer to our inquiry: We are suffering from the negations, doubt-engendering spirit of Modernism, largely subservient to an autocratic money power. It is because of this departure from our mission, of this disloyalty to the Faith, that the blessing of God has been withdrawn from our churches in many sections of the North.

It is claimed by some authorities that Southern Baptists constitute the most progressive orthodox Protestant body in the world, which, if true, proves

that orthodoxy and progress are not incompatible. They have also a remarkably large average church attendance, far larger than we have in the North, for evangelical orthodoxy has a peculiar attraction and charm—it reaches and wins the heart.

For a concrete illustration of my contention, that Modernism devitalizes the spiritual life, let us look more closely into the history of Baptist churches in New York City. Twenty-five years ago we had, probably, five strong churches on Manhattan Island, and a large number of weaker ones, but, to-day, we have here only two comparatively strong churches in membership and attendance, and these two are prosperous because they are staunch defenders of the Evangelical Faith. Probably two or three of the weaker churches which have orthodox pastors would be classed as orthodox, but all the rest of their class are dominated by modernists. Our church of largest financial resources, with vast wealth, superb location, attractive building, absolutely dominated by modernist teaching, policy and management, yet, withal, boastful of its Baptist liberty of conscience and freedom of thought, as if that were a justification for unbelief, ministers to a few hundred on Sunday morning and to a few score at the evening service. As one of their most active members recently testified, "We have not sufficient enthusiasm in our ranks to marshal men to serve as ushers." Why is this true of this church, and why also is it so conspicuously true of every Baptist Church in New York, as elsewhere, where Rational-

ism, subservient to the money power backing Modernism, is in control? On the other hand, our two outstanding orthodox churches, with the largest seating capacity and by far the largest attendances, are usually crowded. Furthermore, in these two churches are found more earnest worshippers in the mid-week service than are in evidence in all the New Theology Baptist churches combined on Manhattan Island. But notwithstanding these facts, which reveal the hopelessness of those liberal churches, the modernists are determined to dominate in the affairs of the denomination in New York as elsewhere. The religious liberalists, conscious that they cannot overthrow the plain Biblical basis of the Evangelical Faith, and directed by the agents of the ruling financial power, naturally manifest the spirit of their master and strive to rule or ruin. It is now their open boast that they hope to control every prominent Baptist pulpit in the Northern Convention, by men of their class. They are even striving to forestall the ordination of orthodox candidates to the Baptist ministry, notably those who have not studied in Baptist seminaries where Modernism is dominant.

Here, then, are facts that will not down and that challenge successful contradiction, namely, that every church in New York, as elsewhere, which has come under the influence of Modernism, backed and directed by an autocratic money power, which has taken its stand against the old Book and the old Faith, which substitutes social service and amuse-

ments for the blood-bought Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which exalts an ever-changing science and philosophy above the authority of God's unchanging Word, has lost its grip on the hearts of men, has entered into a spiritual eclipse and is travelling straight to the Unitarian fold. All such churches, notwithstanding their boast of denominational loyalty, are, in their essential points of view, Unitarian,—all they lack in order to place them consistently before the world is the Unitarian label. The absence of a true label is a tremendous ethical liability.

The writer believes that the Baptists have had a larger opportunity to win in America, if not throughout the whole earth, than any other Church. Their sound doctrinal position, evangelical zeal, democracy, their leadership as champions in history of religious and political liberty, gave them an equipment second to none. The writer is not a bigot. He has been for twenty odd years the leader in one of the most aggressive union Gospel movements in America, and has been fair to his brethren of other churches. He has profound respect for the Presbyterian Church of his fathers, and for all other Evangelical Churches, but he is, nevertheless, a Baptist by conviction. He believes that there is nothing more beautiful and Scriptural than a united, Spirit-filled, aggressive Baptist church. Such a simple, apostolic brotherhood, in both organization and spirit is, in my judgment, the mightiest spiritual dynamic on earth. Had the Baptists of the North

remained loyal to the Gospel, as were our fathers, they could have taken these Northern States for Christ. Of course, it is not too late yet, if they will redeem themselves from the unbelief, folly, and shame of Modernism. If they will retrace their steps, return humbly like the prodigal, purify themselves, and go forward in the faith of our fathers, preaching the Gospel of the Cross, then the Baptists can give the Gospel to all mankind. But to see our Baptist churches, apostolic in doctrine and practice, permitting themselves to become duped by traitors in our pulpits, who with the financial world power, are propagating another gospel, called liberal Christianity, and, as a result of this cowardice and betrayal, to see one church after another go down in defeat in a city of 6,000,000 souls, is enough to make every true Baptist, who knows the truth for which the fathers died and by which they triumphed, hang his head in shame and fall upon his face in agonizing prayer to God to deliver our people from the great system of unbelief, parading abroad amongst us as liberal Christianity.

Think of that simple, Spirit-filled brotherhood, founded by Jesus, and preserved through succeeding centuries by the true Gospel and the blood of the martyrs, being compelled to admit defeat in a vast city of 6,000,000 souls! The people of New York City, as of every civilized country on the globe, have inherited the blessing of religious and political liberty which is largely the fruitage of the blood of Baptist martyrs throughout the Christian

Era. If that vast succession of martyrs could speak to us, what would they say? If our Baptist forbears, as, for example, the Apostolic Church, the ancient Montanists, the Paulicians, Albigenses, Waldenses, Ana-baptists of the Reformation period, and some of their martyr descendants in America could testify to-day, what would be their message? The Church that produced such an array of witnesses, the Church of Bunyan, Milton, Spurgeon, Roger Williams, Judson and Carey is in eclipse in New York City.

We are unworthy of such honored sires! We have allowed ourselves to be betrayed by a financial oligarchy and their subservient hirelings, who would destroy our denomination in the interest of a pseudo-church union. Many of our preachers and laymen have turned their backs upon the blood-bought Gospel which made the Baptists a power among the nations. Cowardice has tied our hands. Compromise over the truth has robbed us of our power. Unbelief has eaten into the vitals of our spiritual life. We have surrendered our manhood to the dictation of materialists. We have sold our Baptist birthright for a mess of pottage. We are congratulating ourselves over an occasional donation of $1,000,000 to denominational causes, given by those who have betrayed the greatest spiritual cause ever given by God to men. Our power and glory are being sacrificed on the altar of mammon. We are not Christ's free men! We are abject slaves! We cannot muster sufficient enthusiasm in

New York to make a protest against the iniquitous system to which many of us have become serfs. We seem to have lost our denominational vision. We have never made a decent effort to build in New York even a Baptist hospital, or a headquarter's building in which to center our world-wide enterprises. Many of our pulpits would be denied to our most useful ministers because they refuse to compromise the truth and become slaves. Because of our departure from the true Gospel the spirit of discord and strife is rife among us. Where Modernism has alienated churches there is no longer any real unity, or true brotherhood among Baptists in these Northern States. How can there be? The basis of unity has been destroyed. But is it too late to be redeemed? Oh no, thank God! We may yet rise to defend the old Faith, to reject the modern apostasy, to be filled with the old-time power and save our loved heritage for God.

And what is true of the Baptists in New York is equally true of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal churches, so far as the dominance of Modernism is concerned. While the majority of the laity in all the churches are still largely orthodox and do not seem to understand the cause of the decline of our New York churches, attributing it to social and racial influences, to changing population, (and I would not underestimate the importance of these factors, for they have had a tendency to weaken our churches in certain localities), nevertheless, these are not the principal causes.

Our problem in its last analysis is not racial, social, or economic, *it is spiritual.* Where a church has been led by a true orthodox preacher in the pulpit (I do not mean a mere user of orthodox terms, devoid of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, for he is almost as powerless as a modernist) who builds up his flock in the Faith, there is a church that always wins. It may not have a large membership, nor wealth, in fact its membership and attendance may be quite small, but it has that which has ever caused the churches to flourish in the face of the most trying opposition—*it has Christ and His unchanging Gospel.* Death is not gnawing at its vitals, and in its atmosphere souls are being saved. This church, with the living Word taught by a spiritual preacher, can transform men and women within its environment, but the church without this quickly succumbs and is defeated. If this be not true, how account for the triumph of Christianity from its very inception, in the midst of the most hostile environment?

And this leads me to state that, after all is said, the crux of our problem centers largely in the pulpit, since those in the pews will imbibe, to some considerable extent, the ideas and spirit of our preachers. For a church to succeed, there must be in its pulpit not alone a Gospel preacher, but a preacher who is absolutely free to preach the whole Gospel. The most ineffective religious question-mark in the Universe, in the midst of an indifferent, hardened, wicked environment, is Modernism in the pulpit dominated by a vast financial power. Modernism,

in a sense, is only another term for adaptation. It can never truly convert and transform; it can only conform. This fact explains why liberal Christianity, so-called, seeks to turn our sacred edifices into ethical clubs, places of amusement, of political discussion and social service. In this they are true to their spirit of conformity to the world. Paul knew the danger of this tendency in human nature, therefore he enjoined the church at Rome, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed."

It is the same everywhere. This thing, impotent in the face of the problem of sin, conspicuous for its glittering generalities, its lifeless ethical content, its devisive messages, helpless in its conformity to the world, subservient to the dominance of the autocratic money power, results in spiritual inertia, stagnation, death.

And what is true of the effects of Modernism in the life of the churches is likewise true of its influence in the seminaries in the North. Let two of these institutions serve as illustrations—Union Seminary in New York and the Divinity School of Harvard. In years gone by, when the Congregational churches were a spiritual power, the latter seminary had a large attendance, but last year only nine students were found in this historic institution, though Harvard University has its thousands. Here, in this atmosphere, Modernism, backed by the same financial power, rules supreme. Union Seminary in New York has every advantage—unequalled location, superb building, large endowment,

nevertheless, the authorities seemed to have become much concerned over the number in attendance for they have been offering special financial inducements to a certain class of students to study there. Those who are known as the largest financial supporters of Modernism in America are reported by the press to have recently added millions to the endowment of Union. If, therefore, vast financial resources can attract students, Union ought to be well attended. But considering the millions invested, the number graduated annually is comparatively small. I say comparatively, when we think of the large number who graduate yearly from orthodox institutions, as, for example, the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, the Southwestern Baptist Seminary at Fort Worth, and these institutions have comparatively no endowments. In comparison also with the flourishing Bible Institutes throughout America, which now have able teaching staffs, the graduates from Union and other seminaries, where Modernism is taught, are few indeed. It is, therefore, evident that Modernism in religious education, supported by the greatest financial power in America, cannot command recruits for the ministry in large numbers, or grip the hearts of men and produce spiritual results.

We have little hope that the rationalists will see the religious chaos into which they are leading many of the churches and educational institutions, or that they will honestly face the facts of history and retrace their steps. No system of science and philos-

ophy can be made a substitute for the blood-bought Gospel of Jesus Christ. Deceived by the prince of this world and the power of materialism, they will probably continue to oppose the truth. They may give their millions here and there, and foolishly imagine that money can build religion into a vast trust and thus ultimately effect a kind of union of Protestantism in America, as money has built the gigantic business corporations with their interlocking directorates, but time will prove that they are mistaken. Truth and error cannot blend. Modernism and Christianity cannot mix. The great financiers backing Modernism may succeed in manipulating the market and make millions over night; they may be able to continue to crush out their weaker rivals, as they have often done, but they cannot win in the church of God by practicing the same methods, for the spirit of redeemed men will throw off the yoke and demand their freedom. I solemnly warn them that they will wake up when it is too late to remedy the evil they have done. The omnipotent Christ, whose atoning blood they repudiate, and from whose brow they would wrench the crown of Deity, will ere long crush out all opposition to His redeeming love. And that day of His glorious triumph on this earth may be nearer than we think. His promises will not fail and soon He will take the Judgment seat. Then the anti-Christ and his world power will be cast out, and with her conquering Lord the true Church will come into her own.

There is one hopeful aspect in the religious situation in New York, as all over the North, and it is found in the fact that the majority of the laity are still opposed to Modernism and its invisible government. It is true that a goodly number are, as yet, unaware of the peril which threatens organized Christianity, but the number of those who are becoming enlightened is gradually increasing, and in this fact is found the hope of the churches. The laymen of vital Christian experience, if only once fully convinced of the anti-Bible propaganda and invisible plans of the rationalists, have it in their power to defeat those who oppose the truth. Many of the laymen are now so convinced. Will they use their great power? Will they combine and assert themselves? It was the Spirit-filled laymen who first recognized the mission and deity of Jesus Christ and became His Apostles, and whom the Holy Spirit used to establish the churches, and not the learned philosophers and financial magnates of the Apostolic Age. The ruling powers and the so-called great thinkers rejected Christ, but the regenerated laymen, who knew the truth of His redemption, clung to Him even unto death. This Spirit-filled class of regenerate men and women Modernism cannot permanently deceive. May God arouse the laymen in this day to pull down the intruder and cast him out! This I say is the hopeful aspect of the present religious crisis, namely, that the majority of the laymen refuse the reactions, negations,

philosophy, isms and doubts of Modernism; they still cling to the blessed Christ of God.

While all this is true, nevertheless, our problem is augmented by the attitude of those who have not as yet decided to take a definite stand. Many of the laity and a large percentage of the preachers are found in this class. These, say, "We are neither modernists nor fundamentalists, we are orthodox," as if there is any consistent middle ground here on which to stand, or as if orthodoxy and fundamentalism are not identically the same. They say, "We believe the Bible is the Word of God, but we do not believe in controversy. We do not need to argue in order to defend the truth; only live the truth and leave the modernists alone. Taking a pronounced stand only alienates the religious liberalists, creates discord, drives away from the churches men of wealth and culture and makes our own position more uncertain if not precarious. It is this well-meaning but weak character that constitutes one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of the Gospel. I do not forget that love is the finest of all the Christian graces, when I say that words cannot adequately portray this strange, colorless character. I confess I do not understand how our great, brave America could produce so many of this insipid type. We should not forget that love is also the fiercest of all the Christian graces. Surely he is a weak sort of preacher who dares to compromise over the Gospel and who has not a protest in him.

Under the leadership of the compromisers many

of our churches are being gradually weakened, and are slipping, floundering, growing cold and travelling toward Unitarianism. The compromiser has sacrificed his preaching possibilities and power, consequently he cannot create great convictions. He ties the hands of the true prophets of God who would lead the churches to victory. It is due to the attitude of neutrals that the rationalists have become so bold in their defiance of the truth. Had it not been for these lovers of a false peace, Modernism long ago would have been cast upon the scrap-heap of discarded theories. May the day soon dawn when an aroused Church will demand that every preacher, and layman as well, must take a positive, open stand in pulpit and pew either for or against those who preach another gospel.

Somewhere in this discussion, I have used the term "invisible government," and, possibly, this calls for explanation. Modernism has an invisible government, and those professing Christians who constitute this ruling class are in many cases those financial interests that seek to control political parties and governments. Indeed the modernists are simply carrying over into the affairs of Christ's Church the methods by which they have become adepts in their manipulation of vast financial monopolies. The citadel of this invisible government in America, in both Church and State, centers in New York. Their power is well organized, and, with its allied forces in churches, educational institutions, and on mission boards, it reaches out to the

remotest corners of the earth. This invisible power has gained control of most of our national religious organizations, a large section of the press, both religious and secular, and other organized forces. And as democracy, in order to preserve her liberties, must oppose this autocratic power in politics, equally so must Christians oppose this same insidious power in religion. And it must be no compromising, pusillanimous endeavor, but intelligent, faithful, brave and strong; for while the opposer of the true Gospel is reactionary and cowardly yet he is progressive in the execution of his plans and, as one of our noted statesmen has said, "is sinister, unscrupulous, mercenary, sordid, devoid of conscience, rooted in corruption, directed by greed and the lust for power, and is wholly dominated by selfish interests." These words may seem harsh and to some unjust, but the writer knows that they are true, that language is utterly unable to present the true character of the world-power that is backing Modernism in our American churches and educational institutions. The boycott is one of his most common weapons in the use of which he employs detectives. He secretly gloats over the victims he has slain in both the economic and religious domain. His agents are in every center of influence in the North boycotting those who are defending the Faith and exposing the work of her enemies. Let the lovers of Jesus everywhere know who is their enemy and uncover the betrayer of Christ in all his wickedness and ugliness and cast him down

from his place of power. Let all lovers of Christ and His Gospel earnestly pray that strength may be given them for this holy task.

Such, then, is the manifestation of the anti-christ, the character of the enemy of Christianity, which the Old Tent Evangel in New York has been exposing during all these years. As I pen these closing words of the story of my life, Tent Evangel is concluding its forty-fifth season, twenty-two of which the writer has stood at the helm. But what of the future? Whether this testimony for the glorious Gospel of God's grace shall continue in New York, time alone can tell. The question of location is now acute. The enemy would bar our access to any commanding location. Available plots of ground are few indeed. If this season should terminate the tent ministry of this organization, we shall feel that our work under the great canvas tabernacle has been accomplished, and, if the Lord tarries, we shall hope to serve in other spheres while we await the Master's call to come up higher. We rejoice that during all these years we have been permitted to hold forth "the word of life," which alone can guide our storm-tossed humanity into the harbor of safety. May God give His people His peace! In this hour of confusion, stress and storm, how vital is the mission of the Church of Christ! Let the faithful be on guard with both sword and trowel in hand. Let the Bride put on her beautiful wedding garments and patiently wait for her Bridegroom. The signs of the times are vocal of the fact

that this corrupt world-order is drawing to its close, and that the glad new day of His appearing and His Kingdom is near. Therefore lift up your heads, O saints of God, and shout aloud with the voice of triumph.

EPILOGUE

THE Author would be an ingrate indeed were he to conclude this story without making special reference to those who have labored so faithfully with him in the great struggle in New York City—who have been, humanly speaking, the secret of the continuity and triumph of our cause.

I am greatly indebted to those noble men who have served, many of whom are still serving on the Tent Evangel Board, men of the highest Christian character. No words of mine can express my gratitude to these friends. I am also greatly indebted to that far larger group of Christian men and women who, likewise, by their prayers, gifts, service, and love, have kept this glorious testimony in New York from year to year. Many of these I have learned to cherish as among my most trusted friends. Words may be empty things. Only God knows how thankful I am for all these good friends in the various churches who have made Tent Evangel a blessing to the people.

We shall know each other better bye-and-bye, and yonder we shall renew these holy friendships and tell to each other all the rest. For the present, farewell! farewell!—the last word we may speak on earth but which is unknown in the vocabulary of the skies.

"Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure,
As swift the moments fly;
But sad to us the thought of parting
That we must say, good-bye.
We'll never say good-bye in Heaven,
We'll never say good-bye,
For in that world of love and song
We'll never say good-bye."

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